WEEK ENDING OCT. 2, 1926

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by Sophie Kerr

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944 Masterpieces of Adventure
945 Tales of Oriental Life
946 Tales of Desert Places
602 The Great Pyramid of Egypt
580 A History of Polar Exploration
565 Magellan and the Pacific. Finger
469 The Egypt of Yesterday: A History
343 The Diary of Columbus in 1492
150 Lost Civilizations. Finger

AMERICAN FICTION

277 Man Without a Country. Hale
334 Caught. E. and M. Haldeman-Julius
454 The Unworthy Coopers; Comtesse Du Jones. Haldeman-Julius
363 Miggles, and Other Stories. Harte
659 Two Short Stories. Dreiser
698 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
699 Broken Necks (Stories). Ben Hecht
865 Main Street Tales. Anderson
866 The Untold Lie, etc. Anderson
745 Montes: Matador and Lover. Harris
746 A Daughter of Eve. Frank Harris
923 Magic Glasses, etc. Frank Harris
924 Miracle of Stigmata, etc. Harris
968 Upturned Face, and Others. Crane
967 Pace of Youth, and Others. Crane
1037 Get Ready the Wreaths. Fannie Hurst
1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
1039 "Ice Water, Pl——!" Fannie Hurst
1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst

Mark Twain

166 English as She Is Spoke
231 Eight Humorous Sketches
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents
663 Journalism in Tennessee
668 Humorous Fables
930 An Idle Excursion
931 The Stolen White Elephant
932 A Curious Experience
517 Mark Twain: Laughing Philosopher

Edgar Allan Poe

12 Tales of Mystery
32 Poems, with Introductions and Notes
108 The Fall of the House of Usher
162 The Murders in the Rue Morgue
186 How I Wrote "The Raven"
290 The Gold Bug
939 Tales of Imaginative Science
940 Tales Grotesque and Weird
941 Tales Psychological and Gruesome
729 Poe's Marginalia. Isaac Goldberg
730 Poe as a Literary Critic. Goldberg
731 Critical Excerpts from Poe
356 Poe: America's Great Genius
144 Was Poe Immoral? Whitman

Jack London

30 What Life Means to Me
148 The Strength of the Strong
152 Son of the Wolf
223 The Wife of a King
288 Tales of the Far North
640 The Apostate
1022 An Odyssey of the North
1024 Tales of the White Silence
183 Life of Jack London

Upton Sinclair

590-591-592 The Millennium. 3 vols.
594 The Overman
630 The Second-Story Man (Play)
634-635 Captain of Industry. 2 vols.

Clarence Darrow

883 Debate on Capital Punishment
884 Debate on Prohibition vs. Holmes
910 Is Life Worth Living? Debate
911 Is Humanity Progressing? Debate
934 Realism in Literature and Art
933 The Skeleton in the Closet
53 Insects and Men
829 Lecture on Voltaire: French Skeptic
974 The Ordeal of Prohibition

Ambrose Bierce

1054 Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge, and Other Stories
1055 Horseman in the Sky, and Other Stories
1056 The Devil's Dictionary
1075 Tales of Ghouls and Ghosts
1080 Tales of Haunted Houses
1081 Fantastic Debunking Fables
1086 My Favorite Murder, and Other Stories

AMERICAN POETRY

173 Vision of Sir Launfal. Lowell
351 Memories of Lincoln. Whitman
529 Walt Whitman: Bard of the West
578 The Haunted House. Viereck
579 The Three Sphinxes. Viereck
626 Negro Songs: An Anthology
719 Poetry of the Southern States
742 Poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson
741 Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier
740 Poems of William Cullen Bryant
849 Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes
879 Poems of Philip Freneau
981 Songs for the New Age. Oppenheim

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

289 Diary of Samuel Pepys
194 Letters to Chesterfield's Natural Son
664 Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt
735 Confessions of St. Augustine
867 Cicero as Revealed in His Letters
888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael
201 Intimate Conversations. Goethe
980 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself. James Oppenheim

COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS

132 Beliefs of the Major Religions
61 What Is Religion? Leo Tolstoy
218 The Essence of the Talmud
325 The Essence of Buddhism
412 Mahomet: Founder of Arab Faith
428 The Essence of the Koran
471 The Essence of Confucianism
684 Essence of Judaism. Rabbi Jung
753 The Essence of Catholicism
170 A History of the Ancient Church
67 A History of the Medieval Church
169 A History of the Modern Church
600 The Essence of the Bible
624 The Gospel of Luke
625 The Gospel of Mark
628 The Making of the Old Testament
851 Sources of Bible Myths and Legends
207 The Olympian Gods. H. M. Tichenor
498 Greek and Roman Mythology
184 Primitive Beliefs. H. M. Tichenor
204 Sun Worship and Later Beliefs
211 The Idea of God in Nature. Mill
743 Great Christian Hymns
798 Religious Beliefs of African Negroes
907 Sex Obsessions of Saints and Mystics

CRIME AND DETECTIVE

102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Doyle
266 Further Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
1101 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories
1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories
1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories
1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories
1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
34 The Mystery of the Iron Mask
66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
139 Crimes Against Criminals. Ingersoll
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
819 A Book of Strange Murders
942 Two Great Detective Stories

CROSS SECTIONS OF LIFE

220 Merry England in Shakespeare's Time. Finger
563 New Light on Prehistoric Cultures
605 The Indians of the Pueblos
756 The Story of the Sioux Indians
755 Five Civilized American Tribes
754 The History of the New York Indians
845 An Introduction to Chaucer's Robust Presentation of Life
899 Rome Seen by Tacitus and Juvenal
965 Life Philosophies of Literary Masters. Arthur Symonds
660 My Brother Paul. Dreiser
1053 A Guide to New York City's Strange Sections
1057 The Truth About New York's Chinatown
1058 The Truth About New York's White Light Region

DEBATES

43 Marriage vs. Divorce. Greeley-Owen
129 Rome or Reason? Ingersoll-Manning
130 Christianity. Ingersoll-Gladstone
171 Meaning of Life. Harris-Ward
206 Socialism. Seligman-Nearing
208 Birth Control. Sanger-Russell
652 K-K-K Destructive? Evans-Zangwill
762 Optimism, Pessimism. Frank-Ward
723 Soviet Govt. Nearing-Russell

DOORS TO NEW WORLDS

17 The Joys of Walking. Thoreau
63 The Practical Value of Poetry
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
195 Thoughts on Nature. Thoreau
233 Thoughts on Literature and Art
299 The Great Outdoors. Whitman
411 How to Enjoy Reading Cervantes
413 The Need for Art in Life. Holborn
422 Dante: an Esthetic View. Goldberg
504 Arnold's Literature and Dogma
519 How to Enjoy Reading Rabelais
527 How to Enjoy Aeschylus' Plays
642 The New Atlantis: An Ideal State
646 The Spirit of Brazilian Literature
732 The Spirit of Yiddish Literature
767 Hauptmann and Sudermann: Two German Dramatists
770 Talks with Lamb, Coleridge, Goethe
973 Ten O'clock—A Lecture. Whistler
964 Modern English Men of Letters
582 Philosophic Nights in Paris
777 Revolt in German Drama. Loving
966 Stimulating Studies in Prose
773 Pictures of Travel. Heinrich Heine

DRAMA

462 Everyman: A Morality Play
619 Tragical Dr. Faustus, Christopher Marlowe
229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
134 The Misanthrope. Moliere
99 Tartuffe. Moliere
131 Redemption. Leo Tolstoy
226 The Anti-Semites (Dr. Bernhardi). Arthur Schnitzler
335 Land of Heart's Desire. William Butler Yeats
337 Pippa Passes. Robert Browning
371 Empedocles on Etna. Matthew Arnold
384 Four One-Act Plays. August Strindberg
396 Embers. E. and M. Haldeman-Julius
539 None Beneath the King. Zorrilla

Plays of Ancient Life

418 Bacchantes. Euripides
500 Medea. Euripides
502 Hippolytus. Euripides
906 Iphigenia at Aulis. Euripides
511 King Oedipus. Sophocles
562 Antigone. Sophocles
817 The Acharnians. Aristophanes
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ENGLISH FICTION

352 Tales of 13th Century. Morris
677 Poems and Prose of William Blake
232 The Three Strangers. Thos. Hardy
926 Obliterated Man, etc. H. G. Wells
927 Stolen Bacillus, etc. H. G. Wells

Robert Louis Stevenson

279 Will o' the Mill, and Markheim
293 Villon: Student, Poet, Housebreaker
311 A Lodging for the Night
358 Virginibus Puerisque
349 An Apology for Idlers
370 Father Damien and the Lepers
554 A Child's Garden of Verses
658 Walking Tours

Rudyard Kipling

151 Man Who Would Be King, etc.
332 Man Who Was, etc.
333 Mulvaney Stories
336 The Mark of the Beast, etc.
912 God from the Machine, etc.
913 Black Jack, etc.
914 On the City Wall, etc.
1017 Without Benefit of Clergy
222 The Vampire, and Other Poems
783 Mandalay, and Other Poems
795 Gunga Din, and Other Poems

Oscar Wilde

46 Salome (Drama). A Tragedy
280 The Happy Prince, and Other Tales
36 The Soul of Man Under Socialism
374-375 The Critic as Artist. 2 vols.
373 The Truth of Masks
315 Pen, Pencil, and Poison
313 The Decay of Lying
168 Epigrams of Oscar Wilde
2 Ballad of Reading Gaol
786 Panthea, and Other Poems
787 Harlot's House, and Other Poems
601 Recollections of Oscar Wilde
432 The Tragic Story of Wilde's Life

ENTERTAINMENT and AMUSEMENT

1010 Handbook for Amateur Magicians
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
847 How to Play Card Games
830 Cross-Word Puzzles for Children
831 Cross-Word Puzzle Book
893 Five Hundred Riddles
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
1023 Book of Popular Recitations
1006 A Book of Children's Games

EVOLUTION

467 Evolution Made Plain. Mason
321 History of Evolution. Fenton
686 Records for Evolution. Fenton
694 Evidence for Evolution. Fenton
695 Embryology and Evolution. Fenton
568 Darwin and Evolution. Fenton
597 Ernst Haeckel: Evolutionist
49 Lectures on Evolution. Haeckel
191 Evolution vs. Dogma. Shipley
13 Man and His Ancestors. Fenton
42 Origin of Human Race. Schwalbe
47 Animals of Ancient Seas. Fenton
274 Animals of Ancient Lands. Fenton
826 More Animals of Ancient Lands
275 Building of the Earth. Fenton
415 The Age of Mammals. Fenton
555 Structure of the Earth. Fenton
202 Survival of the Fittest
327 The Ice Age. Charles J. Finger
481 The Stone Age. Clement Wood
928 Religion of a Darwinist. Keith
71 Poems of Evolution (Anthology)

EXPLANATIONS OF LIFE

165 Discovery of the Future. Wells
48 Truth, and Other Essays. Bacon
649 A Defense of Cosmetics. Beerbohm
534 Studies in Mystic Materialism
60 Compensation and Friendship
542 Power and Behavior. Emerson
543 Experience and Politics. Emerson
544 The Poet and Nature. Emerson
545 Character and Manners. Emerson
546 Love, Heroism and Prudence
547 Spiritual Laws and Circles. Emerson
548 History and Intellect. Emerson
550 Art and Self-Reliance. Emerson
549 Nominalist and Realist, Gifts, and the Over-Soul. Emerson
551 Beauty and Worship. Emerson
552 Fate and Illusions. Emerson
553 Wealth and Culture. Emerson

FANTASY

31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck
161 The Country of the Blind. Wells
237 Poems in Prose. Charles Baudelaire
406 The Pierrot of the Minute. Dowson
595 The Happy Hypocrite. Beerbohm
766 Gallant Cassian (A Puppet Play)
1019 Bluebeard and His Eight Wives

FRENCH FICTION

314 Stories of French Life
319 Comtesse de Saint-Geran. Dumas
1048 Gargantua: Mighty Monster.. Rabelais
570 Legend of St. Julian. Flaubert
617 Hamilcar of Carthage. Flaubert
198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France
219 Human Tragedy. Anatole France
828 Wisdom of Ages, etc. France
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
345 Clarimonde: A Supernatural Passion
540 Stories of Many Hues. Gourmont
541 Brightly Colored Tales. Gourmont
21 Carmen. Prosper Merimee
196 The Marquise. George Sand
953 Jean Gourdon's Great Love. Zola
954 A Bath, and Other Stories. Zola
230 The Quest for a Blonde Mistress
85 The Attack on the Mill. Emile Zola
952 Souvenirs of a Varied Life

Honore de Balzac

15 Atheist's Mass, and An Accursed House
143 Time of the Terror, and Other Stories
318 Christ in Flanders, and Other Stories
344 Don Juan, and A Passion in the Desert
1042 The Red Inn
1043 A Study of Woman, and Comedies of the Counter
1044 Another Study of Woman
1045 The Story of a Mad Sweetheart
1046 A Coquette vs. a Wife
1047 The Mysterious Exiles
1067 The Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan

Guy de Maupassant

6 Love, and Other Stories
199 Tallow Ball
292 Mlle. Fifi, and Other Stories
886 Piece of String, and Other Stories
887 The Necklace, and Other Stories
915 Mad, and Other Stories
916 Night in Whitechapel, etc.
917 Room No. 11, and Other Stories
918 Man with the Blue Eyes, etc.
919 The Clown, and Other Stories
920 Queer Night in Paris, etc.
921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment, etc.
922 Wife's Confession, and Other Stories

GREAT PHILOSOPHIES SIMPLIFIED

11 How to Understand Nietzsche
55 Spencer: England's Mighty Intellect
573 The Gist of Herbert Spencer
64 Eucken: His Life and Philosophy
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
124 Theory of Reincarnation Explained
159 A Guide to Plato. Will Durant
210 The Stoic Philosophy. Murray
322 The Buddhist Philosophy of Life
338 A Guide to Emerson's Philosophy
347 A Guide to Stoicism. Stock
508 A Guide to Bergson. Thomas
599 Haeckel's Monistic Philosophy
613 Ancient Philosophers. Randolph
614 Religious Philosophers. Randolph
615 Modern Philosophers. Randolph
772 The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer
802 Contemporary European Philosophers: Bergson, Croce, Russell
813 Contemporary American Philosophers: Santayana, James, Dewey

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

93 How to Live 100 Years. Cornaro
167 Plutarch's Rules of Health
648 Rejuvenation: Fountain of Youth
688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene
761 Food and Diet. Carrington
794 "Patent Medicine" and Public Health
136 Childhood Diseases. Dr. Weaver
870 Facts About Tuberculosis. Grulee
875 Facts About Diabetes. Dr. Wilder
726 Venereal Diseases. Dr. Greer
903 Facts About Syphilis. Dr. Pusey
74 Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer
14 What Girls Should Know. Sanger
653 What Boys Should Know. Fielding
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
691 The Child's Sexual Life. Fielding
692 Homosexual Life. Fielding
91 Manhood: Facts of Life. Wood
127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know
137 Home Nursing. Sister Matilde
81 Care of the Baby. Dr. Grulee
950 The Determination of Sex. Fielding
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles

HISTORY

126 History of Rome. Clement Wood
596 History of Modern Mexico
898 Short History of Japan
627 History of the Jews
214 Speeches of Abraham Lincoln
125 War Speeches of Woodrow Wilson
147 Cromwell and His Times. Wood
564 Volney's Ruins of Empires

French History

104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
300 Terrorism in France. Dumas
433 Tragedy of Jean Paul Marat
141 Life of Napoleon. Finger
515 Fall of Louis XVI. of France
606 First French Republic
757 Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte
878 Empire of Napoleon Bonaparte
892 French Restoration and Reaction

HUMOR AND WIT

56 A Dictionary of American Slang
20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
70 Roast Pig, and Other Essays. Lamb
90 The Mikado. W. S. Gilbert
187 Whistler's Humor
193 Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb
382 Humor and Wisdom of Lincoln
669 Josh Billings' Humorous Epigrams
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
738 Poor Richard's Almanac
771 The Humor of "Bill Nye"
908 Brief Burlesques and Epigrams
959 Masterpieces of American Humor
960 Masterpieces of American Wit
1068 The Best Fun from Dickens' Pickwick Papers
961 Humorous Verse
962 Comic Poems
972 Popular Joke Book
971 Book of Humorous Anecdotes
991 Notes for My Biographer. Howe
992 Sinner Sermons. E. W. Howe
993 Preaching from the Audience. Howe
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1082 The Best Jewish Jokes
1018 Book of Humorous Limericks
1033 Masterpieces of Russian Humor
1016 Book of Nonsense Poems
1015 Comic Dialect Poems
1034 Masterpieces of Spanish Humor
1035 Masterpieces of Italian Humor
1036 Masterpieces of German Humor

ICONOCLASM

33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
224 God: Known and Unknown. Butler
236 61 Reasons for Doubting the Bible
461 Iconoclastic Literary Essays
840 Conventional Lies of Civilization
464 Is Progress an Illusion?
611 H. L. Mencken: Anti-Christ
843 George Jean Nathan: Aristocrat
1072 The Truth About William Jennings Bryan

ITALIAN FICTION

955 Italian Tales of Heroism
956 Italian Tales of Love and Revenge
957 Italian Tales of Realism and Passion
958 Love Tales of Italian Life
58 Tales from the Decameron. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
674 Falcon, and Other Tales. Boccaccio

JUVENILE

146 Snow-Bound. Whittier. The Pied Piper. Browning
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland. Carroll
188 Munchausen's Daring Adventures
391 A Dog of Flanders. Ouida
397 Irish Fairy Tales
398 Irish Folk-Songs and Tales
399 Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor
400 Ali Baba; Aladdin and His Lamp
482 Five Weeks in a Balloon. Verne
485 A Voyage to the Moon. Verne
497 Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes
538 Merry Tales of Robin Hood
559 Robinson Crusoe. Defoe
561 African Jungle Tales
716 Mother Goose Rhymes
807 African Negro Folk Tales
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella, etc.
844 Voyage to Lilliput. Swift
620 Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan
989 Hunting of the Snark. Carroll
1040 A Book of Bedtime Stories

LOVE AND ROMANCE

98 How to Love. Clement Wood
987 The Art of Kissing. Wood
988 The Art of Courtship. Wood
1089 The Common Sense of Sex
29 Dreams: Short Stories. Schreiner
84 Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun
87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
89 Love Letters of Genius
123 Mme. Du Barry: A King's Mistress
175 A Hindu Book of Love
203 The Love Rights of Women. Ellis
285 Euphorian in Texas: An Amour
294 Sonnets from the Portuguese
296 Lyric Love. Robert Browning
355 Aucassin and Nicolete: Lovers
665 Love Letters of Bernhardt to Sardou
676 Bernhardt's Love Letters to Berton
675 Bernhardt's Philosophy of Love

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977 Pope Alexander VI and His Loves
780 The Blessed Damozel. Rossetti
781 The House of Life. Rossetti
791 Poems and Ballads. Swinburne
792 The Triumph of Time. Swinburne
871 Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise
909 Amorous Tales of the Monks
929 Maxims of Love. Stendhal
963 A Book of French Love-Artists
846 Love Sonnets of an Artist. Ficke
990 Wagner's Great Love Affair
707 Epigrams: Love, Life, and Laughter
473 Course of True Love in Ancient Greece, (Based on Euripides)
474 Heart Histories of Hellenic Heroines. (Based on Sophocles)
475 Love Life of the Ancient Lady. (Based on Aeschylus)
1085 The Love-Life of George Sand. Ralph Oppenheim

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE

1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
9 Great English Poems
420 Short Stories from the Spanish
733 Brazilian Short Stories
774 Famous German Poems
775 Modern German Poetry
803 Costa Rican Tales
810 Mexican Poetry: An Anthology
832 Life and Poems of Catullus
841 Italian Lyric Poetry
896 Augustan Poets of Rome
164 Sonnets of Michelangelo
881 Areopagitica. John Milton
68 Shakespeare's Sonnets (Complete)
256 Venus and Adonis. William Shakespeare

MUSIC

859 Enjoyment of Music. Goldberg
984 Harmony Self Taught. Goldberg
403 A History of Music. Sheehan
410 Substance of Die Walkuere
440 Substance of Cavalleria Rusticana
441 The Buffoon (I Pagliacci)
455 Substance of Richard Strauss' Salome
456 Substance of Carmen
457 Substance of Lohengrin
458 Substance of Tannhauser
459 Substance of Das Rheingold
494 Substance of Siegfried
495 Substance of Rigoletto
569 Substance of Gotterdammerung
507 Richard Wagner: An Introduction
1005 How to Enjoy the Orchestra. Isaac Goldberg

OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

76 The Prince of Peace. Bryan
101 Meditations on Man. Blaise Pascal
111-112 Words of Jesus. Vedder. 2 vols.
212 Precepts of Life and Character
278 Friendship. Thoreau
414 Art of Happiness. Powys
593 As a Man Thinketh. James Allen
636 Greatest Thing in the World
637 Common Sense Sermons. Drummond
737 Thoughts on the Meaning of Life
848 Poems About Jesus
532 Essays About Jesus
533 Essays About the Friends of Jesus

PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

140 Reflections on Life and Destiny
472 Strange Notes of Samuel Butler
574 The Christian System. Schopenhauer
581 Lucretius on Life and Death
763 Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy
838 Dialogues of the Dead. de Fontenelle

PERSONALITIES

5 Samuel Johnson: Blustering Philosopher. Lord Macaulay
10 Shelley: Idealistic Dreamer
22 Tolstoy: Russian Novelist. Garnett
51 Martyrdom of Bruno. Turnbull
69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
718 Great Women of Antiquity. Wood
128 Julius Caesar's Amazing Career
287 Whistler: Famed Brush and Tongue
305 Merciless Machiavelli. Macaulay
312 Laurence Sterne: "English Rabelais"
323 Joan of Arc: Martyr Maid of France
324 Life of Abraham Lincoln
339 Thoreau: Who Escaped the Herd
340 Life of Jesus. Renan
394 Boswell's Life of Johnson
423 The Uses of Great Men, and Plato, the Philosopher. Emerson
424 Swedenborg, the Mystic. Emerson
425 Montaigne, the Skeptic; Shakespeare, the Poet. Emerson
426 Napoleon, the Man of the World; Goethe, the Writer. Emerson
429 Jonathan Swift: Dean of Satirists
506 Voltaire: French Skeptic. Brandes
518 Charles Dickens. British Novelist
521 John Brown: American Martyr
522 Thomas Paine: American Liberal
523 B. Franklin: Printer and Statesman
525 Genius of Goethe. Brandes
526 Caesar: Soldier-Statesman. Brandes
530 Camoens: Portuguese Soldier-Poet
566 Ernst Haeckel: Youth. Fenton
567 Darwin as a Naturalist. Fenton
598 Haeckel: Philosopher-Naturalist
604 Theo. Roosevelt and the Big Stick
610 Martin Luther and Protestantism
612 Disraeli: England's Novelist-Premier
622 Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt's Conquest of Life and Stage (2 vols.)
678 E. Haldeman-Julius: Woolworth of Literature. Gunn
680 Pasteur: Chemist of Human Ills
704 Diderot: French Savant
705 Charles Lamb and His Friends
714 Emerson: America's Philosopher
752 Walter Scott: Historic Romanticist
765 Francis of Assisi and His Order
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
809 E. Haldeman-Julius: An Intimate Portrait by His Wife
814 Carl Sandburg: Chicago Poet
839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic
854 Loyola: Spanish Soldier-Priest
448 Three Eminent Frenchmen: Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire. Powys
449 Three Gallant Frenchmen. Rousseau, Balzac, Hugo. Powys
450 Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, and William Blake. Powys
451 Remy de Gourmont and Lord Byron
452 Two British Story-Tellers: Emily Bronte and Henry James. Powys
453 Joseph Conrad, Destiny-Driven; Oscar Wilde, Scoffer at Life
434 Georg Brandes: Danish Genius
702 A Book of Intellectual Rowdies
235 Five Significant Figures. Chesterton
528 William Shakespeare: World's Greatest Genius. Georg Brandes
436 Henrik Ibsen: Great Playwright. Moritzen

PSYCHOLOGY--PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

491 Psychology for Beginners
217 Psycho-Analysis: Personality Puzzle
1052 The Nature of Our Instincts and Emotions
782 Psycho-Analysis: Mind and Body
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis. Wood
417 The Nature of Dreams
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
904 Sex Symbolism. Fielding
524 Death and Its Problems
693 Experiments in Animal Psychology
720 Intelligence of Invertebrate Animals
721 Intelligence of Vertebrate Animals
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
727 Psychology of the Affections
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
985 A Psycho-Analysis of America
978 Vital Psychology of Jung
861 Behaviorism: Newest Psychology
996 Dual and Multiple Personality
1063 The Psychology of Laughter
1069 The Conquest of Fear
1071 A Psycho-Analysis of Jesus

RATIONALISM

88 Vindication of Thomas Paine
174 Ten Dialogues on Religion and Philosophy
185 The Gods. Ingersoll
200 The Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
460 Miscellaneous Rationalistic Essays
935 Necessity of Atheism. Shelley
936 Logical Essay on Christianity
937 Refutation of Deism. Shelley

Joseph McCabe

122 Debate on Spiritualism. Vs. Conan Doyle
1007 The Revolt Against Religion
1008 The Origin of Religion
1030 The World's Great Religions
1059 The Myth of Immortality
1060 The Futility of Belief in God
1066 The Forgery of the Old Testament
1078 Life and Morals in Greece and Rome

RUSSIAN FICTION

948 Famous Russian Stories
24 The Kiss, etc. Chekhov
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorki
385 Chelkash. Maxim Gorki
389 My Fellow-Traveler. Gorki
45 Short Stories of Russian Life
949 The Cloak. Nikolay V. Gogol
947 Queen of Spades; The Postmaster. Pushkin
951 An Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin

SELF-EDUCATION

868 General Hints on Self Improvement
7 Liberal Education. Huxley
897 Enjoyment of Reading. Goldberg
75 On the Choice of Books. Carlyle
86 On Reading. Georg Brandes
435 Outline of 100 Best Books
463 Art of Reading. E. Haldeman-Julius
367 Essay on Conversation. DeQuincey
364 Art of Controversy. Schopenhauer
1003 How to Think Logically. Markun
1097 Memory: What It Is and How to Use It
109-110 Facts You Should Know About the Classics. 2 vols.
703 Physiology Self Taught
725 Zoology Self Taught
710 Botany for Beginners. Wood
895 Astronomy for Beginners
679 Chemistry for Beginners
994 Physics Self Taught
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995 How to Play the Piano. Shipley
465 Esperanto for Beginners
999 Latin Self Taught
862 German Self Taught

Practical Handbooks

499 Dictionary of Classical Mythology
905 Dictionary of Biblical Allusions
466 History of Sculpture. Sheehan
556 Hints on Etiquette. Floyd
629 Handbook of Legal Forms
687 U. S. Constitution
749 Camping, Woodcraft and Wildcraft
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805 Beekeeping for Profit
1073 How to Paint and Finish Woodwork

English Language

25 Rhyming Dictionary
514 Hints on Writing Poetry
78 Hints on Public Speaking
82 Common Faults in Writing English
681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
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821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
855 How to Write Letters
894 Hints on How to Advertise. Cheyney
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734 Book of Useful Phrases
192 A Book of Synonyms
326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
496 Hints on Writing One-Act Plays
342 Hints on News Reporting
437 Hints on Scenario Writing
764 Hints on Writing Book Reviews
708 Science of Language
696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
697 4000 Words Often Mispronounced
902 Dictionary of Foreign Phrases
1002 Dictionary of Sea Terms

SKEPTICISM

3 Little Essays. Voltaire
26 On Going to Church. Shaw
62 Religion. Schopenhauer
160 Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire
571 Kant's Critical Philosophy
706 Should the Bible Be in the Schools?
535 Critical Estimate of the 4th Gospel
52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
1020 Why I Am a Infidel. Burbank

SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

83 Origin and Development of Marriage
172 Evolution of Sex. Wood
221 Women, and Other Essays
177 Subjection of Women. Mill
717 Modern Sexual Morality. Wood
176 Four Essays on Sex. Ellis
213 Havelock Ellis and a Sane Sex Life
811 Genetics for Beginners
189 Eugenics Made Plain
812 Introduction to Heredity
286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
273 The Social Contract Rousseau
709 Sociology for Beginners. Wood
711 Sociology of Lester Ward
748 History of Social Ideals. Mahan
768 The Philosophy of German Idealists
820 Max Stirner and the Individual
135 Socialism for Millionaires. Shaw
157 The Republic: An Ideal State. Plato
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
225 Certain Condescension in Foreigners
320 The Prince: Political Intrigue Before Mussolini
209 Aspects of Birth Control
372 Problems of Overpopulation. Gambs
405 Outline of Economics. Gambs
575 Essays in Ethics. Schopenhauer
638 Crime of Poverty. George
650 K K K: Kreed of the Klansman
661 Neurotic America and Sex Impulse
797 20 Years Among African Negroes
A-1000 Rep. and Dem. Platforms (1924)

THE SUPERNATURAL AND HORROR

40 House and the Brain
107 The Dream Woman; Yellow Tiger
145 Great Ghost Stories
215 Miraculous Revenge. Shaw
925 Empire of the Ants, etc. H. G. Wells
969 Tales Strange and Supernatural
970 Out of the Earth, etc. Machen
938 French Tales of Passion and Cruelty
824 Torquemada: Torturer of Spanish Inquisition
739 Tales of Terror and Wonder
577 The Lifted Veil. George Eliot
95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater. Thomas DeQuincey

WISDOM OF THE AGES

59 Epigrams of Wit and Wickedness
154 Epigrams of Henrik Ibsen
65 Golden Sayings. Marcus Aurelius
77 What Men Have Said About Women
304 What Women Have Said About Men
96 Dialogues of Plato
106 Brilliant Thoughts. George Sand
155 Military Maxims. Napoleon
179 Gems from Emerson
180 Worldly Epigrams. Shaw
181 Rugged Epigrams. Thoreau
197 Whimsicalities, Witticisms, Sevigne
216 Wit of Heine. George Eliot
228 Brief Bits of Insight. Huxley
402 Pungent Precepts. Moore
310 Wisdom of Thackeray
381 Wit and Wisdom of Dickens
444 Pert Paragraphs on Life. Gourmont
576 Encheiridion or Manual. Epictetus
621 Wit and Wisdom of Disraeli
643 Terse Truths About Life. Bacon
671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus
736 Morals of Human Conduct. Seneca
751 Wit and Wisdom of Walter Scott
890 Epigrams of Nietzsche
891 Lucretius: "The Nature of Things"

Proverbs of Many Lands

113 Proverbs of England
114 Proverbs of France
115 Proverbs of Japan
116 Proverbs of China
117 Proverbs of Italy
118 Proverbs of Russia
119 Proverbs of Ireland
120 Proverbs of Spain
121 Proverbs of Arabia
348 Proverbs of Scotland
380 Yugoslav Proverbs
388 Proverbs of Hindustan
401 Proverbs of India
479 Proverbs of Germany
478 Sanskrit Proverbs
505 Proverbs of Jungle Negroes
825 Proverbs of Turkey
979 Proverbs of Modern Greece

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

1000 Wonders of Radium. Shipley
1050 X-Ray, Violet Ray, and Other Rays
493 Novel Discoveries of Science
409 Great Men of Science. Carrington
408 Theory of Relativity Explained
238 Reflections on Modern Science
133 The Principles of Electricity
778 The Environment of Life
419 Origin and Nature of Life
779 The Fitness of Life. Fenton
806 The Nature of Science
776 The Foundations of Science
722 Electricity and Life
510 Electric Energy: What It Does
557 Is the Moon a Dead World?
603 ABC of Electron Theory of Matter
607 Solving the Mystery of the Comets
608 Evolution of the Atomic Theory
609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
808 Man's Debt to the Sun
837 Greek Physics and Modern Science
728 Life Among the Bees
796 Life Among the Butterflies
818 Life Among the Dragonflies
833 Life Among the Ants
885 Life Among the Spiders
860 Our Insect Enemies
227 An Introduction to Zoology
827 Life Among the Apes and Monkeys
873 Dwellers of the Ponds
874 The Lower Invertebrate Animals

THE WORLD'S BEST POETRY

281 Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay
282 Ancient Mariner. Coleridge
283 Courtship of Miles Standish
79 Enoch Arden. Tennyson
799 Deserted Village. Goldsmith
297 Ballads and Story-Poems
306 Shropshire Lad. Housman
317 L'Allegro, and Others. Milton
284 Poems of Robert Burns
346 Rollicking Old English Ballad
365 Lyric Odes of Love. Horace
366 Odes of Roman Life. Horace
488 Great Yiddish Poetry
501 Poems of Carew, Suckling, Lovelace
616 Lady of the Lake. Scott
618 Nature Poems of Wordsworth
701 Unconventional Poems of Herrick
724 Short Poems of Friedrich Holderlin
744 Best Poems of Shelley
785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHAT AND WHY IS AN AMATEUR?—*An Editorial*

Suzanne Lenglen, despite her temperament, is the greatest figure in the tennis world, and her decision to become a professional has shocked the devotees of "amateurism." Mademoiselle Lenglen has been the greatest drawing power in the tennis world and thousands of persons have paid large fees to see her play. She has practically supported Riviera tennis clubs, in one of which her father is a large stockholder. Her fame has made Wimbledon much money. Her unfortunate visit to America put Forest Hills on a paying basis. But when she turns professional and agrees to accept part of the gate money she attracts, the lovers of "amateurism" are shocked.

Just why, is a problem. Thousands who were unable to see her play as an amateur will have the opportunity now, and seeing Suzanne play is a worth-while object lesson in sport, just as college teams learn much by watching pro football, and amateurs learn by watching big league baseball.

This "amateurism" is hard to define. George Huff, the famous mentor of the University of Illinois, said: "Amateur rules don't make amateurs; they make liars." Another famous coach remarked: "An amateur is one rich enough not to care about expenses."

Our American amateurism is based upon the British class system. Over there any athlete who accepts pay is declassed, while anyone who pays his own expenses and refuses recompense for the thing he does best is an amateur and, therefore, a "gentleman." A bounder with money may be a "gentleman," and an expert who expects remuneration for exhibiting his skill is branded a "professional," which, in British ears, is a terrible disgrace. The idea that playing for the love of the game constitutes amateurism is misleading. The fact is, the majority of professionals love their games as well as or better than amateurs do. Which, perhaps, is why they play them so well.

Just why this British class distinction should be applied in America is not apparent, and the rules of "amateurism" bring some odd complications. Red Grange may deliver ice to cooks at back doors and be a "gentleman." As an amateur he drew hundreds of thousands of dollars by playing football for those who were eager to pay to see him run. But if he had taken one of those thousands for himself, he would have been a professional. When he turned pro, there was a howl against him.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, known as "Old Purity" in athletics, because of his thirty-year fight for clean sport, is an ordained minister and a member of the University of Chicago Faculty. Part of his salary is for coaching athletic teams. Therefore he is a professional—ergo: no gentleman. Tad Jones—who gave up business interests that meant wealth to help Yale out of the doldrums of sport—is a professional because he accepts pay, although he cut his own salary.

Vincent Richards may tour the world playing tennis, be entertained and have all expenses paid, but if he takes a cent more than his actual expenses he is a pro, and would not be of the gentility, nor would he be invited to the homes where he was entertained as an amateur. Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen played golf in Florida and attracted a huge crowd with commensurate gate receipts. Hagen got $15,000 and Jones a handsome stickpin, and if Jones sells the stickpin he forfeits his amateur standing.

The line of demarcation is staggered and hard to follow.

Recently a British writer became perturbed over the problem. He argued that American amateur golfers play so well and practice so hard, they really should be rated professionals.

A frank professional who openly earns money by doing what he does best, fits better into American life than does a hypocritical amateur. The British class system has no place in American life, even in sports.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

Now, I Ask You.....By SOPHIE KERR 9
A humorous and human tale of a girl accused of theft.

The Dry and Itching Palm.....By EULA MCCLARY 14
How bootleggers are buying off the prohibition forces.

Decorating and Furnishing a New Home..By GRACE L. DAGGETT 18
Telling how LIBERTY'S Bronxville house will be furnished.

The Small Bachelor.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 24
Part Three of the year's most hilarious serial.

War Birds..... 37
More of a young flyer's unexpurgated diary.

The Saga of Ederle.....By JULIA HARPMAN 45

Those Endearing Male Charms....By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW 49
The low-down on the things women like in men.

Why Am I Such a Dumb-bell?..... 55
Confessions of one who's studied everything, yet knows nothing.

A Touchdown Beats a Home Run.....By HUGH FULLERTON 63

The Affair of the Three Lovers.....By ACHMED ABDULLAH 67

Green-Haired Gran.....By ALINE KILMER 75
Continuing LIBERTY'S stories for children.

The Girl Men Don't Forget.....By ELMER DAVIS 77

Home-Builders' Letters (p. 23); Bright Sayings of Children (52); Twenty Puzzlers (53); LIBERTY'S Great Cover Contest No. 16 (54); Eileen Bourne's Question Box (57); Patterns (58); Fashions (58 and 61); Cross-Word Puzzle (62); Movie Review (66); News of the World (73); Food (74); Vox Pop (76).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Thirty Days After Marriage

A GIRL who marries a man on a bet, then runs away from him after a month of honeyless honeymoon. That's Connie, who puts the kick in ROYAL BROWN'S high-powered story, THIRTY DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE. Slim, copper-haired, electric, meeting life with an impudent grin, she'll make you gasp. Don't miss the chance to know her.

Have wives who are forcing their ex-husbands to support them lost their heads through victory? Is the law about to burst the shackles of these hard-pressed males? Those questions are answered in FLORABEL MUIR'S absorbing article, ALIMONY.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND writes TEXAS BARS THE MONKEY. It's a startling account of how the Lone Star State has drawn world attention by ousting the theory of evolution from its textbooks.

EILEEN BOURNE gives us the latest coiffure news from Paris. She tells what future styles will do to milady's head in: IT LOOKS LIKE A PERMANENT BOB.

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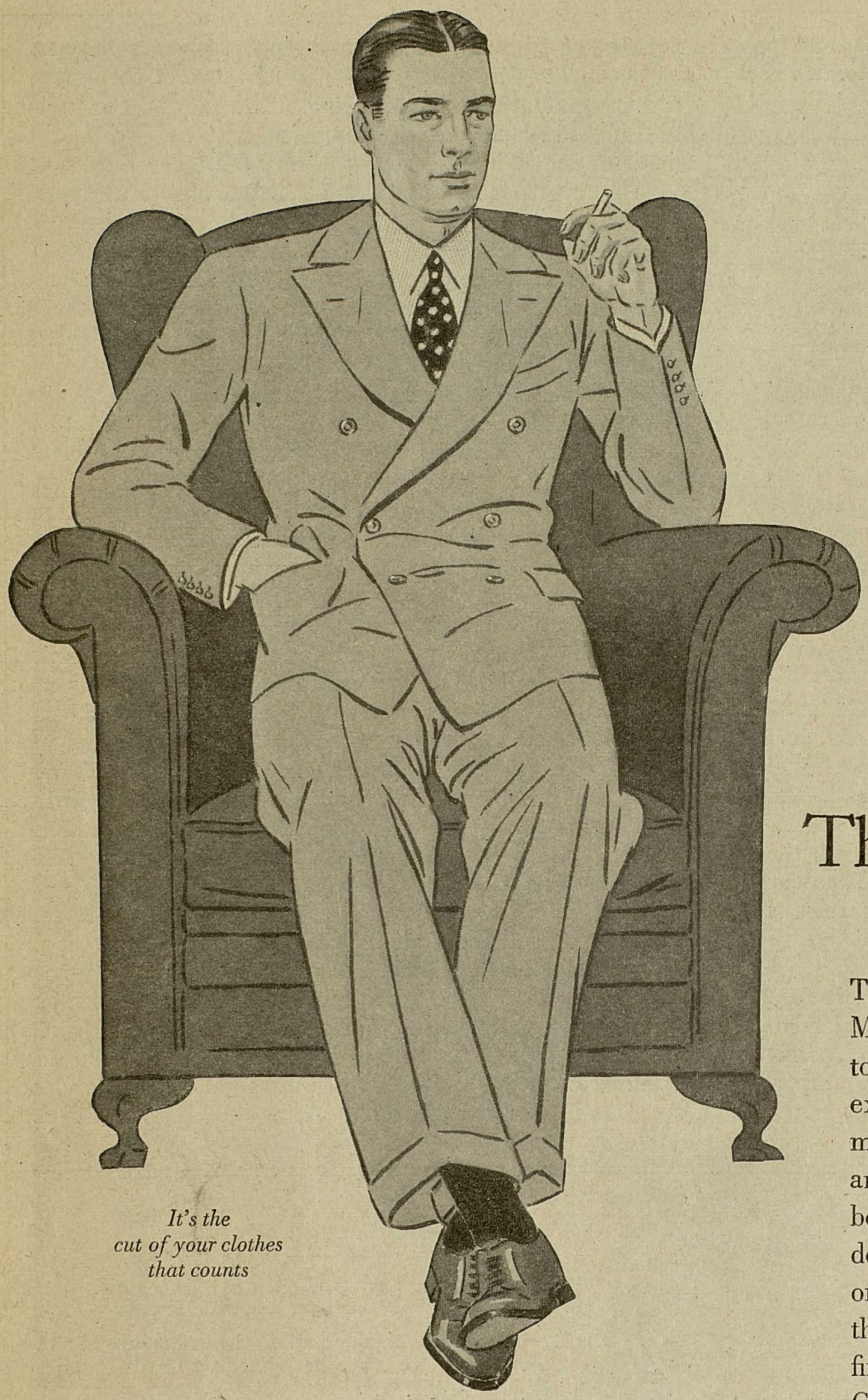

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As they fired questions at her, Kitty began to have horrible little doubts. Had she been so careful about the checks as she said?

Now, I Ask You

The Mystery of the Woman with the Gold Teeth

A Short Story by

SOPHIE KERR

Pictures by W. P. COUSE

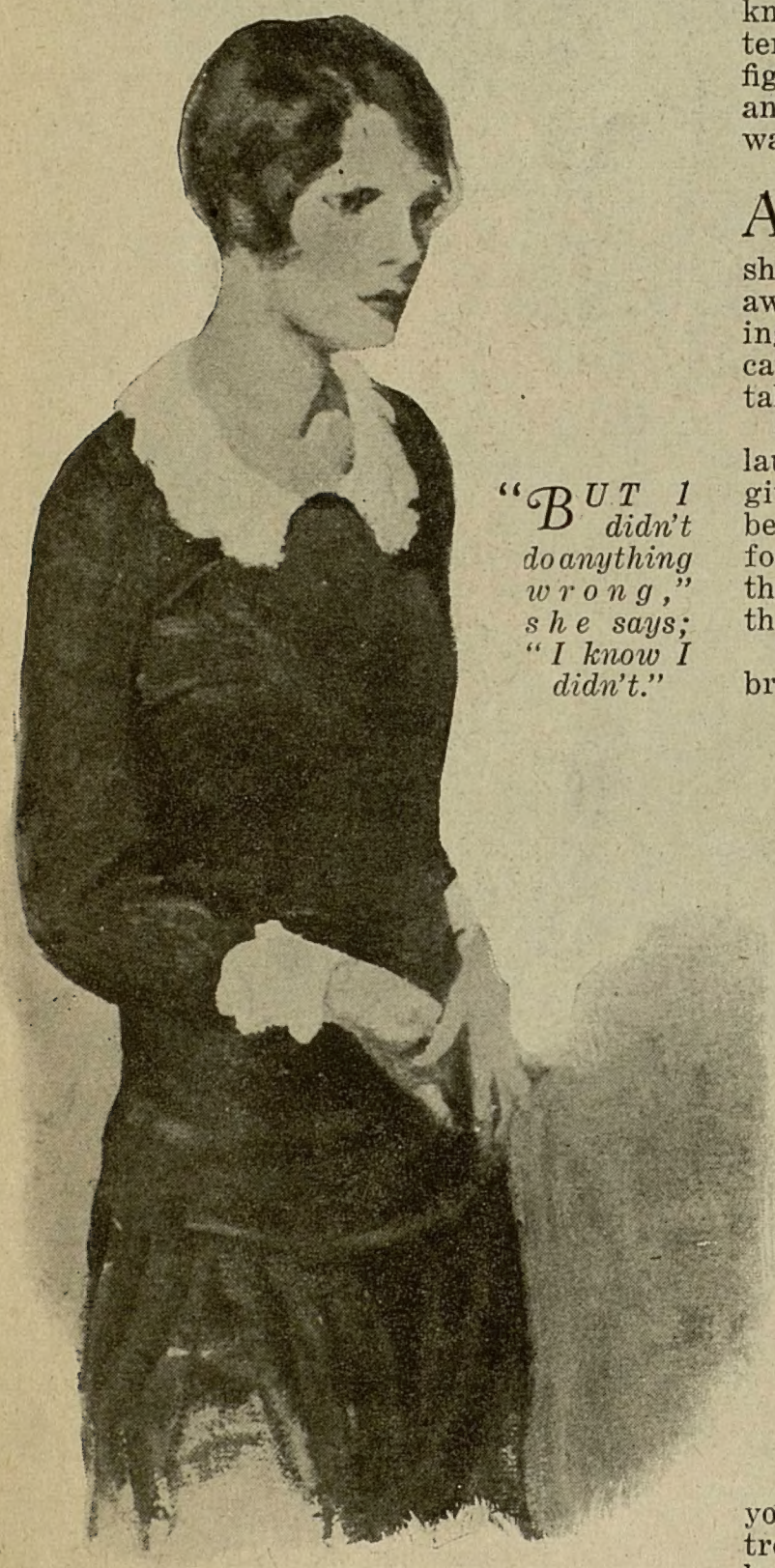
IT is nothing much to be a hero when the girl you love has turned you down cold as the North Pole. And there is no consolation in thinking that the fella she turned you down for, though a fairly good scout, yet is no picnic egg. I have known Bert Sands, who has the hotel flower stand, a long time. He even got me my job at the news stand in the hotel. Then I got Emeline Pryde a job with the sight-seeing bus company right across the corridor, and we three being old friends you might have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NOW, I ASK YOU
Continued from Page Nine]

supposed there was a good understanding between us. I thought so right along—that is, I thought Bert was too good a scout to butt in when he knew his friend and pal was crazy about a girl, and I thought Emeline had too much sense to pick a dead one when she could get a live one. But it seems I was mistaken all round, and though I wish Emeline and Bert well, I don't see any great happiness or success in their future.

"This is the last time," I says firmly to John Casey, the other fellow who Emeline turned down for Bert Sands, "that I ever make up to a business woman. They are too cold and calculating. I want somebody with



"BUT I didn't do anything wrong," she says; "I know I didn't."

some dash and daring, who can appreciate bravery and nerve in a fella, yet is domestic."

"Me, too," says John. "A good cook, and easy to look at."

We were talking like that, you understand, to keep our courage up. Both of us was down and out from being put in the discard by Emmy, and yet it was sort of a comfort to pretend that we wasn't.

I had always expected to marry Emeline. I had never had no idea of a rival until John Casey came along, and he, being conductor of one of the sight-seeing busses, and a swell looking fella in his uniform, as I will admit now, had given me some anxious moments. But I had not ever drempt that old pal, Bert Sands, had his eye on Emeline, too. I knew he used to give her a flower off the flower stand every morning; but, even so, I thought he felt towards her as a father or, at least, an uncle might feel. Father and uncle my eye! All the time he was as gone on her as I was, and I did not know it, which proves how sly and secretive his nature is, and hers, too, for she strung me and John along and we took her to dinner and shows and dancing right along and then, in the end, she turns round and grabs old Bert, who never gave her a thing except a pansy or a sweet pea.

But, believe me, no matter how I felt about Emeline, I had no intention of letting the folks round the hotel know about it. You see, everybody in the hotel had been watching John and me run after Emmy, and there had been bets placed on the result. In our hotel, which is the Toray House, most of the help has been there for years, because it is a good place to work, and folks are treated right and not made slaves of. Mr. Buckle, the manager, though very ritzy and high hat in his manner, knows a lot about how to keep his help contented. He does not spend his days and nights figuring how to squeeze the old pay envelope any thinner, and he is not backward in rewarding good service with good cash.

AS soon as the folks in the hotel knew that Emeline had thrown me down and also that she had thrown John Casey down, we got an awful big laugh from most of them. John, being out on his bus most of the time, did not catch half what I did, and I had to stand and take it and act like I didn't care.

Even with my heart aching fit to bust I usta laugh back when the kidders came along and give them as good as they sent. I have always been witty and comic, and it was not so hard for me to do because of that. And now and then would come a kind and sympathetic word that helped me a whole lot.

There was Kitty, the hat-check girl on for breakfast and lunch at the entrance to the Palm Beach Room. (For dinners they have a coupla boys, the Palm Beach Room being very popular for dinners on account of the orchestra and dancing. The Italian Garden is the most popular for lunch.)

Well, Kitty is as smart as a whip, and as cute as Christmas, being a snappy brun-e-ette, young and I-don't-care and up to the second in everything. She came over to the news stand and leaned over and said to me: "I think you got a mighty dirty deal, and then some. But don't you care, there are lots of fish in the sea, and not poor fish, either."

She looked very pretty with her big brown eyes and black boyish bob—Emeline is blue-eyed and curly—and I could see her sympathy was sincere. Now I prize sincerity almost above any other quality, and that is the complaint I have against Bert and Emeline—they were not sincere with me.

So I says: "That is very kind of you, Kitty, and I appreciate it; but do not trouble about me, for I do not feel half as bad as people imagine."

"No, you are the brave kind, and sensible, and use your bean," says Kitty, and her big brown eyes seemed to sort of get larger and kinder and softer as she looked at me. "All the same, I say you got a dirty deal. And though I don't want to run down Mr. Sands any, I don't think he holds a candle to you, and when it is too late probably she will find it out, and serve her right."

It was very odd, but I had thought something like that myself, so I began to see that Kitty was a very clever girl. She leaned farther over the stand, and she says: "I wish you would come around to my house some time soon and tell me all about it. I don't want to hear it from the gossips around this hotel. I want to hear it straight."

"I will come round tonight, if you have no engagement," I says. Sure enough, she didn't have any, and we fixed it up then and there.

It goes to show how you can't trust a snap judgment about a girl. I had always thought of Kitty as a nice little kid, with lots of pep, but nothing much stirring above the ears. Well, I was all mistaken. I went around to her house that evening and met her mother and father and younger sister and older brother and Aunt Min, and we had a walk and had a real conversation, deep, serious stuff, all of it. And I saw that she had a good working intellect and a big heart. I told her all about Emeline and John and Bert and me, which took considerably over an hour, and she felt almost as bad about it as I did; so to cheer us up we had a Queen Marshmallow Split at Gruber's, where they dance; and seeing her feet tap the floor, I could do no less than ask her to dance, which I did—and she is some little dancer!

As we parted, I said: "You have done a far kinder thing than you thought—you have made me forget my sorrow and pain and razzing I have been getting for a little while."

"Well, that is something," says Kitty. "But I didn't do it—it is your own bravery and strength of courage and not me."

So that is the way the friendship between Kitty and me begun, and as the days went along it continued to go on in a peaceful way. Kitty was unlike Emeline. Whereas I never knew where I stood with Emeline, and when I asked her to go somewhere I never knew whether she would go or whether she would sniff at me, Kitty always jumped at the privilege and when we were together she was agreeable, and never kidded anything I said, as Emeline used to do. It was very soothing and consoling to me to discover that all girls were not insincere and smarty like Emeline.

If people in the hotel had been able to forget about me and Emeline I would have been fairly comfortable and contented, but they mostly tried to keep up the joke, though it was certainly no joke to me. However, something happened which diverted their attention, and it was a very strange thing indeed and far from pleasant.

One day a lady and gentleman come in to have lunch at the Palm Beach Room and the lady had on a swell fur coat, which she took off and handed to Kitty to check. Right close behind them come two other ladies and one of them had on a fur coat, too, and she handed hers to Kitty to check almost at the same instant as the first lady. Now the way Kitty checks such coats is to pin the tag firmly in place and hang the coat so the tag cannot be seen, which she did to both coats, in this instance.

During the lunch time the first lady come out and got her handkerchief out of her coat and took off her rubbers, which she said she had forgot to do, and asked Kitty if she would wipe them off a little.

THE two ladies together got through their lunch first, because ladies alone never eat so much as when with a gentleman, and they come out and got their coats and went away. And maybe about half an hour later, out come the lady and gentleman, and when Kitty held the lady's coat out to her, she says, sharp: "That is not my coat."

Kitty looked at the check the lady had and she says: "Yes, ma'am, this is your coat," not fresh, you understand, but respectful.

"It certainly is not," snaps the lady. "My coat is a real minks, a very handsome, dark fur and very expensive. This coat is a cheap imitation." And she began to rubber round at all the other coats on the rack and fingering them over. The gentleman began to make a fuss, too.

Now the rule is, in our hotel, that when there is any trouble the guest is in the right, and no employee is allowed to dispute; but on this occasion there was nothing to dispute, so far as Kitty was concerned. She had given back the coat which the check called for, and the lady said it wasn't her coat, so Kitty was floored. So she says, very politely: "I am sure there is some mistake, madam, and I will send for an assistant manager."

"Some mistake!" says the lady. "I will

MRS. CADENTON kept insisting — and wanted to have Kitty arrested right away.

say that there is some mistake, and you have been very careless, and I am not at all sure you have not done this thing on purpose—an expensive and beautiful coat like mine would be a temptation to a girl in your position—"

Then Mr. Hickok, who is an assistant manager who makes a specialty of soothing down mad guests, comes up and he says: "What is the matter, madam, and will you please come into my office?" because he did not want the other guests coming out from lunch to hear.

"Bring this girl, too, for I am sure she is to blame," says the lady. So Mr. Hickok nodded at Kitty to come along, and they went to his office.

It was a terrible mess, if there ever was one. The lady and gentleman were Mr. and Mrs. Cadenton, well known and high-up people in our city, and the minute they said their names, Mr. Hickok knew he was not dealing with a couple of crooks playing the well known fur-coat game.

It seemed like Mr. Cadenton had only just bought the fur coat for his wife, and it was dark minks and cost ten thousand bucks.

The fur coat that was left was a poor piece of work, Mrs. Cadenton said, dyed cat skins and worth maybe a hundred dollars, if that. How anybody could mistake one for the other was past her comprehension, she said. And she gave Kitty a mean look as she said it.

"Get in your detective," says Mr. Cadenton. "We have got to sift this matter to the bottom." He and his wife had been talking low together, and looking most suspicious at Kitty, and the poor girl was scared to death.

"The lady who come in the same time you did must've had on that coat," she said, pointing to the cheap one; "but I did *not* mix the checks. I am ready to take my Bible oath on that. You know, Mr. Hickok," she appealed to the assistant manager, "I am quick but I am careful. I don't handle but one coat at a time, and as I pin on the one check I compare it with the other in my hand, and not till that is out of my hand do I pick up another two checks. That is the method I was taught when I come here and I have stuck to it like the law and the Gospel."

"Then, if you didn't mix the checks," says Mrs. Cadenton, hateful, "who did?"

"Did the other lady come out during lunch to get anything out of her pocket?" asked the hotel detective, who was in on the thing by now.

"No, sir, she did not; but this lady did," says Kitty. "She come out and got her handkerchief and asked me to wipe off her rubbers."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NOW, I ASK YOU
Continued from Page Eleven]

"Maybe you think I changed the checks and presented my beautiful new coat to the owner of this rag?" says Mrs. Cadenton.

"This is a case for Mr. Buckle himself," says Mr. Hickok, and the detective agreed with him.

When things go up to Mr. Buckle, it is serious, and Kitty felt herself get all pale and wabbly, but knowing she was innocent kept her from going to pieces. But she began to have horrible little doubts. Had she been so careful about the checks as she said? Had she, somehow, mixed them up? There was a big crowd that day to lunch and she had been awful busy. But no, she *knew* she had been careful; she knew it. She was always careful. "Make carefulness a habit," Mr. Buckle tells us all the time, and Kitty had done it.

WELL, when it all got before Mr. Buckle, there was a lot doing. Mr. Cadenton began telephoning his lawyer, and Mr. Buck e sent for the hotel's lawyer, and they asked Kitty all sorts of questions.

"Could you identify the other lady?" was one, and Kitty said she thought she could. The other lady had a lot of go'd teeth, she thought, and had her hair touched up with peroxide.

"You can remember all that, but you did not notice the difference in the coats when you gave mine to that woman—if you did give it to her," says Mrs. Cadenton.

"Well," says poor little Kitty, "I notice faces a lot, but I am not so good on fur coats, never having owned one and not likely to."

Mrs. Cadenton kept insisting that Kitty had made away with her coat through an accomplice, and she wanted to have her arrested right away. But there Mr. Buckle was firm, and told her in polite language to back up. And Mr. Cadenton's lawyer told her the same—that she couldn't have Kitty arrested on mere suspicion like that.

So they seesawed back and forth and got nowhere. Mr. Buckle may be high and mighty, but he is also square. "If the hotel is responsible for this loss," he says, "the hotel will certainly make it good. In the meantime, madam, you will, of course, furnish us with proof that you wore this coat here today, and that the value of the coat is as stated."

"If you will remember, Rose," says Mr. Cadenton, "I advised you not to wear that coat today, but you were so anxious to show it off—and I told you it was unwise to check so expensive a garment."

Mrs. Cadenton gave him a dirty look this time—she had a temper, that dame, even if she was a society dame and wealthy. "I was indeed anxious to show my friends how generous you had been," she says, low and sneery. That word generous was in the reverse English, if ever a word was. He colored up and says no more and it was plain that they did not get along so smooth together, and that domestic bliss was not in their line.

"Fred," she says, "you are wonderful!"

Well, after chewing the rag a little more, they finally went off. Mr. Buckle told Kitty to stay, and he and the detective questioned her all over again, and everything she said was as straight as a string. They were very kind to her and said they did not think for a minute she had snitched the coat, but that it was a piece of crooked work from outside.

And then Mr. Buckle says, kind, but firm: "I'll find a job for you somewhere e'se in the hotel, Kitty, but I can't let you stay on the checks until this is cleared up, for if the Cadentons found you were still there and went round talking about it, we might get a very bad name with a lot of people. We got to consider the reputation of the hotel."

Well, that near about broke Kitty's heart. "But I didn't do anything wrong," she says; "I didn't—I know I didn't."

Mr. Buckle patted her on the shoulder, and he says, "I know it, too, and we are going to prove it to the world, and when we do you can go back to your post like a little soldier."

It soon was noised around the hotel what had happened, but we kept it close to ourselves, because we none of us want our hotel to get into the newspapers as a den of thieves. However, one person whispered to the next, and so on, and everybody was so excited and upset over it all that they forgot about Emeline's and my troubles, which was certainly pie for me.

But I could not be happy, even when the razzers laid off me, because Kitty was so upset and sad, and she having proved herself such a friend in need to me, it was up to me to do as much for her. She went to work in the linen room, but she said it was not the same as checking, and did not have the style and go to it. She said she was afraid it would affect her to be a sour-ball old maid like her Aunt Min if she stuck at it very long.

We held long talks about it every time I went to see her, which was pretty often, because I wanted to cheer her up, because it was my duty, after she had cheered me up. And we would go and dance a little at Gruber's and have a few splits and sundaes, or we would go to the movies. On Sunday afternoons we would take a walk somewheres, and maybe I would be asked to supper, which I was pleased to do because her mother sure could put up swell eats.

"If I could only lay eyes on that lady with the gold teeth and the bleached hair," Kitty frequently says to me, "I would sure grab her and holler for the cops."

BUT I advised her different. "It will be better if you just follow her home," I says. "And soon as you see her go in her house or apartment or whatever, go telephone to the hotel detective and to Mr. Cadenton's lawyer and the hotel company's lawyer, and to me, and we will all get there and catch the lady and give her the third degree and find out about the coat without any fuss or scandal; whereas, if you catch hold of her and holler, the reporters will get it as sure as shooting, and unless you grabbed the right dame and it could be proved she stole the coat, things would be black for you," I says.

"Fred, you are wonderful!" she replies. "You think of the right way to do things. If I did not have your comforting companionship through this trial, and the advantage of your advice, you being a man of the world and experience, I would make some fearful break, I know it. Promise me you will advise me all the time."

I was glad to promise, because it is the least a man of the world can do—to advise a young and helpless girl and give her the right steer, when she has a sincere nature and wants to do the right thing. Running a news stand like I do is very educational; indeed it is a sort of literary life, and everybody knows that literary people have got a great insight into other people's conduct and behavior. I have always taken advantage of my opportunities and made it a habit to read any magazines I have left over, if their publishers do not grant the privilege of returning unsold copies.

Sometimes Kitty and I talked about Mr. and Mrs. Cadenton, and how mean Mrs. C. was about trying to pin the loss of her coat onto Kitty without any proof.

"The world is very hard on us working girls," says Kitty. "I am about through with business life. I would prefer a little home of my own, even if it was no more than two rooms, and I would keep it looking neat as a pin and I would make all of ma's recipes, for I have them all written down in a book. I am domestic in my tastes. I was not cut out for daily grind. Woman's place is in the home."

I ASK you. Did you ever hear of a more sensible girl than that? It is just what I think myself and have always done so.

We were out taking a Sunday afternoon walk some weeks after the trouble over the minks coat, and we were talking about it, because there was a rumor round the hotel that Mr. Cadenton and his lawyer had been in to see Mr. Buckle and there had been a lot of asbestos words passed. "And if you do not pay for the coat right off, we are going to sue, and that is my ultomato," Mr. Cadenton had hollered, becoming annoyed.

"And the newspapers shall have the full story and you will get a fine shanty hung on you," says the lawyer, or words to that effect.

You can imagine that Kitty and I felt very blue, especially Kitty, at thinking of the hotel getting stung for all that money. "Oh, if there was only something we could do," she kept repeating. "I feel as if it was all my fault."

Well, it just goes to show how well arranged life is. Just as Kitty was saying this, she broke off, and she says: "What do you know! There goes Mrs. Cadenton this very minute."

She pointed out to me a tallish lady getting out of a taxi, on the corner of the park, and my mind, which is very quick to grasp things that other people's minds overlook, give me a strange hunch and I says, "It is funny she would be down in this part of town."

And with that Kitty grabs my arm and she says, "Let's follow her and see what she is up to, just for fun."

So we turned round and we went right along a little way behind her. She went through the little park where we had seen her under full steam, and turned off into Smithers Street and then four blocks further she dives into Beechey Avenue, which is not an avenue in the true sense of the term, but a grubby sort of street with flat houses on each side, and not so respectable as it might be.

"Well, for cryin' out loud!" says Kitty. "Whatever in the world is she doing round here?"

And with that Mrs. Cadenton looked around to see if there was anyone close behind her and she dives into one of the flat houses very sudden, almost as if she thought somebody would ketch her. By this time it was pret' near night.

We walks up and looks at the number, and we looks at one another. "No lady would be going into a place like this," I says, severe.

"Maybe one of her girlhood's friends has gone wrong and is sick, and has sent for her to say she is sorry for her life, and will Mrs. Cadenton help her to do better," says Kitty.

"You been goin' to the movies too much," I says, laughing. "All the same, it is queer and I wish we knew what she is up to. You might get something on her so she couldn't collect the ten thousand dollars," I says. "She may be meeting some man here and her husband does not know. Like in Paris they do."

"You been goin' to the movies too much yourself," Kitty comes back at me, and then she moves out to the edge of the pavement and looks up at the windows. And she gives a funny little jump.

"Fred," she says, as I run over to her, "that woman with the gold teeth is up there. She come to the window on the second floor to pull down the curtain and I saw her as plain as day, and I could see the top of Mrs. Cadenton's hat behind her. They are both there in the second-floor front room, as sure as I am here on the pavement."

Once again my quick, sure mind and good judgment helped me. "I am going to sneak in and steal up the stairway and listen at the door," I says. "There is something very crooked here."

"I will go with you," says Kitty, "for it may be dangerous."

It was one of those kind of flats where you ring the bell and somebody presses a button upstairs and lets the front door open. Using my good judgment, I rang the bell of the top floor flat, and sure enough the saps up there pressed the button, thinking they had company. And Kitty and I sneaked in and tiptoed up the stairs, which were dark and smelly, and we pressed our ears against the door of the second floor front.

There was a lady's voice speaking, very excited, and Kitty pinched me lightly and made a noiseless whisper that it was Mrs. Cadenton, no less. But we could not hear good what she was saying. She seemed to be mad, and yet scared, and she talked a lot about money, but what, we could not exactly tell. And then another lady answered her and was very calm and quiet in her speech, but decided, and we could hear even less of that.

This went on for some minutes, and we were both very nervous on account of people might be coming in or going out, and once a couple did come through, but we drew ourselves up and looked innocent, and as if waiting to be let into the door where we were listening. Then our smartness and our patience was rewarded, for we heard Mrs. Cadenton say very sharp, "You will either pay me my share of what you got for the coat, or I will complain to the police."

And the other voice just laughed. "Go ahead and complain, dearie, and see what you get," it says.

WITH that I knew we had the goods on them, and I pulls Kitty by the arm and makes her tiptoe down the stairs and out into the street as fast as she can go.

"We are going to grab a taxi and get right uptown to the hotel and see Mr. Buckle," I says. "This is going to be good," I says. "We got that dame dead to rights," I says.

And, being very quick to act, once my mind is made up, I pushed Kitty into the first taxi I could see and we went dashing uptown like we was in Russia and the wolves was after us across the snow.

Kitty was clinging to my arm, which was not a bad arrangement, she being one of those girls who are soft and silky feeling and smell clean and sweet, but not overloaded with some high-power cologne. "Fred," she says, "you are perfectly wonderful! Did she steal her own coat, d'you think? But why—why—that's what I can't understand."

"I don't know if she stole her own coat," I answers, "but she and that gold-toother is in cahoot, and that is enough for me. The sooner we get Mr. Buckle and the detectives in on this the more we will know."

We run into the hotel and to Mr. Buckle's office. He was just going out all dressed up in his soup-and-fish, and not so pleased at being stopped. Probably he had a date with his sweetie, but even so he is not the one to let pleasure interfere with business, especially when it means saving ten grand.

I related what we had seen, and he got the detective, and we all jumped into Mr. Buckle's own car and drove round to the Cadentons' house, which is a swell mansion not so very far from the hotel. And as we drove up to the door a taxi came steaming up and Mrs. Cadenton got out, and, say, if ever a dame looked peevish and put out, she was it.

We all went in, and Mr. Cadenton come down, and Mr. Buckle says: "Mr. Cadenton, something has just come to my attention about the stolen minks coat, and I am sure we can recover it if Mrs. Cadenton will aid us."

"What do you mean?" says Mrs. Cadenton, biting her lip, and looking mad as anything.

"We have found the woman who took your coat," says Mr. Buckle, "and her accomplice. The woman with the gold teeth and bleached hair lives at No. 35 Beechey Avenue and we have sent a policeman for her and she will be here in a few minutes."

HE kept looking at Mrs. Cadenton and, believe me, at his last words she didn't do a thing but flop over in a faint. Mr. Buckle and her husband picked her up and laid her on the sofa and the butler brought water, and in a few minutes she opened her eyes.

"And now," says Mr. Buckle, "won't you please tell us all about it?"

She sat up and turned right around and looked at her husband and gritted her teeth. "It is all your fault," she said bitterly.

"We got that dame dead to rights," I says.

So it come out. Mr. Cadenton was an awful tightwad. He liked to buy swell things for his wife, but he did not ever give her any ready cash.

And she had got in with a gay set of dames who played bridge afternoons and she had lost hundreds and hundreds of dollars and was at her wits' end to pay it, and as Mr. Cadenton was dead set against gambling, as all tightwads are, she was scared to tell him.

Well, she had got hold of the gold-toothed person, whose name was Ruby Kaltengore, by reading of her in the newspapers as mixed up in a bootlegging case, and she went down to see her. She convinced her she was on the level about wanting to sell her coat, and they made up the plan. Mrs. Cadenton was to wear her coat in to lunch, and Ruby was to come in right after her, and leave her own bum coat. Mrs. Cadenton was to go out and change the checks, pretending to get her handkerchief, meanwhile diverting Kitty's attention with the rubbers. And Ruby was to get the coat, go off with it, sell it, give Mrs. Cadenton enough to square herself with her bridge debts, and keep the rest for her trouble. Only, you see, Ruby got hoggish and double-crossed her.

Ruby figured that Mrs. Cadenton didn't dare squeal on her, so she tried to hold out on Mrs. Cadenton and not give her a cent. And there was Mrs. Cadenton, her coat gone, and no better off than before. Say, she was a hard baby, all right; but I could pret' near have felt sorry for her when it was all spilled. She looked like a plucked bird, and Mr. Cadenton little better.

But when I thought of the meanness of her trying to pin the blame on Kitty, I was not sorry at all. I would almost have been glad to see her go to jail.

There is very little more to tell. Mr. Cadenton on his bended knees begged Mr. Buckle to hush it up and drop it, which Mr. Buckle kindly agreed to do, on the understanding that Mr. Cadenton paid the hotel lawyer's fee, and though he may be a tightwad, I guess he never separated himself with money so gladly and so freely. And he says to Kitty, "I will give you some money, too, to make up for what you have been through."

And Kitty stood right up, with her brown eyes like big bright fires, and she says, "If you think I want any of your loose change you are mistaken. I would not take a penny. You had better give it to your wife so she won't be driven to stealing her own coat and accusing poor working girls and making them lose their jobs," she says.

And after we come out, Mr. Buckle says: "You go back to checking tomorrow morning, Kitty, and you are not going to lose anything by getting no money off Mr. Cadenton. You and Fred here did a darned smart piece of work and you are going to get your proper reward, trust me for that."

And the detective complimented us, too, and said I ought to be a detective, which I have often thought myself, only there is more class to being on the news stand because it is literary, though I did not say that to him.

THEN Mr. Buckle and the detective went off and Kitty and I walked down the street and we were so happy we were almost crazy. And Kitty says, "It was all your doing, Fred, for if you had not suggested we should listen we would never have found out a thing. Oh, I will be grateful to you as long as I live."

And she looked at me so pretty and sweet and my mouth opened and I heard myself saying things I had not somehow intended, but which I meant with all my heart. "I do not want you to be grateful to me," I says. "I want you to be crazy about me, as I am crazy about you, and with that money Mr. Buckle gives you I want you should buy your trousseau and change your name to Mrs. Fred La Gatto, and the sooner the better. I have never loved any girl but you," I says. "I was merely a come-on with Emeline, and I see it, and there was no real love in it, but with you," I says, "you are a girl in a million, and I will never love any other and never have."

She was so surprised she could hardly believe it. She said she had never drempt that I would care for her, but she said she had always been crazy about me, even while I was going with Emeline. She said she thought it was strange that a fella so clever as me would be crazy about a girl no smarter than she is, but I said that made no difference to me and that I did not like girls who are too smart. So we fixed it all up and after a while we went home and told her family. They was all pleased, only her Aunt Min threw a lemon drop. "It will be a happy marriage, I guess," she says, sniffy, "for Kitty is a good listener."

But did we pay any attention? I'll say we didn't. What should a happy young couple care for a sour-ball old maid, I ask you!

THE END

The DRY and Itching

How Bootleggers' Millions Are Buying Off the Prohibition Forces

ONE seemingly insurmountable factor is hampering the United States government in complete enforcement of the Volstead act.

Bribery!

Sums running into millions annually, used to corrupt Federal agents and officials, whose sworn duty it is to prevent the dispensing of alcoholic beverages, have silenced the guns of many a Coast Guard patrol—while fast rum runners sped for shore within pistol range of the bow lookout.

These millions have cast a mantle of temporary blindness over the eyes of agents ashore—while trucks and motor cars, loaded with contraband, have rushed inland.

They have clogged the machinery of the courts. Bribe takers have become rich and escaped punishment, while many innocent men, unjustly accused, but unable to establish their innocence, have been dismissed in disgrace.

Bootlegging cannot exist without bribery. Graft is the vital cog in the illegal machinery of the liquor business. The price of corruption is by far the largest single item on the bootleggers' cost sheets.

There are honest prohibition agents. The men of the old Revenue Service, who pitted their cunning against the wily moonshiners of the Kentucky hills, have adhered, for the most part, to their traditions. Hundreds of men, higher in the service, have maintained their integrity, although the bootleggers have bid for it at figures that would have made them rich. Unfortunately, however, human nature, on the whole, remains what it is.

Nine hundred prohibition agents have been dismissed in the last few years, "for the good of the service." Prohibition administrators throughout the country have come and gone in rapid succession. Among recent examples is that of Colonel Ned Green, U. S. A., retired, appointed by General Lincoln C. Andrews as administrator for the San Francisco district, who broke faith with Andrews and is now under indictment on eleven counts.

Major Chester Mills is the eleventh administrator of the Second Prohibition District, which includes southern New York, Long Island, the Hudson River valley as far north as Albany, Greater New York, and all of Connecticut. Two directors of this district have been indicted.

Many high prohibition officials have resigned in disgust. John Kjellander of Chicago quit, declaring that it was useless to try to enforce the law.

Bribery. Too much chance for easy graft without detection. That is the reason almost invariably cited by prohibition officials.

In the early days of bootlegging, the dishonest prohibition agent got what he could. Graft, of course, was rampant, but unorganized, unsystematized.

Those days are gone forever. Bootlegging has progressed from the shady status of a criminal enterprise in early prohibition days, until now it is regarded as a service by a considerable proportion of the population. Service requires stability if it is to be dependable. And the bootlegging business, with a stake of uncounted millions, felt the necessity of stability, just as any other large industry does.

A bootlegger may buy 5,000 gallons of specially denatured alcohol for from sixty cents to $1.50 a gallon. At the lower price, 5,000 gallons would cost $3,000; at the highest, $7,500. This does not, of course, include the graft paid in obtaining the 5,000 gallons. Reclaimed, cleaned, "washed"—terms of the bootleggers' vernacular—the alcohol sells for from six dollars to seven dollars a gallon when the market is flooded with the product, and for as high as fifteen dollars when the market is short. That is to say, $30,000 to $75,000 for a product that costs $3,000 to $7,500.

But that isn't the whole story of prohibition profits. Your bootlegger's 5,000 gallons of denatured "alky," when colored, flavored, and watered, will make easily 15,000 gallons of gin, Scotch, or rye—sinfully synthetic, of course. Gin brings about nine dollars a gallon, or $135,000 for the finished product of 15,000 gallons. Scotch at twenty-five dollars a gallon swells the intake to $375,000. Rye at thirty-two dollars a gallon brings the total to the huge sum of $480,000. The actual production cost is slight and the turnover rapid.

NOW, consider the other side of the picture: Administrators' salaries range from $3,000 to $6,000 a year. Clerks get from $1,380 to $2,000; agents from $1,860 to $3,000, or from thirty-five to fifty-seven dollars a week; law clerks and lawyers from $2,400 to $5,800; judges in courts of equity and hearing judges from $3,000 to $5,000. The agent is allowed the munificent sum of six dollars a day for expenses when assigned to territory away from his post. Those figures will help you to see why bribery has become a necessary overhead in the bootlegging business.

In undertaking to corrupt an entire branch of the government service, the bootleggers came to grips with an organization whose intricacies, combined with the frailty of human nature and with public sentiment as it is, did much to make it vulnerable.

FOR example, in the City of New York, there are at least 15,000 speakeasies and only 200 prohibition agents to enforce the law. Opportunity for graft exists to tempt them all. Bribes range from gifts of small value, or trifling sums of money, to $100,000 or even more. Administrator Frederick C. Baird of Pittsburgh is reported to have refused a certified check for $500,000. Major Mills has been shown a way to make $1,000,000 in a few months "legitimately." I know of a first assistant administrator who was offered $100,000 if he would be more liberal in recommending withdrawals for basic alcohol permits. Recently, an administrator was removed from office under suspicion of accepting graft. He is said to have received $250,000 in a year for his generous issuance of basic permits.

The prohibition agent who is a bribe-taker or shake-down artist seldom is punished, for the good and simple reason there is rarely evidence to convict him. If he is caught red handed, the punishment meted out for his traitorous acts is not severe. He has little to worry about. He is well equipped to enter the bootlegging field. Many successful bootleggers were former prohibition agents.

PALM

An Article by

EULA McCLARY

Bootleggers must protect themselves against hi-jackers and the hired thugs of their competitors. They must have gunmen on their pay roll as well as officers of the law. And they have them. Every bootlegger bribes generously. The bribes fall into two classifications—money that is offered by the bootlegger himself and money demanded by an agent who has "got the goods" on someone. This latter, in the parlance of dry agents, is known as a "shakedown."

THE bootlegger has, in effect, placed a price tag on the prohibition agent or official. Certain stated services are rewarded with certain sums.

I know a druggist who was shaken down for $300 by two agents who inspected his store. A passer-by had left a package in the store the night previous, saying he would call for it next day. The agents found the druggist's records in good order. But they also found the package, which they discovered contained whisky and grain alcohol. The druggist claimed his innocence. But he offered the agents $200 to "forget" the matter. They demanded $300, and he gave it to them. As he pointed out to me later, it would have cost him more than that sum for a lawyer and he would have been in bad with the prohibition officers. The agents could, and probably would, have framed him. The package probably was "planted" by them for the shakedown.

Many proprietors of speakeasies pay graft each week to certain prohibition agents. An army aviator, now retired, told me he witnessed the passing of $600 by the proprietor of a speakeasy in the theatrical section of New York City to two prohibition agents one night. "They collect the same amount each week," the proprietor told him. "They have a regular clientele around here and must clean up thousands."

In New York, enforcement agents have a fertile field for graft. Most speakeasies cannot afford $600 a week protection fee, but even smaller fees aggregate a tidy sum for each agent.

DRUG-STORE inspectors have golden opportunities to collect bribes. Many druggists also are bootleggers. Under the protection of a government permit, they sell cut whisky instead of the bonded product received by permit. (Each bonded quart of the legal allotment is cut with redistilled alcohol to make three or four quarts.) The bootleg druggist who is a permittee covers his illicit business, by filling counterfeit prescriptions, by using washed prescriptions, also by buying from doctors their prescription books signed, dated, and filled in accordance with the law's requirements.

Inspectors investigate drug stores. There are certain requirements necessary—properly protected rooms for storing the alcohol, whisky, and wine; a business justifying the amount of liquor applied for; a stock showing the drug store as such. An agent making a favorable report is worth a fee to any "druggist" bent on bootlegging.

Once a drug store is operating with a basic permit, the inspector's job is to check up its records and the liquor in stock. This involves going over records and prescriptions filled. The records must tally with the liquor received and the balance on hand. The agent must ascertain if the prescriptions are genuine or counterfeit or washed. If counter-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by G. P. NELSON

G.P.

JUSTICE (above) smiling at her blindfold of bootleg graft, and (left) a surprise party staged by a prohibition agent in society's rendezvous.

Picture by FRANK HOFFMAN

[THE DRY AND ITCHING PALM
Continued from Page Fifteen]

feit prescriptions exceed one-tenth of the total, the druggist is liable to a revocation hearing —*if he is reported by the inspector*. So it is worth money to the bootlegging druggist to pay for silence in case of counterfeit prescriptions or other irregularities.

Counterfeit prescriptions flooded the market two and three years ago. The government now has this form of law evasion pretty well under control. The druggists have met the emergency by using washed prescriptions. They change the date and the patient's name and use the prescription over again as a legal record of protection against the penalty of their bootlegging business. Agents are supposed to destroy the prescriptions after inspecting them, but the latest graft-getter is to leave the prescriptions untorn. The regular fee for this service is fifty dollars. Even as this story goes to print, Uncle Sam is trying to circumvent this graft field by ordering all prescriptions sent in once a month.

As there are 2,500 drug stores in New York City alone, inspecting agents there have a rich field for petty graft of this kind. The abuse has gone so far that legitimate druggists do not care to handle whisky and wine.

SPECIFIC incidents of bribes given to inspecting agents by druggists, run into the thousands.

Bribe giving and taking is carried on without a written record or witnesses. This accounts for the few prosecutions, the many dismissals when bribe-taking is suspected or even known.

In the Federal Court at Trenton, New Jersey, alone, 249 prohibition cases were nolle prossed during April, 1925, on request of the government. The reasons cited were:

Lack of government witnesses, due to dismissal from service, 83 cases;

Lack of witnesses, lack of evidence, and insufficient evidence, 78;

Defendants not under arrest, 51;

Entire folders containing histories of the cases, evidence, depositions, etc., missing, 28;

Reports lost from folders, 9.

Basic permits, required by every industry using alcohol or intoxicating beverages, offer the greatest opportunities for graft. When a manufacturer applies for a basic permit, an agent is sent out to make an investigation. There are certain demands made by law with which the manufacturer must comply in getting a basic permit. I know of one agent who was removed from the force very recently because he turned in a report that was favorable. The administrator had reason to believe otherwise. A second agent was sent out. His report was unfavorable. The first agent was merely dismissed. He could be charged with nothing more serious than lack of good judgment. No evidence.

But where one agent is caught making untrue favorable reports, many others succeed because there are not agents enough for checking up.

The agents and gaugers detailed to distilleries, denaturing plants, and bonded warehouses, have ample opportunity to more than double their salaries by merely closing their eyes for a few minutes now and then. The bribe for permitting an unauthorized withdrawal of a drum or barrel of alcohol is usually fifty dollars a barrel to each agent and something less to the storekeeper-gauger. This is at the rate of one dollar a gallon to each agent. Usually four or more barrels are withdrawn at a time, which nets each agent the tidy sum of $200 or more. Carload lots bring several thousands of dollars.

Many agents bootleg large quantities of confiscated liquors. An agent who works in Washington, D. C., told me he knows several who make a good living in this manner.

Agents often are bribed to leave the prohibition service. Recently an agent was offered $100,000 if he would resign before a certain case came up. With the agent out of the way, the government had no case.

USING modern machines of warfare, the rum runner proves a dangerous foe to the Coast Guard cutter.

Picture by FRANK HOFFMAN

Agents have been known to sell their protection to high-powered motor trucks carrying illegal liquor. If the truck were stopped, he displayed his badge and said the truck was under arrest. His fee from the bootlegger was ten dollars.

Those in charge of placing confiscated liquor in the prohibition vaults have unusual opportunities for collecting graft. After a raid, their duty is to fill in the forms that are filed for revocation hearings or criminal or conspiracy trials. There is nothing to stop the agent from losing the information cards. He places the alcoholic evidence and the samples for the government's chemist in a cement-lined vault. The evidence could be dropped on the cement floor, "quite accidentally," and, being destroyed, the government would have no case. Such "accidents" have happened and the agents were dismissed for carelessness.

AN agent in each district assigns the field agents to their day's work. He has in his possession all the letters and other tips that lead to the gathering of evidence. He could get in touch with the bootleggers mentioned in the tips and make a good bargain to destroy the telltale tip or postpone the agents' investigation by detailing them elsewhere. With so small a staff of agents available and so many leads to violations of various grades, who is to say that the agent in question is protecting anyone?

The clerical personnel also has great opportunities for graft. In the New York district there are 20,000 active accounts, all withdrawing whisky, alcohol, grain or denatured, and wine every thirty to ninety days. As no one clerk could handle such a number of cards, the accounts are divided among the clerks in alphabetical order. Every withdrawal is supposed to be recorded. It is thus that Uncle Sam keeps the permittees from overdrawing the amounts allotted by the basic permit.

The case of a large alleged manufacturer of toilet goods will illustrate how these clerks could graft. Mr. A, a permittee, in some way met the small-salaried clerk, a young girl who loved pretty clothes and a good time, as all young girls are wont to do. He managed to interest her in his case. He wanted to withdraw extra amounts of denatured alcohol. The *modus operandi* was simple. Mr. A went through the regular form of applying for the permit to withdraw the alcohol. The clerk did not record the withdrawal.

MR. A made another application. Again the withdrawal was left unrecorded. This went on for some time. Eventually, some one who noticed the manufacturer was making numerous requests, asked to see his card. There was nothing to show that more than the permitted allotment had been withdrawn. And nothing to prove that the girl was dishonest. She was merely assigned to another department.

In the early days, doctors' prescription books were frequently stolen. But Uncle Sam soon found a way to control this leakage. The bootlegging fraternity soon found such difficulty in securing extra books from headquarters that counterfeit prescriptions flooded the market for months, resulting in such a wholesale revocation of permits that bootleg druggists now prefer to handle washed prescriptions if they cannot purchase genuine prescription books from the doctors.

There is a trusted clerk in the New York office who has been in the service since it became operative. He was at one time in charge of the withdrawal cards. Under the system then used in the office he was in a position to know what drug stores were to be inspected and when. This clerk was approached by a big whisky dealer and a bootleg druggist, in no way associated, who had a similar scheme. The druggist, who was using counterfeit prescriptions, merely wanted genuine prescriptions the day of the inspection. The whisky dealer had enough of these to cover his clients during inspection. All he wanted was the authentic dates the inspections were to be made and the stores visited. And he offered $100,000 for this information.

The filing clerks handle the folders containing the agents' sworn reports on cases to be heard, the law clerks' and legal advisers' records of the case and evidence, such as washed or counterfeit prescriptions; also the folders containing the information and date necessary to the functioning of the organization—information that could be very helpful to the right parties. A folder may be so well misplaced that it will take months to find it. It may be lost or destroyed. The amount of the bribe for the loss of such folder depends upon the business ability of the clerk and the importance of the case. The loss of the agent's report and such evidence as is attached to it means that the government's work has gone for naught.

The clerk in charge of the basic permits is able to make extra money. Twelve clerks in one office were discharged for dishonesty at one time, a few years ago. For the simple service of pushing a basic permit along, a price has been paid. And permittees have found it to their advantage to have a competitor's basic permit delayed indefinitely in its journey over the red-tape route of the government departments.

At one time it was the rule that all basic permits were signed in Washington and returned to the local administrators. During this time there was a young girl who carried on a profitable business for months, working with an agent. She altered certain doctors' basic permits, each calling for a gallon and a half of alcohol, to manufacturers' permits each calling for 10,000 gallons.

She was caught eventually and discharged from the Civil Service; an overdressed, bediamonded blonde.

The telephone girl! What a position she is in to know what is going on. It is to her credit that she has, for the most part, been free from any connection with graft-taking. Yet I knew of one telephone operator who talked too much and lost her position at the prohibition headquarters. But she was not removed from the Civil Service list.

Clerks in charge of opening the mail have been graft-takers. A letter lost. An application destroyed. Mail delayed days in delivering. These are some of the ways to serve the bootleggers.

There is on record the discharge of a girl who received and opened telegrams. She was on the pay roll of a circle of bootleggers who were anxious to keep certain competitors from receiving their withdrawals of alcohol. For every telegram that this girl destroyed, from the competitors to the administrator, they paid her fifty dollars.

The attendant in the reception room can render invaluable little services to those who call at prohibition headquarters to adjust their trouble. By nature of his position, he knows many things that might assist the bootlegging brothers. He passes in and out of the administrator's and lawyers' offices unannounced. He hears many confidential matters discussed. The man who holds this position in New York, a former baseball player, told me in disgust that he has had thrust in his pocket anything from a bad cigar to a fifty-dollar bill.

THERE is no one connected with the clerical force who is not worth something to someone, if that someone can find out who is who. But, considering the many opportunities for bribe-taking that exist for the clerical force, the records of the Civil Service employees remain fairly clean.

The worst bribe offenders have been the agents and the men holding responsible positions. A few Federal lawyers and law clerks have been caught accepting graft. One law clerk who was caught red-handed "lost" an important folder for a $1,000 bribe. The first payment was a check for $500. The clerk was foolish enough to write and thank the bribers for the check and to ask them when he could expect the balance. The letter was intercepted.

There is a pitiful incident connected with a crooked Federal judge who accepted from a bootleg circle many times the amount of his yearly salary. In time he came under the suspicion of the government officials. The spy system within the prohibition organization began to work. The judge was caught in the hotel rooms of the bootleggers, who were on trial in a small town where he was holding hearing, *and the bootleggers were with him.*

In this same hotel a young girl from the prohibition offices slept peacefully. She had been sent to act as court stenographer. The spies, believing the stenographer in league with the judge, went to her rooms and awakened her. They searched the room; put her through a third degree. They found nothing to implicate her. Eventually the judge was found guilty. The girl was proved innocent. But she broke down under the nervous strain and committed suicide.

THE opportunity for big graft is found in the office of the administrators and their assistants, men handling big jobs for small salaries. In the business world such men would receive from $15,000 to $50,000 a year.

According to the regulations that govern the administration and enforcement of the prohibition act, many decisions are left to the discretion of the administrator. He has tremendous power. He can issue permits, and be well within the law in so doing, that would place welcome amounts of specially denatured alcohol, whisky, and wine on the bootleg market. In a way, the amounts of alcoholic beverages permitted the drug stores, doctors, manufacturers, and rabbis are arbitrary with the administrators.

What an opportunity to make big money an administrator has! And, if he plays safe, the punishment for accumulating a fortune may end in dismissal from office. There is not sufficient evidence for the government to prosecute. Only a few administrators have ever been indicted.

An administrator who is generous in his attitude toward the amounts of alcoholic products allowed for withdrawal by basic permits, may make a fortune in a few months. The brewers, the distillers, the vintners are willing to pay well. Also the manufacturers, the druggists and bonded dealers. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a nominal bribe to be offered an administrator for granting a generous permit. What is $25,000 to a bootlegger doing a business with a profit of a million or more a year? And no Internal Revenue tax to pay unless caught! One hundred thousand dollars is not an exorbitant bribe.

There is a case, and General Andrews and Major Mills both told me the story, of a legal adviser retained by the government at General Andrews' request, who was offered a certified check of $25,000 if he would leave the service before a certain case came up. And the $25,000 was only the resignation fee! This lawyer had proved himself clever, prior to his Federal connection, defending bootleggers. But he refused the offer.

Over and over again one hears Administrator Mills say "Honesty is the most important qualification for anyone connected with the enforcement of the national prohibition law, *if the law is to be enforced.*

"Up to now," he told me, "it has been the custom to appoint agents upon the recommendation of politicians, without making a proper investigation of their past. This method has proved unwise. No agent should be named whose past history does not show him to be a man of integrity and honesty.

"I believe suitable agents can be drawn from the lists of retired army and navy non-commissioned officers. Such men are free from political influence. They receive a small pension from the government that would augment their agent salaries nicely, and they could not afford to be dishonest. If caught, they would lose their pensions as well as their prohibition jobs. The majority of new agents I have recommended for appointment are non-commissioned officers, and most of my assistants are retired army officers."

AS near as I can judge, the methods necessary for prohibition enforcement create an atmosphere of distrust. No one in the service is free from being spied upon. There is an official spy system within that spies on the personnel. It is one way of catching traitors who use their positions for unlawful gain.

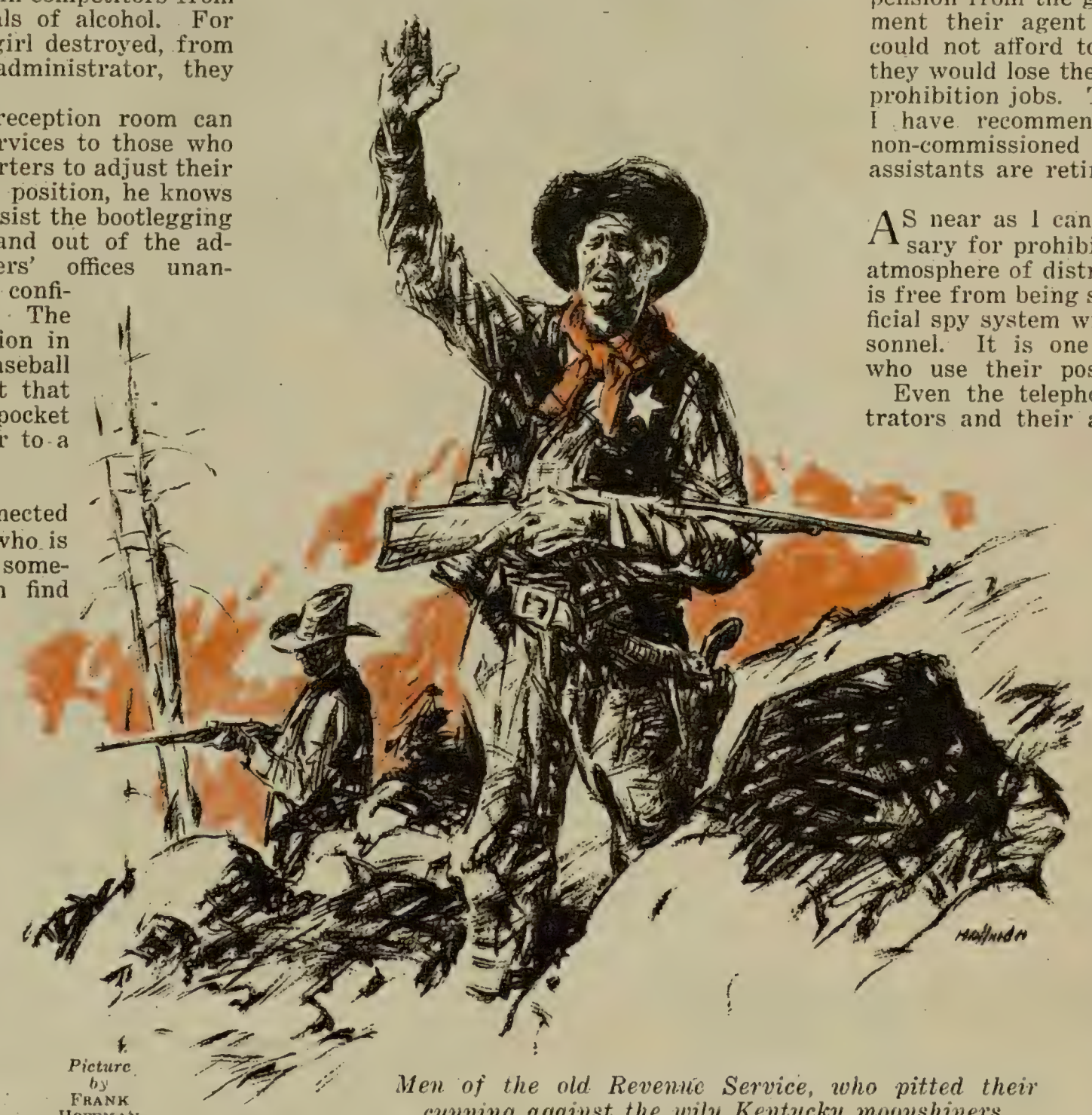
Even the telephone wires of the administrators and their assistants, at home and in the office, have been tapped. Dictaphones have been connected to record the conversations of the officials as well as the clerks.

There are cases where dictaphones and tapped wires have established officials as honest. There was an agent who was placed in control of a squad of men assigned to a very important piece of work. He worked from a small hotel. The wires of his telephone were tapped and the reports later saved this agent his job. When a jealous and unscrupulous fellow agent preferred charges against him, the administrator had a report of the conversations and was in a position to know the charges were false.

All the brains, culture, education, cleverness, and ability in the world will serve to enforce prohibition not a whit if *honesty* is lacking.

The whole question simmers down to *honesty* rewarded by small pay versus *dishonesty* rewarded by easy money.

THE END



Picture by FRANK HOFFMAN

Men of the old Revenue Service, who pitted their cunning against the wily Kentucky moonshiners.

P. & A. photos

The small entrance hall requires little furnishing. Combined with colorful rugs, the formal chair and barometer are enough.

DECORATING and FURNISHING A NEW HOME

An Article by

GRACE L. DAGGETT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Henry G. Jefferson—who built LIBERTY'S Bronxville, New York, home—found, when he completed it, that he was not prepared, for the time being, to decorate and furnish it. Rather than mar a beautiful home with inadequate or unfitting decorations and furnishings, he decided to wait until he could do it in proper style. Miss Daggett, LIBERTY'S interior decorating and furnishing expert, made a study and survey of the Jefferson home, consulted with Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, agreed with them as to what the decorations, hangings, and furnishings should be in such a home, and has had specially posed photographs taken of the furnishings, rugs, draperies, etc., that belong in such a home. The pictures, therefore, show what the Jefferson home will look like when the owners are ready to proceed with the real furnishing.

TO every home-builder there comes a peculiar combination of emotions when the realization that his house is actually an accomplished fact presents itself with stern finality. One milestone on the way to the long coveted home has been successfully passed, but only half the journey has been accomplished.

Equal in importance to the construction and fraught with just as many pitfalls comes the decorating and furnishing of the interior. It is at this point that so many couples are confronted by that old trouble maker, money limitations, laughing at their visionary ideals and trying to destroy them. It is not uncommon to hear a distressed owner complain: "We have added so many unexpected items to our building costs since we started that we'll just have to cut down on the inside!"

Right here it will be necessary to decide exactly what funds are available and on what basis you wish to start. Are you going to retain some of your former possessions,

When figured and plain glazed chintz are charmingly combined in window curtains, the effect is extremely smart.

adding such new pieces as your funds will permit, or, on the contrary, are you in a position to cast aside these old companions and make a fresh start?

These questions have presented themselves to the judgment of Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Jefferson, owners of the LIBERTY home at Bronxville, New York, and they have decided on the latter course. While not sure that they can realize their plan, they have mentally apportioned the sum of $3,000 for their expenditures, hoping later to add the less necessary fittings. They are still looking around for the best values in furniture, but have decided rather definitely on their general scheme of procedure, and have selected the color schemes and desired effects. The house is to be very simply furnished, using Early American and English pieces of good design, with plenty of interesting color to add to the charm.

As you enter the arched doorway of the Jefferson home and cross the small hall into the living-room, you are immediately impressed with a sense of space. This has been cleverly effected by bringing the rooms of the first floor into close relationship by means of the wide openings between them. It is, therefore, obvious that there must be unity in the color schemes and furnishings on this floor, with no sharp transitions to mar the harmony. As the walls are alike throughout, with natural warm gray tones, the next step will be to enhance the sense of space and unity still further by having floor coverings of the same color in all the rooms.

Since the color interest is to be in the furniture coverings and hangings, the Jeffersons have chosen a one-piece Wilton carpet of gray taupe, with a small black conventional motif, for all three rooms. The small design is a concession to the activities of the youngest member of the family and will delay the appearance of wear and tear, to say nothing of spots, which are bound to come in a house where children are important factors.

A glazed chintz window shade is a simple but effective decoration for the bath.

These wide width carpets come in nine, twelve, and fifteen-foot widths, in chenille, Axminster, and Wilton—the first of these being the most costly. When the required lengths are purchased, they are hand bound across the ends. They are being used throughout the country.

The coloring of the first floor is to be copper red, green, and black, and the materials chosen for the curtains will form the keynote for the selection of the furniture coverings, which will be considered later.

In the living-room there are only two small windows over the bookcases on each side of the mantel. These will have simple casement curtains of copper-colored gauze, which can be drawn back to admit as much light as possible. Mrs. Jefferson will make the dra-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

This is the kind of breakfast that America's most brilliant men and women find helpful in their daily work

WHAT does breakfast mean to you? Something — almost anything — to be hastily swallowed before starting on the day's activities? . . . If that's the way you regard your morning meal, you're wrong —all wrong!

For some time dietitians have been telling us that breakfast is probably the most important meal of the day. And now 2300 famous Americans, replying to a "breakfast questionnaire" sent out by a leading scientific institute, have backed up the dietitians. Only with the right kind of breakfast, they say, can highest efficiency in the day's work be reached.

What do these notably successful men and women mean when they say "the right kind of breakfast"? . . . They mean a *small* breakfast, it's true, but they also mean, emphatically, *a highly nourishing, well-balanced breakfast.*

And that's the problem. To select a small amount of food which will supply a large amount of nourishment. Grape-Nuts can help you!

This crisp, delicious food is made from wheat and malted barley —grains packed with essential nourishment. A single serving of Grape-Nuts, with milk or cream, supplies more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal! And Grape-Nuts is particularly easy to digest —made so by the special baking process which also gives to the food its nut-like flavor and its delightful crispness.

Remember that this crispness is of great importance to your health. You will enjoy chewing Grape-Nuts thoroughly —and chewing is the best possible protection for your teeth and gums. They cannot remain healthy and beautiful unless they are exercised by proper mastication. Your dentist will tell you that this is true.

For its crispness and its flavor —and, above all, for its food-value —give Grape-Nuts a daily place on your breakfast table. Your grocer has it —or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts" written by a famous physical director.

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest fountain.

G.—LIB.—10-26

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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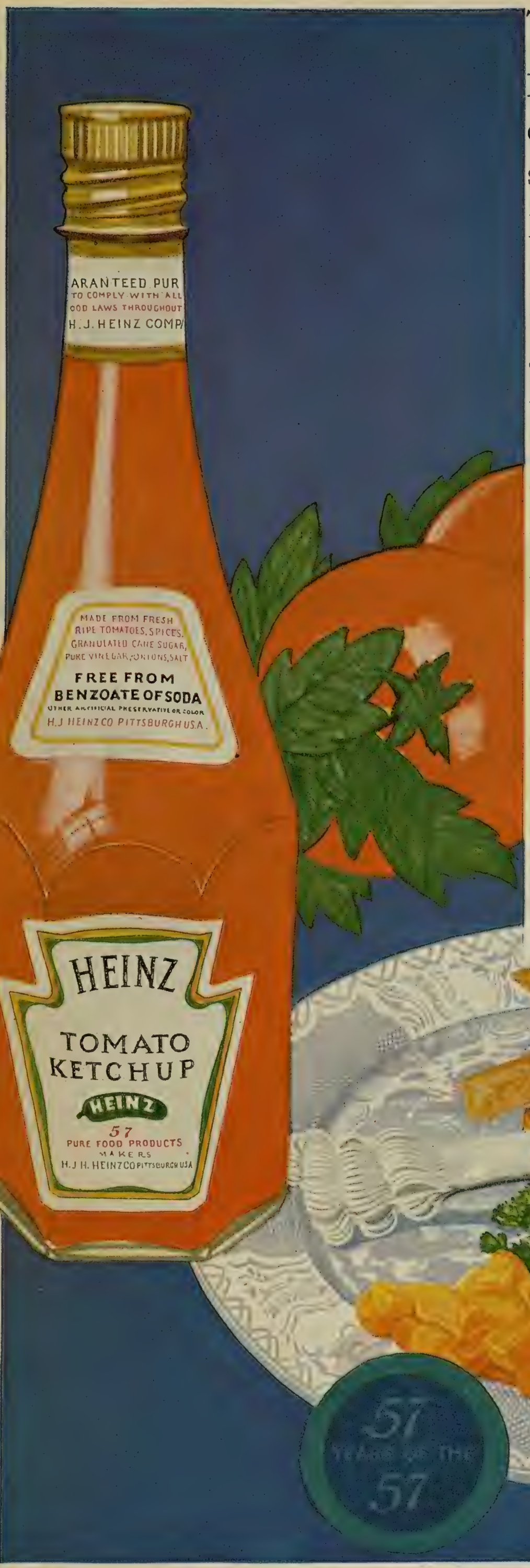
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LTD. 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario



THE TASTE IS THE TEST

In Heinz Tomato Ketchup you get the full taste of big, sound tomatoes, grown under Heinz supervision—tomatoes picked at their ripest and put up while still garden-fresh.

You get the taste of rare spices bought by Heinz buyers where they actually grow; of pure granulated sugar; of Heinz own Vinegar, mellowed by long aging in wood.

You get the taste of all these delicious foods, skillfully combined by able chefs in Heinz sunny kitchens and so cooked that no surplus water remains to weaken this taste or lessen the full measure of concentrated goodness.

No wonder Heinz Tomato Ketchup improves the natural flavor of even the most tempting dishes while adding a delicious flavor of its own. The taste is the test. *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

Ask your grocer for new prices

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

New salad-making recipe book sent for four cents in stamps

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

peries herself and plans to use inexpensive but colorful and effective fabrics, reserving the funds for the more important furniture.

In the sun parlor, a smart figured glazed chintz in bright tones of green and tan and copper on a black background, bound with plain copper chintz, will make a stunning valance, using side curtains of plain copper chintz, held back by striking tie-backs made with large rosettes. The valance will extend right across the three windows, and the side curtains will come at the outside casings. Window shades of glazed chintz will be used instead of glass curtains and these will be of a striped effect, the copper color on an ecru ground.

DIRECTLY across the width of the house the dining room windows can be seen. These will have plain side curtains of the same figured chintz as the balance of the sun parlor, except that it will be unglazed. Many designs come both ways, which is very helpful in decorating. By this method of treatment the color harmony will be preserved throughout and the rooms will not have that cut-up appearance caused by too many distracting changes.

Above: Simplicity and charm combine to make this dining room homelike.

Right: A charming corner of the guest-room, with its inviting bed, and the large-figured cretonne of the chair (at lower left) suited to the small-figured wall paper.

P. & A. photos

Mr. Jefferson has insisted upon an airy little work-room for the housewife, so the kitchen in this home is to be alive with cheer. The magic of the paint brush will be well illustrated here. The choice of soft yellow walls, with woodwork in that peculiar shade of green-blue that is neither light nor dark, attest the good taste of the owner. The same color is carried through into the little breakfast room. A blocked linoleum in blue-green, gray, and black has been selected and will be properly laid with cement. While the initial cost of this method is greater, the ultimate satisfaction and service will amply repay the purchaser. Gay little curtains of flowered muslin bound in plain green are to adorn the windows, and the furniture will be painted green with touches of black.

English wall paper a pleasing background for the bedroom.

The shelves are all to be covered and trimmed with borders of scalloped oilcloth in green, and fastened with round-headed black nails, placed close together. After all, it is just as important to decorate the kitchen as any other room in the house, and the irksome routine tasks of the housewife can be lightened by gay surroundings.

And now to the upstairs rooms!

The first claim to our attention is, of course, the master bedroom where the walls are to be covered with an imported English wall paper, a dainty pastoral scene on a deep cream background with beautiful tones of green-blue and a faded mulberry rose in the design outlined in black. This was quite an extravagant selection, but Mr. Jefferson could see no saving in using a cheap wall paper. The labor has to be paid for in any event, and so a lasting paper was chosen.

Ordinarily it is dangerous to paper too soon, as the walls must be given time to settle and the cracks that are apt to appear must be cut out and filled. Mr. Jefferson, however, felt that, due to the various delays in the building of his house, it had gone through this stage quite effectively. The woodwork will be painted a soft tan, just a trifle deeper than the background of the paper, and the ceiling will be tinted with the same tone. Curtains of plain silk mull with a ruffled valance in a soft shade of rose, picking up the tone of the wall paper, will be dainty and inexpensive.

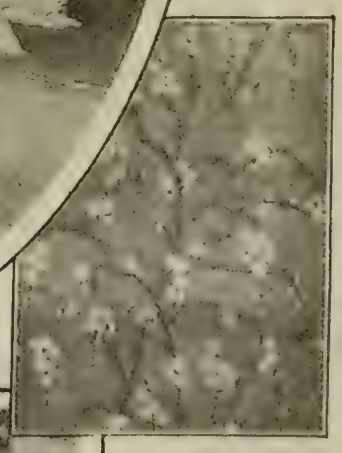
Showing a corner of Mrs. Jefferson's bedroom.

On the door which connects this bedroom with the bathroom there will be a mirror panel, and Mrs. Jefferson will find this most convenient in making her smart toilettes, a full-length glass being indispensable.

The walls of this bathroom will be tinted in very pale rose and the woodwork enameled in rose to match. The ceilings, quite correctly, will be tinted to correspond. A glazed chintz window shade of brightly colored flowers on a cream background, scalloped at the bottom and bound with rose, will add interest to the window. For the shower curtains, a waterproof glazed chintz in a small conventional flower pattern, edged with plain rose, has been selected. Washable mohair rugs of silky texture in a deeper shade of rose will be used for the floor. Mrs. Jefferson proposes to have towels with rose borders for this room and, later, decorated bottles will adorn the shelves.

The wide arched opening brings these two rooms into close harmony of color and design.

In the guest chamber a cream-white flowered vine winds its way over the delicate reseda-green background of the wall paper, giving a fresh, crisp air to the room. The woodwork is painted green to match a shade of the side wall. Dainty ruffled curtains of swiss, with green dots in a white background, are the simple and appropriate selection for the windows.



This paper was suggested for the guest room.

THE Jefferson home was planned and built chiefly for the wife and the baby. Mrs. Jefferson, although a French girl, has become strongly American in her tastes, although her deft Parisian touches will be seen at various places in the house.

The baby's room is more than a nursery, as it is to be his room when he grows older. The decoration scheme is jolly and bright.

The wise selection of furniture causes every purchaser much concern, and how the Jeffersons plan to meet this problem will be told in the next report on their house.

[SEE PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

In the next issue of LIBERTY Miss Daggett will describe the decorating, the drapes, floor coverings, and color plan of the Ward home in Kansas City. Two weeks later she will tell of the Davis home in Milwaukee, and in the week after the story of decorating the Visk house in Spokane. Following those articles she will write of the furniture and its placement. Miss Daggett has visited each of LIBERTY'S houses and has worked out the decorating and furnishing plans with the owners, consulting with them and assisting them in their final home-building problem.

DUNLOP

will do it better!

No matter what your present tire is doing.. no matter what you expect a tire to do... you'll find that a Dunlop will do it *better!* That's why - *every* 2¼ *seconds* someone buys a Dunlop Tire.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Every 2¼ seconds someone buys a DUNLOP TIRE

The figures used to compute the 2¼-second record are based on world sales of passenger car, bus, bicycle and truck tires—and on a 24-hour day—as well as all 365 days in the year.

DUNLOP TUBES *casing-shaped* SINCE 1920

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

How Mr. Winger transformed his back yard.

INSPECTING A HOUSE *Before* Buying *It*

LIBERTY'S Readers Discuss This and Other Aspects of Home Planning

Looking Before You Leap

EDITOR, Home Page: Before you buy a house, you should start with the basement and examine the walls for water stains and horizontal water lines caused by seepage water, or water standing in the basement.

The foundation and retaining walls should be inspected for proper thickness. A minimum width for main foundation walls below grade for a light frame structure of one or two stories, should be not less than ten inches, if of concrete; thirteen inches for brick and eighteen inches for stone.

Concrete walls having a sandy or clayey appearance are deficient in cement, or else are constructed of bank sand and gravel containing a large percentage of loam. Such walls should be examined for sand and loam pockets which are detrimental to the walls' structural strength and permit the entrance of water.

Heating plants of old houses are frequently beyond repair and should be examined for defects. Ask some disinterested person familiar with the house, whether or not the heating plant is adequate to warm it comfortably in severe weather.

The wall plate or mud sill which lies directly upon the foundation and upon which the floor joists rest, should be minutely examined for dry rot and decay. This is generally the first member of a dwelling's superstructure that goes bad.

A careful inspection of the ends of floor joists to determine their state of preservation should next be made. A house having joists with decayed ends had best be passed up as an expensive investment. Buildings having sagging floors either have rotted joists, a rotted wall plate, or there has been an unequal settling of the foundation.

The plaster under window sills (stools) should be examined for water stains, denoting defective sills or sub-sills.

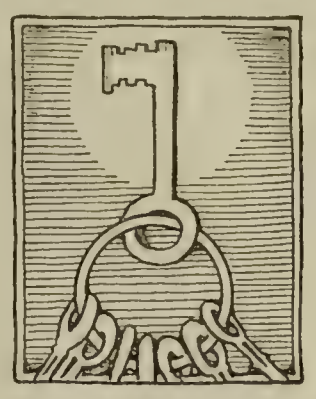
Plastering should be carefully gone over to determine its general condition—especially on the ceilings. Large areas of plaster are frequently held in place by several layers of wall paper. Loose plaster can readily be detected by a slight pressure of the hand.

Water stains on ceilings indicate but one thing: a leaky roof. An inspection should be made from the attic as well as the roof itself.

Great care should be exercised in looking over the chimneys, from the basement to the chimney cap above the roof. Here is one of the greatest fire hazards with which the building public has to deal.

After thoroughly going over the plumbing and electric wiring, a summary should be made of the defects found. Should the house be worthy of further consideration, another tour may be made in the interest of conveniences and advantages in general.

C. S. MAYER, Jeffersonville, Ind.



Disposing of Garbage

EDITOR, Home Page: Every housewife walks weary miles, carrying garbage from the kitchen to the garbage can outside.

I had an opening a foot square made in the wall above my drainboard, where I do most of my paring, etc. This passage was fitted with a door, and opened on to a large galvanized iron pipe, which extended from the kitchen outlet down to within four feet of the ground. Here was built a galvanized container with a top which swung on a middle axis, and a door wide enough to admit an ordinary garbage can.

Through this door the garbage collector empties and returns the garbage can. Now, all I do to dump garbage is wrap the refuse in paper, open the little door above my drainboard, and down it goes. When it hits the galvanized container lid, the latter is swung aside by the weight of the garbage and automatically returns into place, when the refuse has fallen into the can.

ELSIE K. STUART,
Oakland, Calif.

Some Time-Saving Hints

EDITOR, Home Page: Absolutely no baseboards or mapboards in any of the rooms. Door-jambs flush with the walls. Doors smooth and plain as a table-top.

I have tried all these out, living in a house in which they were installed, and you cannot imagine the time saved through not having to dust baseboards and ridges on doors! Also, how many times have I wanted (in other houses) to place a bookcase or table against the wall and found that it wouldn't stand there or would wabble just because of a mapboard.

In my house a wide border was painted around the bottom of the walls to simulate a baseboard.

Another time-saver was to have the same lock on the front door, back door, and garage. Many's the time you come home and go to the back door, only to find you've locked it from the inside; or go to the front and remember you went out the back way. The same lock on all of them eliminates counting over a dozen keys every time you want to open one.

MRS. M. D. FITZSIMMONS,
Williams, Ariz.

Beautifying a City Back Yard

EDITOR, Home Page: Our property overlooked a vacant lot and an unsightly alley. It occurred to us that if we exercised a little ingenuity after working hours, we could build a fence that would serve as a screen and still not make us seem too exclusive. We cribbed the design from a filling station and, with used lumber secured from a wrecking company, built a six-foot fence with a pergola gate, over which we trained climbing roses and honeysuckle.

In the foreground we built a concrete pool rimmed with stones, which we painted white. In the corners we planted ferns and flowers that would mirror themselves in the water.

What we needed, now, to complete the scene, was a flagstone walk. We went to a stone company to find out the cost of a load of fragments. The obliging foreman pointed to a huge pile and said: "Haul 'em away. Glad to get rid of 'em." I did. It was Saturday afternoon and a truck driver off duty agreed to take the load for $1.50.

It was only a matter of a few hours to lay the walk and then our yard was complete.

The total cost of our project was $24.90 plus a lot of wholesome fun and recreation. The value of our property is increased; and our view is much better.

BJORN WINGER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

A Supply of Soft Water

EDITOR, Home Page: Here's a suggestion for a suburbanite's demand for soft water. Run your rain spout into the basement and connect it with a water boiler which can be bought very cheaply at a second-hand store.

This idea has been taken up by a few of my friends and they have been thankful to me, since, for the water supply. One can do the installing himself, for there is no labor attached, or cost that amounts to anything.

GEORGE T. WOJACK,
La Crosse, Wis.

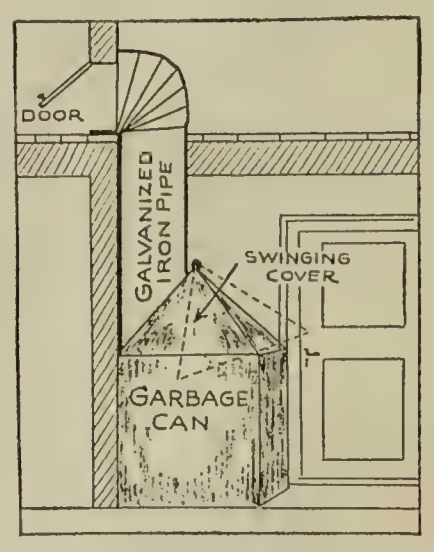
Advantages of a Chute

EDITOR, Home Page: In our new six-room house we have three bedrooms and a bath on the second floor. This, we feel, would require a lot of running up and down stairs, were it not for the excellent chute we have, opening in the hall upstairs and leading to the basement.

The best feature of this chute is the board, or false bottom, which is inserted at the kitchen opening. This has a handle and slides on small rollers. It stops the clothes at the kitchen opening, thus allowing us to sort them, pull the slide and let the ones for the laundry go down to the basement.

Also, we often use the chute to send down many other articles and to talk through. As a step-saver it's a wonder. The cost of this improvement when building a house is almost nothing.

MRS. A. FROEHLICH,
Pontiac, Mich.



A step-saving garbage can.

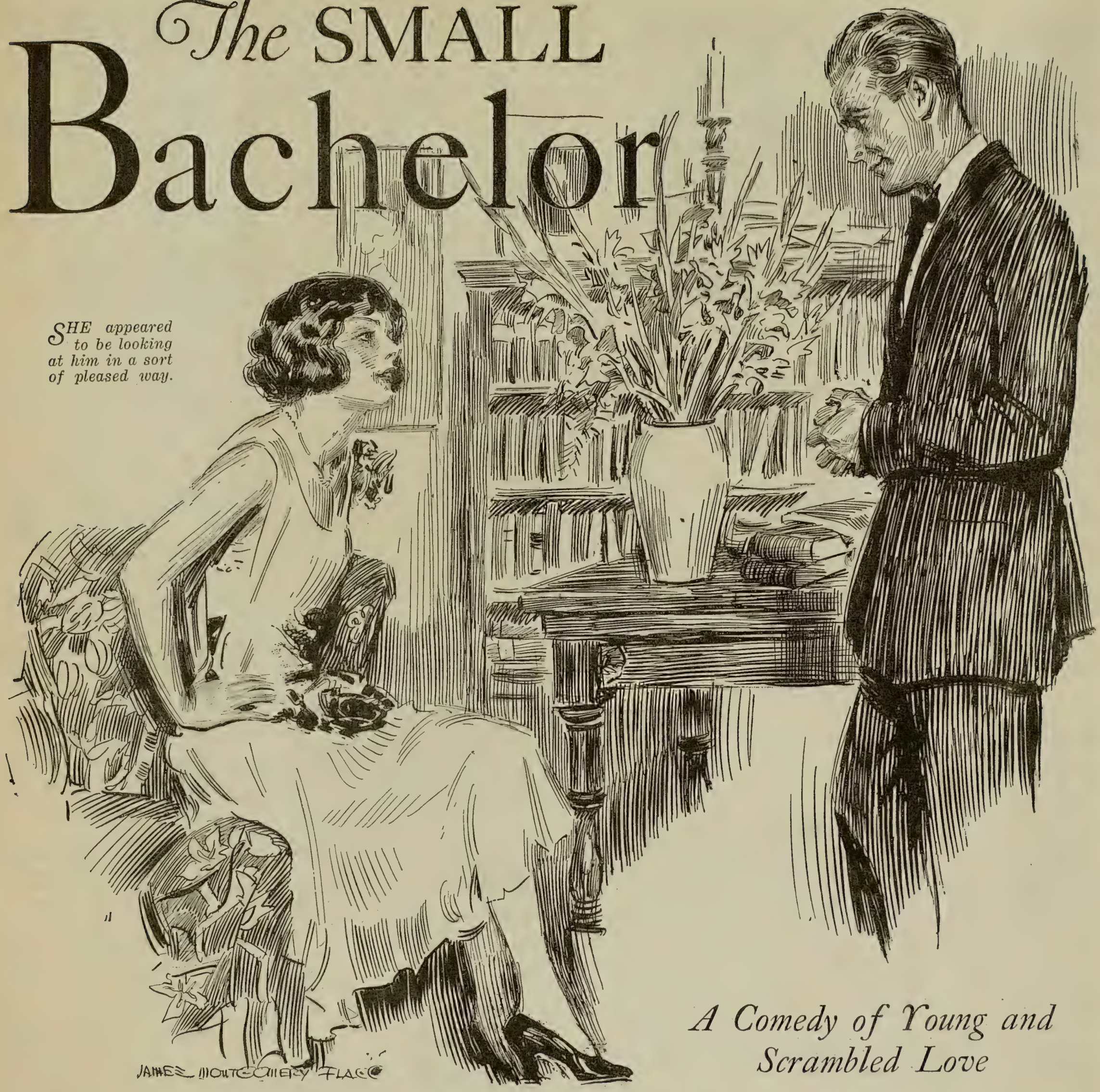
Treating Workmen Right

EDITOR, Home Page: We built our home during the winter, and as we lived near-by we sent hot coffee to the men every day. The effect on the workmen was that each man did his best while on the job, and it is a real pleasure to me to know that we did not have the arguments that so often seem to be inevitable in building a house.

Show appreciation to the workmen. Give them an incentive to do good work. Never find fault with a man before others; the results are nil. Praise pays.

E. H. SAUER, Elmhurst, L. I.

The SMALL Bachelor



SHE appeared to be looking at him in a sort of pleased way.

A Comedy of Young and Scrambled Love

A Serial by P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

LOVE turned George Finch, a happy, care-free, Greenwich Village artist, into a victim of carking care who worried about his dress clothes and ties. George had been well content, with nothing to do and plenty of money to do it with, until he saw Molly Waddington, a society bud who lived in East Seventy-ninth Street.

To meet Molly then became the obsession of his life.

George's bosom pal, J. Hamilton Beamish, fixer de luxe, promised to arrange an introduction. But George was impatient.

He was a Westerner and knew that big, upstanding ranchmen were Mr. Waddington's special heroes.

So when George unexpectedly ran across Mr. Waddington in front of the Waddington mansion, he had only to remark:

"Mr. Waddington, I was born in Idaho."

And a great friendship was begun.

Mr. Waddington invited him to dinner. George was elated. He was to meet Molly.

But a portentous shadow loomed over budding romance—the portly, commanding shadow of Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington, who hated artists and most particularly wanted Molly to marry a lord.

PART THREE

MRS. WADDINGTON, having given George one long, steady look that blistered his forehead, turned away and began to talk to a soda-water magnate. She had no real desire to ascertain George's name, though she would have read it with pleasure on a tombstone.

"Dinner is served," announced Ferris, the butler, appearing noiselessly.

George found himself swept up in the stampede of millionaires.

There are few things more embarrassing to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

Insist—"Show me the Agitator!"

It pays

to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

ALMOST every manufacturer believes and claims his product to be best. Electric cleaner manufacturers are no exception.

But today there is a *new* test of the latest and most efficient development in electric cleaners which you can apply yourself.

To the salesman, or the dealer, or the manufacturer who waxes eloquent over the superiorities of *his* cleaner simply say, and *insist:*

"Show me the Agitator!"

We feel this is the test of the genuinely *modern* cleaner. We *know* that the new and greater Hoover, equipped with the Agitator shown above, surpasses even the celebrated standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that rug will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

Surely you want in *your* home the new, exclusive, doubly efficient cleaner—the *modern* cleaner that meets the "Agitator test." Then you want the greater Hoover! Your nearest Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you one today complete with dusting tools, $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

"POSITIVE AGITATION" as accomplished in the new Hoover is *beating*—the time tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated above. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The New HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

The New BROUGHAM

Finer in All Ways

All-Aluminum Body—Duo-Tone Colors—New Beauty and Distinction Inside and Out

A public appreciation, never rivalled in all the great receptions accorded past Hudsons, has swept the New Hudson to the greatest heights of its long leadership.

The New Brougham, larger, wider, with this strong, rigid new all-aluminum body, and rich, smart and lasting colors, is commanding the largest sales on record for this always favorite model. With the new Coach and the new Sedan, it scores Hudson's highest value achievement. Each is more striking and distinctive. Each is a triumph of body quality and comfort. Each is mechanically the finest expression of Super-Six design, with chassis advancements substantially increasing gasoline mileage, and giving even greater performance and reliability.

The result of more than eleven years' experience in building more than 850,000 cars on the Super-Six principle, these new Hudsons are in all ways the finest ever built.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 24]

a shy and sensitive young man than to be present at a dinner party where something seems to tell him that he is not wanted. The something that seemed to tell George he was not wanted at tonight's festive gathering was Mrs. Waddington's eye, which kept shooting down the table at intervals and reducing him to pulp at those very moments when he was beginning to feel that, if treated with gentle care and kindness, he might recover.

IT was an eye that, like a thermos flask, could be alternately extremely hot and intensely cold. When George met it during the soup course he had the feeling of having encountered a simoom while journeying across an African desert. When, on the other hand, it sniped him as he toyed with his fish, his sensations were those of a searcher for the Pole who unexpectedly bumps into a blizzard. But, whether it was cold or hot, there was always in Mrs. Waddington's gaze one constant factor—a sort of sick loathing which nothing that he could ever do, George felt, would have the power to allay. It was the kind of look which Sisera might have surprised in the eye of Jael, the wife of Heber, had he chanced to catch it immediately before she began operations with the spike.

The consequence was that, as regards George Finch's contribution to the feast of wit and flow of soul at that dinner party, we have nothing to report. He uttered no epigrams. He told no good stories. Indeed, the only time he spoke at all was when he said "sherry" to the footman when he meant hock.

Even, however, had the conditions been uniformly pleasant, it is to be doubted whether he would have really dominated the gathering. Mrs. Waddington, in her selection of guests, confined herself to the extremely wealthy; and while the conversation of the extremely wealthy is fascinating in its way, it tends to be a little too technical for the average man.

With the soup, someone, who looked like a cartoon of Capital in a socialistic newspaper, said he was glad to see that Westinghouse Common was buoyant again. A man who might have been his brother agreed that they had firmed up nicely at closing. Whereas Wabash Pref. A., falling to 73⅞, caused shakings of the head.

With the fish, United Beef began to tell a neat, though rather long, story about the Bolivian Land Concession, the gist of which was that the Bolivian Oil and Land Syndicate, acquiring from the Bolivian government the land and prospecting concessions of Bolivia, would be known as Bolivian Concessions, Ltd., and would have a capital of $1,000,000, in 200,000 five-dollar "A" shares and 200,000 half-dollar "B" shares, and that while no cash payment was to be made to the vendor syndicate, the latter was being allotted the whole of the "B" shares as consideration for the concession. And—this was where the raconteur made his point—the "B" shares were to receive half the divisible profits and to rank equal with the "A" shares in any distribution of assets.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SHE had no real desire to ascertain George's name.

THE story went well, and conversation became general. There was a certain amount of good-natured chaff about the elasticity of the form of credit handled by the Commercial Banks, and once somebody raised a laugh with a sly retort about the Reserve against Circulation and Total Deposits. On the question of the collateral liability of shareholders, however, argument ran high, and it was rather a relief when, as tempers began to get a little heated, Mrs. Waddington gave the signal and the women left the table.

Coffee having been served and cigars lighted, the magnates drew together at the end of the table where Mr. Waddington sat. But Mr. Waddington, adroitly side-stepping, left them and came down to George.

"Out West," said Mr. Waddington in a rumbling undertone, malevolently eying Amalgamated Tooth Brushes, who had begun to talk about the Mid-Continent Fiduciary Conference at St. Louis, "they would shoot at that fellow's feet."

George agreed that such behavior could reflect nothing but credit on the West.

"These Easterners make me tired," said Mr. Waddington.

George confessed to a similar fatigue.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Study the Habits of Successful People

You'll be amazed at the part this new idea in diet plays

TO be up and going every hour of the day is an exactment of modern life that everyone is called upon to meet.

That exactment calls, above all things, for habits of right eating. You must have food that *tempts* the appetite. For that is essential to digestion.

You must have food that supplies needed elements for correct nutrition. For that's essential to good health. All food you eat must supply energy without imposing on your digestion. For poor digestion means poor thinking.

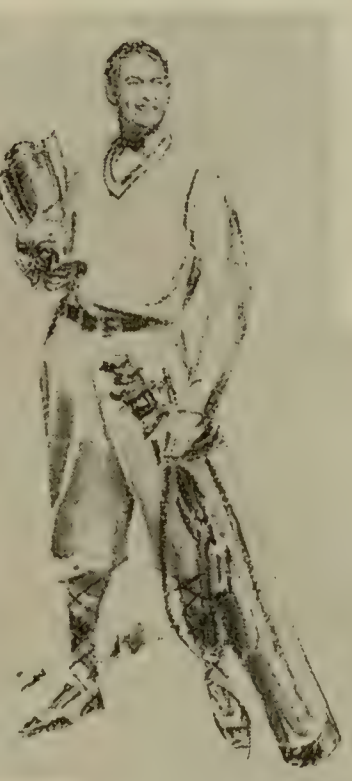
Hence this unique food

For these reasons, millions have turned to Quaker Puffed Wheat . . . wheat made enticing and delightful. Think of crisp toast. And you'll have an idea of its delights. Taste rich nut-meats. And you'll have an idea of its flavor. It digests easily. For it is steam puffed under tremendous pressure to break down every food cell.

It is a bran-containing food. Serve with milk, and vitamines are supplied.

AND . . . it's so delightfully alluring, so different from ordinary dishes, that it tastes good when nothing else does.

It is food that's "good for you" that you eat because you love it . . . the sort of food modern diet calls for above all things.



You no longer eat foods you don't like simply because they're "good for you," but foods that you love, which happily are good for you, too

Serve in many ways

Serve with milk or cream, or half and half. Try as a luncheon change for clearer thinking afternoons. As a bed-time snack that leaves nights free for restful sleep. Serve, too, with fresh or cooked fruits, or with cream and fruit juices. There are many delightful ways.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

"When you think that at this very moment out in Utah and Arizona," said Mr. Waddington, "strong men are packing their saddlebags and making them secure with their lassos, you kind of don't know whether to laugh or cry, do you?"

"That was the very problem," said George.

"Say, listen," said Mr. Waddington. "I'll just push these pot-bellied guys off upstairs, and

Molly put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him.

then you and I will sneak off to my study and have a real talk."

Nothing spoils a tete-a-tete chat between two newly made friends more than a disposition toward reticence on the part of the senior of the pair; and it was fortunate, therefore, that, by the time he found himself seated opposite to George in his study, the heady influence of Zane Grey and the rather generous potations in which he had indulged during dinner had brought Sigsbee H. Waddington to a quite reasonably communicative mood. He had reached the stage when men talk disparagingly about their wives.

He tapped George's knee, told him three times that he liked his face, and began:

"You married, Winch?"

"Finch," said George.

"How do you mean, Finch?" asked Mr. Waddington, puzzled.

"My name is Finch."

"What of it?"

"You called me Winch."

"Why?"

"I think you thought it was my name."

"Which was?"

"Winch."

"You said just now it was Finch."

"Yes, it is. I was saying——"

Mr. Waddington tapped his knee again.

"Young man," he said, "pull yourself together. If your name is Finch, why pretend that it is Winch? I don't like this shiftiness. It does not come well from a Westerner. Leave this petty shilly-shallying to Easterners like that vile rabble of widow-and-orphan oppressors upstairs. If your name is Finch, admit it like a man. Let your yea be yea and your nay be nay," said Mr. Waddington severely, holding a match to the fountain pen which, as will happen to the best of us in moments of emotion, he had mistaken for his cigar.

"As a matter of fact, I'm not," said George.

"Not what?"

"Married."

"I never said you were."

"You asked me if I was."

"Did I?"

"Yes."

"YOU'RE sure of that?" said Mr. Waddington keenly.

"Quite. Just after we sat down, you asked me if I was married."

"And your reply was—?"

"No."

Mr. Waddington breathed a sigh of relief.

"Now we have got it straight at last," he said, "and why you beat about the bush like that, I cannot imagine. Well, what I say to you, Pinch—and I say it very seriously as an older, wiser, and better-looking man—is this." Mr. Waddington drew thoughtfully at the fountain pen for a moment. "I say to you, Pinch, be very careful, when you marry, that you have money of your own. And, having money of your own, keep it. Never be dependent on your wife for the little sums which even the most prudent man requires to see him through the day. Take my case. When I married, I was a wealthy man. I had money of my own. Lots of it. I was beloved by all, being generous to a fault. I bought my wife—I am speaking now of my first wife—a pearl necklace that cost fifty thousand dollars."

He cocked a bright eye at George, and George, feeling that comment was required, said that it did him credit.

"Not credit," said Mr. Waddington. "Cash. Cold cash. Fifty thousand dollars. And what happened? Shortly after I married again I lost all my money through unfortunate speculations on the Stock Exchange and became absolutely dependent on my second wife. And that is why you see me today, Winch, a broken man. I will tell you something, Pinch—something no one suspects and which I have never told anybody else and wouldn't be telling you now if I didn't like your face—I am not master in my own home."

"No?"

"No. Not master in my own home. I want to live in the great, glorious West and my second wife insists on remaining in the soul-destroying East. And I'll tell you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

MENNEN

with Water hard, soft, cold or hot —Mennen Shaving is a pleasure

I get stacks of letters from all over the globe telling me why men stick by Mennen Shaving Cream.

From London, England

R. P. Forster, Late Captain Royal Tank Corps, 132 Cambridge St., Warwick Square, S. W.1, London, says:

"In August, 1918, our Tank Battalion went into action almost daily. As a Tank Commander three days of intermittent fighting in cooperation with an infantry brigade left no time for shaving. Finally a direct hit knocked out the Tank. We just escaped before the gasoline exploded. My shaving kit went up with the Tank. Those that were left of us struggled back to camp. A long sleep and then—the memory is still vivid—an American officer attached to our Battalion for observation lent me his Mennen. The ease and sheer joy of removing a four days' beard won me forever."

If you don't use Mennen Shaving Cream, I know why. It's simply because you've never tried it. Men who give it a good, competitive test, become steady users.

It's as dead open and shut as that. I am personally acquainted with thousands who have sworn by Mennen Shaving Cream ever since we first put it on sale. Thousands of others write me like the above. Hundreds of thousands more tell the dealers all over the country the same story—you can't beat it!

Regardless of wind, weather and other things, Mennen users have no shaving troubles. That's why we've not only won world-wide success, but are able to win individual success with every new user. Try it, and you'll be writing me friendly letters, too. A great big tube for a half a dollar, on my money-back guarantee.

* * * *

After shaving—Mennen Skin Balm has the kick you're looking for. A fine, fresh tingle. Skin toned up. A face feel that gives a fellow pep. In a tube for 50c—and hide it from the ladies.

* * * *

Mennen Talcum for Men is the finishing touch—the "plus ultra." Absorbs the superfluous moisture and doesn't show on a man's face. 25c.

Send post card for a generous free Demonstration Tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
381 Central Avenue, Newark, N.J.

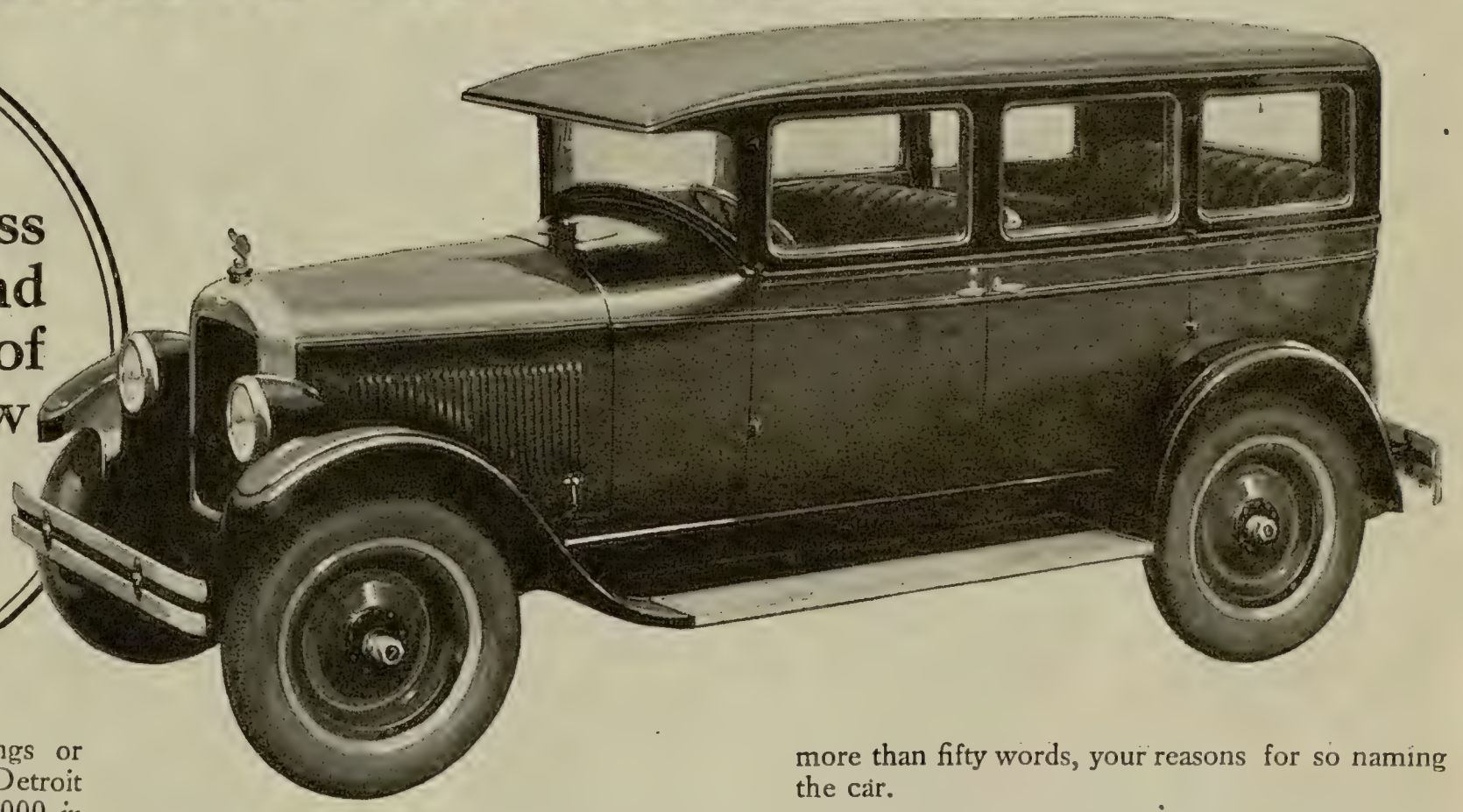
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

FREE

$10,000 in cash for a name

—that will adequately express the smart style and matchless *vogue* of this beautiful new Jewett 4-door Sedan



ENTIRELY free—without any strings or reservations whatsoever—the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company will give $10,000 *in cash* to the person (over 14) in the United States or Canada who suggests the name or phrase that will best express the *style*—the *charming beauty*—the *perfect taste*—the *matchless vogue*—of the new JEWETT 4-door Sedan.

Nor is that all! In addition to the one major award of $10,000 in cash—this company will give two of these wonderful cars to those two people who suggest the two next most fitting names or phrases.

A New Car That *Deserves* A New Name!

This wonderful new car — for which we seek an appropriate name—is an entirely new kind of motor car. For the first time in automobile history it surrounds the ownership of a car of moderate price with the luxury and individuality of custom-built carriages.

When you see it—and sit in it—and drive it—you will appreciate that a car so superfine deserves and needs a name or designation that will set it apart and above ordinary cars. And for such a name or designation—we will gladly pay these handsome awards!

One Glimpse of This Car Will Stir Your Enthusiasm

When you first see this handsome car, you will be as enthusiastic about its charm and smartness as we are. Names should readily suggest themselves to you as you sit on its choice mohair upholstery and sink into the nested springs of its deep cushions—as you grasp its solid walnut steering wheel (instead of the customary metal-spindle wheel)—as you admire the skill that inlaid its walnut-finish panels and arranged the clever corner lights, the comfortable arm rests, the silk toggle grips and the convenient twin smoking sets—as you glance at the beautiful clustered instruments, indirectly lighted.

See and Admire Its Charm— Then Name It for Us!

After you've seen and admired the charm and beauty and smartness of this Jewett—ask the dealer for an official ballot (or we will mail you one) and write on that ballot the name or phrase (of not more than six words) that you believe most adequately identifies this car as the style carriage it is. Write on this ballot also, in not more than fifty words, your reasons for so naming the car.

There are no difficult or complicated rules about this contest. Every person who has passed his or her fourteenth birthday (except employees of Paige or its dealer organization, or members of their families) is eligible. Read the simple rules elsewhere on this page—and plan now to name this car for us!

All names and phrases, together with the reasons for selecting them, will be judged by H. M. Jewett, president of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company; Charles W. Brooke, advertising expert, president of the Detroit Adcraft Club and Detroit Better Business Bureau, and Edgar A. Guest, the world-famous writer and poet.

Awards made by the judges will be based first on the name or phrase submitted, and second on the reason given for choosing such name or phrase. To the person awarded first prize by the judges we will promptly award $10,000 in cash; to the two persons awarded next two prizes by the judges, we will promptly give a beautiful new Jewett sedan delivered to their door, *free!*

See this beautiful new car at your Paige-Jewett showroom today! You may win $10,000—do not delay!

Rules of the Contest:

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3. The above prizes are awarded for a name or phrase (of not more than six words) and a reason for selecting such names or phrases. The name or phrase should be such a one as will instantly create in the mind of one who hears it an impression of smartness, style, charm and vogue. In judging this contest the judges will consider first the name or phrase selected, and then the accompanying reason for selecting such name or phrase. The decision of the judges will be final and binding on all contestants.

4. All names or phrases, with reasons therefor, entered in this contest must be written on an Official Ballot. Such a ballot may be secured from any Paige-Jewett dealer, or you can get one by writing this company. Every Paige-Jewett dealer will have a ballot-box where these ballots may be deposited after you have made your choice.

5. Originality of thought, cleverness of name or phrase, soundness and brevity of reason advanced, clearness of expression and neatness will count.

6. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning name or phrase, and reasons for suggesting such name or phrase, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(813)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

something else." Mr. Waddington paused and scrutinized the fountain pen with annoyance. "This darned cigar won't draw," he said petulantly.

"I think it's a fountain pen," said George.

"A fountain pen?" Mr. Waddington, shutting one eye, tested this statement and found it correct. "There!" he said, with a certain moody satisfaction. "Isn't that typical of the East? You ask for cigars and they sell you fountain pens. No honesty, no sense of fair trade."

"Miss Waddington was looking very charming at dinner, I thought," said George, timidly broaching the subject nearest his heart.

"Yes, Pinch," said Mr. Waddington, resuming his theme, "my wife oppresses me."

"HOW wonderfully that bobbed hair suits Miss Waddington."

"I don't know if you noticed a pie-faced fellow with an eyeglass and a toothbrush mustache at dinner? That was Lord Hunstanton. He keeps telling me about etiquette."

"Very kind of him," hazarded George.

Mr. Waddington eyed him in a manner that convinced him that he had said the wrong thing.

"What do you mean, kind of him? It's officious and impertinent. He is a pest," said Mr. Waddington. "They wouldn't stand for him in Arizona. They would put hydrophobia skunks in his bed. What does a man need with etiquette? As long as a man is fearless and upstanding and can shoot straight and look the world in the eye, what does it matter if he uses the wrong fork?"

"Exactly."

"Or wears the wrong sort of hat?"

"I particularly admired the hat that Miss Waddington was wearing when I first saw her," said George. "It was of some soft material and of a light brown color and——"

"My wife—I am still speaking of my second wife. My first, poor soul, is dead—sicks this Hunstanton guy on to me, and for financial reasons, darn it, I am unable to give him the sock on the nose to which all my better instincts urge me. And guess what she's got into her head now!"

"I can't imagine."

"She wants Molly to marry the fellow."

"I should not advise that," said George seriously. "No, no, I am strongly opposed to that. So many of these Anglo-American marriages turn out unhappily."

"I am a man of broad sympathies and a very acute sensibility," began Mr. Waddington, apropos, apparently, of nothing.

"Besides," said George, "I did not like the man's looks."

"What man?"

"Lord Hunstanton."

"Don't talk of that guy! He gives me a pain in the neck."

"Me, too," said George. "And I was saying——"

"Shall I tell you something?" said Mr. Waddington.

"What?"

"My second wife—not my first—wants Molly to marry him. Did you notice him?"

"I did," said George patiently. "And I did not like his looks. He looked to me cold and sinister; the sort of man who might break the heart of an impulsive young girl. What Miss Waddington wants, I feel convinced, is a husband who would give up everything for her—a man who would sacrifice his heart's desire to bring one smile to her face—a man who would worship her, set her in a shrine, make it his only aim in life to bring her sunshine and happiness."

"My wife," said Mr. Waddington, "is much too stout."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Much too stout."

"Miss Waddington, if I may say so, has a singularly beautiful figure."

"Too much starchy food and no exercise, that's the trouble. What my wife needs is a year on a ranch, riding over the prairies in God's sunshine."

"I happened to catch sight of Miss Waddington the other day in riding costume. I think it suited her admirably. So many girls look awkward in riding breeches, but Miss Waddington was charming. The costume seemed to accentuate what I might describe as that strange boyish jauntiness of carriage which, to my mind, is one of Miss Waddington's chief——"

"AND I'll have her doing it before long. As a married man, Winch—twice married, but my first wife, poor thing, passed away some years back—let me tell you something. To assert himself with his wife, to bend her to his will, if I may put it that way, a man needs complete financial independence. It is no use trying to bend your wife to your will when five minutes later you have to try and wheedle two bits out of her for a cigar. Complete financial independence is essential, Pinch, and that is what I am on the eve of achieving. Some little time back, having raised a certain sum of money—we need not go into the methods which I employed to do so—I bought a large block of stock in a motion picture company. Have you ever heard of the Finer and Better Motion Picture Company of Hollywood, California? Let me tell you that you will. It is going to be big, and I shall very shortly make an enormous fortune."

"Talking of the motion pictures," said George. "I do not deny that many of the women engaged in that industry are superficially attractive, but what I do maintain is that they lack Miss Waddington's intense purity of expression. To me Miss Waddington seems like some——"

"I SHALL clean up big! It is only a question of time."

"The first thing anyone would notice on seeing Miss Waddington——"

"Thousands and thousands of dollars. And then——"

"A poet has spoken of a young girl as 'standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet.'"

Mr. Waddington shook his head.

"It isn't only meat. What causes the trouble is the desserts. It stands to reason that if a woman crams herself with rich stuff like what we were having tonight, she is bound to put on weight. If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times——"

What Mr. Waddington was about to say for the hundredth and first time must remain one of the historic mysteries. For, even as he drew in breath, the better to say it, the door opened and a radiant vision appeared. Mr. Waddington stopped in mid-sentence, and George's heart did three back somersaults and crashed against his front teeth.

"Mother sent me down to see what had become of you," said Molly.

Mr. Waddington got about halfway toward a look of dignity.

"I am not aware, my dear child," he said, "that anything has 'become' of me. I merely snatched the opportunity of having a quiet talk with this young friend of mine from the West."

"Well, you can't have quiet talks with your young friends when you've got a lot of important people to dinner."

"Important people!" Mr. Waddington snorted sternly. "A bunch of superfatted bits of bad news! In God's country they would be lynched on sight."

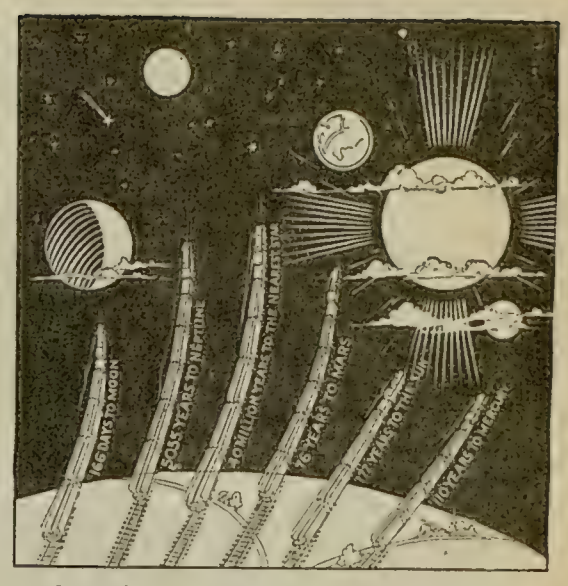
"Mr. Brewster Bodthorne has been asking for you. He wants to play checkers."

"Hell," said Mr. Waddington, with the air of quoting something out of Dante, "is full of Brewster Bodthornes."

Molly put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him fondly—a proceeding which drew from George a low, sharp howl of suffering like the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony. There is a limit to what flesh can bear.

"Darling, you must be good. Up you go at once and be very nice to everybody. I'll stay here and entertain Mr. ——"

[CONT'D ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]



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The Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $75 to $400, and four de luxe custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.

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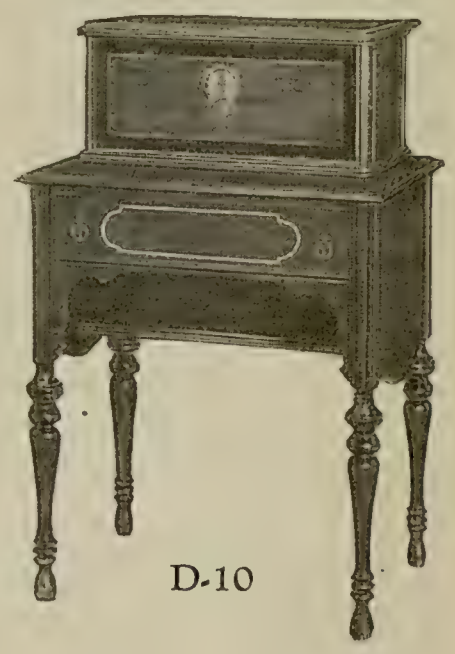

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1—Ortho-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assure perfect matching of parts.
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9—Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as a pilot light.
10—Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.
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12—Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.
13—A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.
14—Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."

NO matter what kind of a radio set you want—whether beautifully simple or elaborately beautiful, whether table or floor type, whether operated from loop or antenna, you now have your choice in a Federal.

And with it you can have all the exclusive and revolutionizing advantages of the Ortho-sonic circuit—patented, magnificently shielded—famous for the more beautiful and life-like tones it brings in as well as for its greater selectivity, range, ruggedness and operative simplicity.

For Federal radio engineers have now built these magic circuits into cabinets of such a variety of style and type that practically every individual preference and price requirement is met. No longer need any home be denied the privilege and the pleasure of Ortho-sonic Radio.

The sign displayed by all designated Federal retailers. Wherever you see it, feel free to enter, and listen in!

Most folks want good-looking radio sets. Note here several of the new models added to the Federal line. Where did you ever before see radio sets glorified with such beauty and individuality of design?

Here are cabinets of choicest walnut and mahogany—exquisitely finished—embellished with rich inlays, hand-carving and duo-tone wood effects. Here, too, are models whose panel designs show single-dial and centralized controls, both enhancing appearance and giving new speed and ease in station-finding. Never before was more quality assembled in radio. Never before more value.

Remember, behind every Federal Ortho-sonic Radio stands an organization of engineers whose reputation for fine telephone, wireless, and navy radio apparatus goes back over a quarter of a century. Responsibility!

So before buying any radio, go to your Federal retailer. See the complete line of Federal Ortho-sonics. Listen in—with closed eyes. Compare the tone, the selectivity, the price, the quality! *That's all we ask!*

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

"His name is Pinch," said Mr. Waddington, rising reluctantly and making for the door. "I met him out on the sidewalk, where men are men. Get him to tell you all about the West. I can't remember when I've heard a man talk so arrestingly. Mr. Winch has held me spellbound. And my name," he concluded, a little incoherently, groping for the door handle, "is Sigsbee Horatio Waddington, and I don't care who knows it."

* * *

The chief drawback to being a shy man is that in the actual crises of real life you are a very different person from the dashing individual whom you have pictured in your solitary daydreams. George Finch, finding himself in the position in which he had so often yearned to be—alone with the girl he loved—felt as if his true self had been suddenly withdrawn and an incompetent understudy substituted at the last moment.

THE George with whom he was familiar in daydreams was a splendid fellow—graceful, thoroughly at his ease, and full of the neatest sort of ingratiating conversation. He looked nice, and you could tell by the way he spoke that he was nice. Clever, beyond a doubt—you knew that at once by his epigrams; but not clever in that repellent, cold-hearted, modern fashion; for, no matter how brilliantly his talk sparkled, it was plain all the while that his heart was in the right place and that, despite his wonderful gifts, there was not an atom of conceit in his composition. His eyes had an attractive twinkle; his mouth curved from time to time in an alluring smile; his hands were cool and artistic; and his shirt front did not bulge. George, in short, as he had imagined himself in his daydreams, was practically the answer to the Maiden's Prayer.

How different was this loathly changeling who now stood on one leg in the library of No. 16 Seventy-ninth Street, East. In the first place, the fellow had obviously not brushed his hair for several days. Also, he had omitted to wash his hands, and something had caused them to swell up and turn scarlet. Furthermore, his trousers bagged at the knees; his tie was moving up toward his left ear; and his shirt front protruded hideously like the chest of a pouter pigeon. A noisome sight.

Still, looks are not everything; and if this wretched creature had been able to talk one-tenth as well as the George of the daydreams, something might yet have been saved out of the wreck. But the poor blister was inarticulate as well. All he seemed able to do was clear his throat. And what nice girl's heart has ever been won by a series of roupy coughs?

And he could not even achieve a reasonably satisfactory expression. When he tried to relax his features (such as they were) into a charming smile, he merely grinned weakly. When he forced himself not to grin, his face froze into a murderous scowl.

But it was his inability to speak that was searing George's soul. Actually, since the departure of Mr. Waddington, the silence had lasted for perhaps six seconds; but to George Finch it seemed like a good hour. He goaded himself to utterance.

"My name," said George, speaking in a low, husky voice, "is not Pinch."

"Isn't it?" said the girl. "How jolly."

"Nor Winch."

"Better still."

"It is Finch. George Finch."

"Splendid!"

She seemed genuinely pleased. She beamed upon him.

"Your father," proceeded George, not having anything to

add by way of development of the theme, but unable to abandon it, "thought it was Pinch. Or Winch. But it is not. It is Finch."

His eye, roaming nervously about the room, caught hers for an instant, and he was amazed to perceive that there was in it nothing of that stunned abhorrence which he felt his appearance and behavior should rightly have aroused in any nice-minded girl. Astounding though it seemed, she appeared to be looking at him in a sort of pleased, maternal way, as if he were a child she was rather fond of. For the first time a faint, far-off glimmer of light shone upon George's darkness. It would be too much to say that he was encouraged, but out of the night that covered him, black as the pit from pole to pole, there did seem to sparkle for an instant a solitary star.

"HOW did you come to know father?"

George could answer that. He was all right if you asked him questions. It was having to invent topics of conversation that baffled him.

"I met him outside the house; and when he found I came from the West he asked me to dinner."

"Do you mean he rushed at you and grabbed you as you were walking by?"

"Oh, no. I wasn't walking by. I was—er—sort of standing on the doorstep. At least——"

"Standing on the doorstep? Why?"

George's ears turned a riper red.

"Well, I was—er—coming, as it were, to pay a call."

"A call?"

"Yes."

"On mother?"

"On you."

The girl's eyes widened.

"On me?"

"To make inquiries."

"What about?"

"Your dog."

"I don't understand."

"Well, I thought—result of the excitement—and nerve-strain—I thought he might be upset."

"Because he ran away, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"You thought he would have a nervous breakdown because he ran away?"

"Dangerous traffic," explained George. "Might have been run over. Reaction. Nervous collapse."

WOMAN'S intuition is a wonderful thing. There was probably not an alienist in the land who, having listened so far, would not have sprung at George and held him down with one hand while with the other he signed the necessary certificate of lunacy. But Molly Waddington saw deeper into the matter. She was touched. As she realized that this young man thought so highly of her that, despite his painful shyness, he was prepared to try to worm his way into her house on an excuse which even he must have recognized as pure banana oil, her heart warmed to him. More than ever, she became convinced that George was a lamb and that she wanted to stroke his head and make cooing noises to him.

"How very sweet of you," she said.

"Fond of dogs," mumbled George.

"You must be fond of dogs."

"Are you fond of dogs?"

"Yes, I'm very fond of dogs."

"So am I. Very fond of dogs."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Very fond of dogs. Some people are not fond of dogs, but I am."

And suddenly eloquence descended upon George Finch. With gleaming eyes he broke out into a sort of litany. He began to talk easily and fluently.

"I am fond of Airedales and wire-haired terriers and bulldogs and Pekingese and Sealyhams and Alsatians and fox-terriers and greyhounds and Aberdeens and West Highlands and Cairns and Pomeranians and spaniels and schipperkes and pugs and Maltese and Yorkshires and borzois and bloodhounds and Bedlingtons and pointers and setters and mastiffs and Newfoundlands and St. Bernards and Great Danes and dachshunds and collies and chows and poodles and——"

"I see," said Molly. "You're fond of dogs."

"Yes. Very fond of dogs."

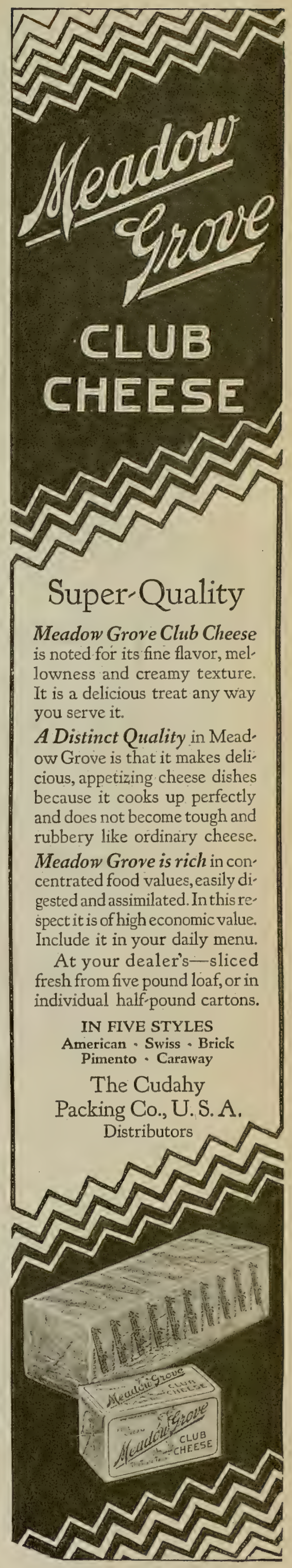
"So am I. There's something about dogs."

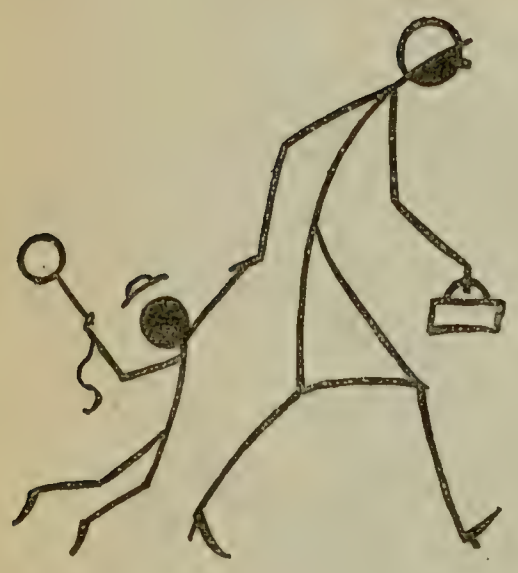
"Yes," said George. "Of course, there's something about cats, too."

"Yes, isn't there!"

"But still, cats aren't dogs."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]





See the man.

Is he buying a thumb brush?

No, he is buying a tooth brush.

Then why does he brush his thumb with it?

How often has this happened to the tooth brush YOU *buy?*

BUYING tooth brushes by "rule of thumb" is as old as tooth brushes themselves. One after another the Thumb Brusher tries. He is a glutton for thumbing. He revels in it. The more, the merrier. Thumb! Thumb! Thumb!

Trays of tooth brushes are his especial joy. But think you a carton will stop him? Not the true addict! Open the box, says he. Let's try it on the thumb. Another—and another—and another!

Will the Thumb Brushers thumb the tooth brush *you* will ultimately buy? Probably—unless you use Dr. West's —*sealed* against Thumb Brushers!

Sterilized, sanitary, your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is packed in a sealed glassine container. Inside the usual box. In the handy display cabinet on your druggist's counter are samples of every type of Dr. West's. Put there to be thumbed. *They* won't go into anyone's mouth!

Look closely at the bristles—sturdy, upstanding, with long wear built in! See how this scientifically designed brush is sized and shaped to fit the mouth—to contact every curve and crevice. That is why it cleans inside, outside and between the teeth. And why *it polishes as it cleans.*

Yet for all its advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50 cents; the youth's, 35 cents; the child's, 25 cents; the special gum massage brush, 75 cents. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!

THIS HANDY CABINET on your dealer's counter will remind you to buy your new Dr. West's. It also enables others to examine Dr. West's tooth brushes without touching yours—sterilized and sealed against Thumb Brushers.

© 1926. W. B. M. Co.

STERILIZED AND SEALED — FOR YOUR PROTECTION

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"No, I've noticed that."

There was a pause. With a sinking of the heart—for the topic was one on which he felt he could rather spread himself—George perceived that the girl regarded the subject of dogs as fully threshed out. He stood for a while licking his lips in thoughtful silence.

"So you come from the West?" said Molly.

"Yes."

"It must be nice out there."

"Yes."

"Prairies and all that sort of thing."

"Yes."

"You aren't a cowboy, are you?"

"No. I am an artist," said George proudly.

"An artist? Paint pictures, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Have you a studio?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Yes. I mean near Washington Square. In a place called the Sheridan."

"The Sheridan? Really? Then perhaps you know Mr. Beamish?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. Yes."

"He's a dear, isn't he? I've known him all my life."

"Yes."

"It must be jolly to be an artist."

"Yes."

"I'd love to see some of your pictures."

Warm thrills permeated George's system.

"May I send you one of them?" he bleated.

"That's awfully sweet of you."

SO uplifted was George Finch by this wholly unexpected development that there is no saying what heights of eloquence he might not have reached, had he been given another ten minutes of the girl's uninterrupted society. The fact that she was prepared to accept one of his pictures seemed to bring them very close together. He had never met anybody who would. For the first time since their interview had begun he felt almost at his ease.

Unfortunately, at this moment the door opened; and like a sharp attack of poison gas Mrs. Waddington waded into the room.

"What are you doing down here, Molly?" she demanded.

She gave George one of those looks of hers, and his newly born sang-froid immediately turned blue at the roots.

"I've been talking to Mr. Finch, mother. Isn't it interesting?—Mr. Finch is an artist. He paints pictures."

Mrs. Waddington did not reply, for she was struck suddenly dumb by a hideous discovery.

Until this moment she had not examined George with any real closeness. When she had looked at him before it had been merely with the almost impersonal horror and disgust with which any hostess looks at an excrescence who at the eleventh hour horns in on one of her carefully planned dinners.

His face, though revolting, had had no personal message for her.

But now it was different. Suddenly this young man's foul features had become fraught with a dreadful significance.

Subconsciously Mrs. Waddington had been troubled ever since she had heard them by the words Molly had spoken in her bedroom, and now they shot to the surface of her mind like gruesome things from the dark depths of some sinister pool: "The sort of man I think I should rather like," Molly had said, "would be a sort of slimmish, smallish man, with nice brown eyes and rather goldy, chestnutty hair."

SHE stared at George. Yes! He was slimmish. He was also smallish. His eyes, though far from nice, were brown; and his hair was undeniably of a chestnut hue.

"Who sort of chokes and turns pink and twists his fingers and makes funny noises and trips over his feet."

Thus had the description continued, and precisely thus was this young man before her now behaving.

For her gaze had had the worst effect on George Finch, and seldom in his career had he choked more throatily, turned a brighter pink, twisted his fingers into a more intricate pattern, made funnier noises, and tripped more heartily over his feet than he was doing now.

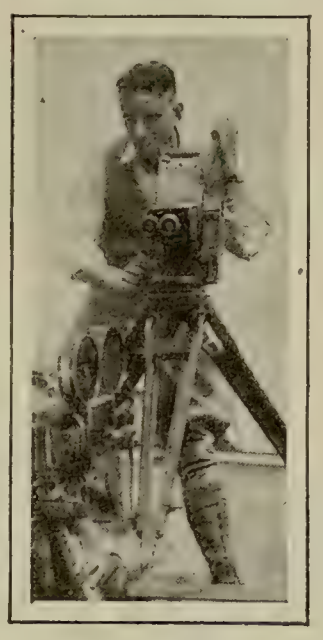
Mrs. Waddington was convinced.

It had been no mere imaginary figure Molly had described, but a living, breathing pestilence—and this was he.

And he was an artist! Mrs. Waddington shuddered.

Of all the myriad individuals that went to make up the kaleidoscopic life of New York, she disliked artists most. They never had any money. They were dissolute and feckless. They attended dances at Webster Hall in strange costumes, and frequently played the ukulele.

And this man was one of them.



Will Molly fall in love with George? If she does, you can bet your summer hat that Cupid himself will chortle at the way she does so. It begins to look as if it might tax the giant intellect of J. Hamilton Beamish to guide George Finch safely through the perils created by Mrs. Waddington's hostility. Poor, innocent George, Molly's little lambkin, did not dream what a lot he has to live down. But he must dare even greater dangers for the sake of love. Watch for next week's installment of this great serial and get your sympathy ready, because George is going to need it all.

Tempting enough—

is this new Borden Special

—the MALTED MILK drink made the Borden way. Tempting enough for an extra visit to the fountain—every day, any hour. And it's not time wasted!—for how you can "eat up the job" once you're back in the office—after a Borden Special. Smoother, richer—more nourishing—the Borden Special is the best "malted" yet.

First spot the Borden sign—then go ahead and order your Special. A food and drink both—it's the perfect luncheon. Healthful, inviting—economical, too—figure it for yourself.

Between meals it's equally to the point. Take one in the midst of a hard morning or afternoon—when you need something to tide you over—and for evening refreshment. Cool—delicious—satisfying. Let your favorite fountain serve you one today.

Note—Borden's Malted Milk, because of its superior quality, costs the dealer more than ordinary malted milks. Hence *the Borden sign indicates a progressive, first-class fountain,* where you can count on the finest of products and service.

And the Borden Special is easily the fountain hit of the season. Try it—you'll understand why.

LOOK FOR THE BORDEN SIGN

Consider the attachments as well as the cleaner

THE attachments of a cleaner deserve most careful consideration because they must clean everything in your home except the rugs.

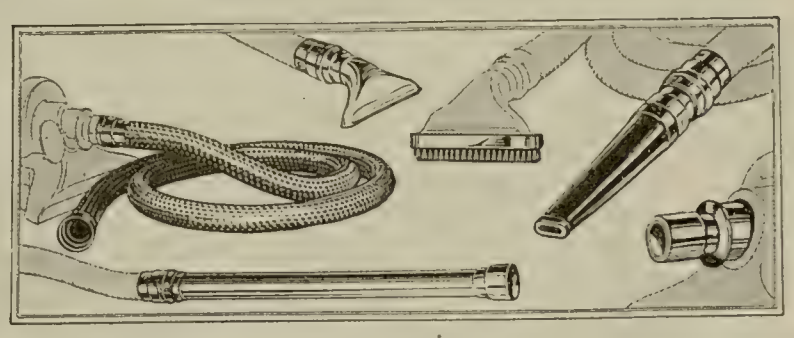
Examine the G-E tools. See how long and flexible the tube is. It will reach to far-up moldings, it will search under lowest furniture. And the clever swivel joints at both ends help, too. They make it so easy to use any of the tools—for any cleaning job.

Use the cleaner yourself. See how lightly it cleans its way across a rug. And remember that its smoothly-running, ball bearing motor needs no attention—no oiling.

The G-E monogram is your assurance that the cleaner is of the highest quality—*guaranteed* by General Electric.

$49.00 *East of the Rochies*

and this price includes all six attachments



The six very exceptional attachments are connected by swivel joints that make them particularly easy to use. How they do get into corners—and clean 'em up!

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Picture by Norman Price

Springs tried to brush his teeth with his fingers again after his college French failed.

War Birds

The Uncensored Diary of an American Flyer

EDITOR'S NOTE: This amazing human document, straight from the heart of an air fighter, is thrilling America as no echo of the World War has thrilled it. It is the intimate, uncensored record of an American flyer's daily life at the front. Its detailed descriptions of battles in the air are unparalleled. It is not a serial. You can pick up the thread anywhere and read of new adventures. Cal and Springs are two of the author's buddies.

[The author, with Bishop's squadron of 19 planes, is just hopping off for the front in France.]

PART EIGHT

WE left Hounslow about eleven and our take-off was a scream. Billie and Babs were there over at one end. Dora and Lillian and Cecil were also present in another group. Nigger's fiancee was there with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Thank Heaven— We Brought the Carryola Along!

HOW often has it happened to you? That's the big drawback to the radio for dancing. You can't control your program. Whereas a Carryola Master is an obliging performer—without temperament and with infinite endurance. Plays jazz with a zip and rhythm that's irresistible.

Every home needs a Carryola Master. Unless you have heard one play, you will be astonished at its lovely tone and smooth flowing volume. And you can take it with you. No need, with a Carryola, to leave your music at home.

Every Carryola Master will hold 15 full-sized records *within* its case. Plays all makes. Strong, compact, easy to carry, or pack. (Size 15″x12″x8″.) Your choice of 5 attractive colors, Standard Black, Turtle Blue, Jade Green, Spanish Red, or Brown Alligator—all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid, with 2-Tone, Embossed Art Cover and Record Album.

Nearly all the better music shops have the Carryola. If yours does not, write to us.

Carryola Co. of America
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models.

[WAR BIRDS Continued from Page Thirty Seven]

her family, and the Princess was there with Mrs. Bishop. We nearly broke our necks running from one group to another, and pretending we didn't know anybody else. Then the staff arrived from the American Headquarters. We hadn't expected them—Colonel Morrow, Colonel Mitchell, Jeff Dwyer, and a couple of others. We tried to get in the ground, but couldn't find a hole to crawl into.

AN "Archie," or anti-aircraft battery, in action.

Picture by Clayton Knight

The Princess was very cordial. She said she told the King about us and that he was very pleased to hear American pilots were so enthusiastic about serving with the R. F. C., and he hoped some day he would have the opportunity to decorate one of us. Mrs. Bishop made us promise to stick to the Major and not let a Hun get on his tail.

THAT was one morning when I would rather not have been so conspicuous. Colonel Morrow was very nice and spoke of the time I had come to him to enlist and had only one letter of recommendation. But that was from the ex-Secretary of War, so he wrote the other one for me himself.

Dora was much interested in our silk skullcaps that we wear under our fur helmets. She wanted to know whose stocking mine was made from.

All nineteen machines were arranged in position for taking off in formation and the engines warmed up. The Major's machine was out front in the center and the three flights arranged in a V on each side and in back of him. We'd practiced getting off that way and it was all right as long as no machine got directly behind another and hit the backwash.

Bishop lined us up before the crowd and some general made us a little speech. Then Bishop gave us our final instructions. He told us that Lympne would be our first stop and to be sure and take a good look at the wind sock and to land squarely into the wind. But he didn't call it a sock. He called it by the name we always call it on the field when there are no ladies or gentlemen present. He turned red and the ladies lowered their parasols and he ran and jumped in his machine and we all took off together. I got in Spring's backwash and nearly cracked up, getting off.

Cal didn't get far. He disappeared from the formation about fifteen minutes after we took off, and didn't get here until today. He had an air bubble in his water line and had to land in a field south of London to let his motor cool off and get some more water. He got down all right and got out of the field again, and decided he'd stop at Croydon and get his radiator drained. He made a bad landing at Croydon and crashed. So he went back to London for another night and got a new machine from Brooklands the next day.

We stopped at Lympne, near Folkestone, for lunch, and Brown cracked up there. We took off after lunch, and Canning cracked up on the beach when his motor conked. We landed at Marquise, near Boulogne, for tea. We had a beautiful trip across the Channel. It was as clear as a bell and we crossed at 8,000 feet. My motor was missing a little and I kept picking out destroyers and trawlers below to land beside in case it gave out. MacDonald crashed at Marquise, when he turned over, and Cunningham-Reed washed out his plane by pancaking.

ON the way across, Springs motioned for me to come up close to him. I flew up to his wing tip and he took out his flask and drank my health. I didn't have a thing with me but a bottle of champagne, and that was in my tool box and I couldn't get to it.

We arrived at our airdrome about six. It's two miles south of Dunkirk and is an old R. N. A. S. station called Petit Snythe. We are about three miles from the coast and there are two other squadrons on this same airdrome. They are bombers and have D. H. Nines. We had dinner at the 211th Squadron, which used to be No. 11, R. N. A. S., and they are very nicely fixed in semi-permanent quarters. There is one American over there—Bonnalie, who was in Bim's gang. They bomb Zeebrugge and Bruges every day, trying to damage the submarine bases there.

Just across the canal is another airdrome. There are two squadrons of night bombers on it with Handley-Pages and Fees and one squadron of Bristol fighters.

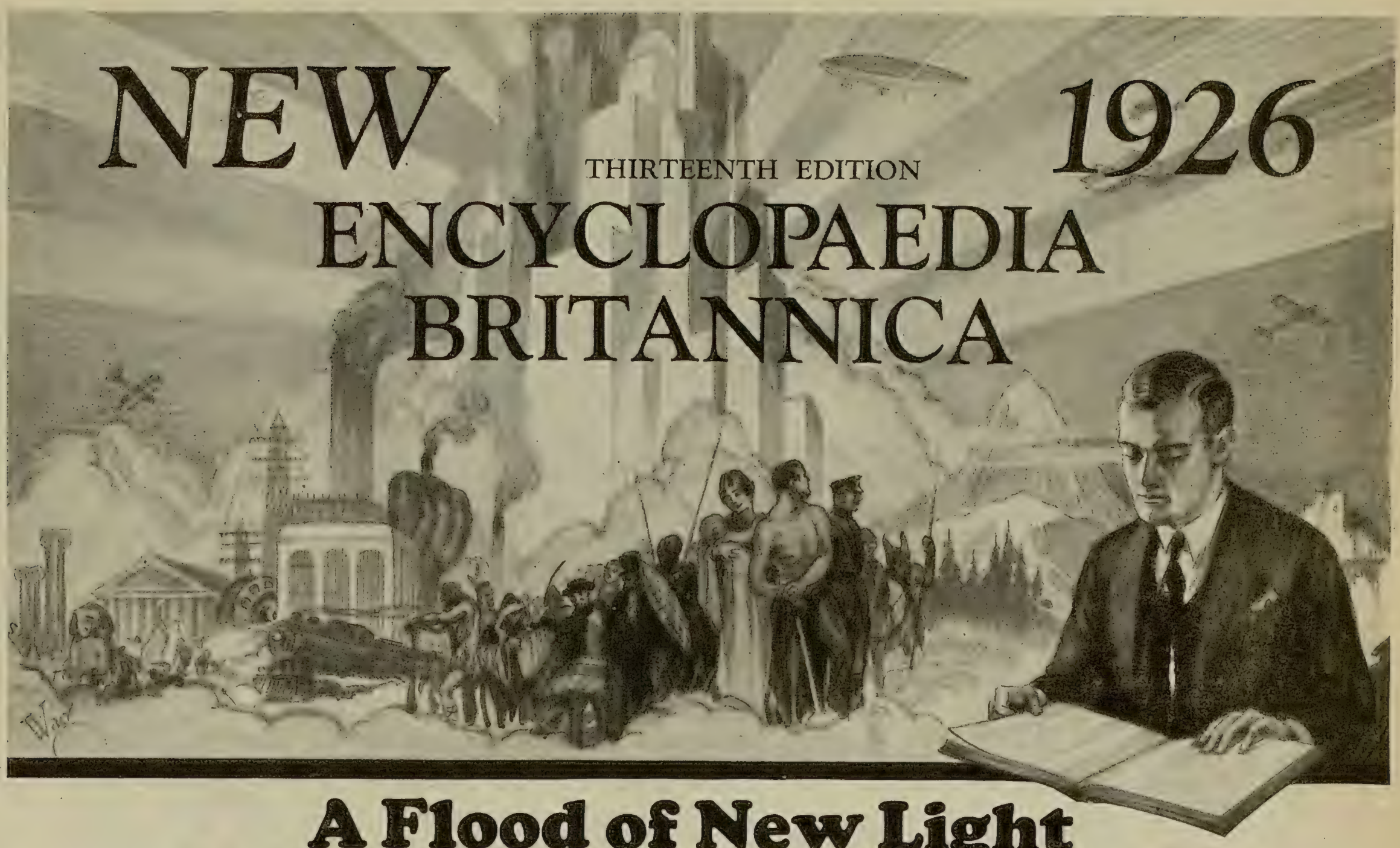
We are in the 65th Wing, which is a part of the 5th Brigade. There is a brigade of the Air Force assigned to every Field Army and it consists of four or five wings. A wing consists of five to fifteen squadrons.

TWO-ELEVEN is a good outfit and we had quite a party. Springs and I got a couple of motorcycles and went out in search of eggs and cream. We found plenty and made a big tub of eggnog. Eighty-eight Squadron came over to see us with a band and we had a regular binge. Captain Harrison, who was our instructor at Thetford, is a flight commander over there and he invited us over to spend the night with him. I finally went to sleep, laughing over Springs and Dora. After I told Billie good-by rather formally, as everybody was watching us, Springs went over to Dora and they put on a burlesque tragic parting that was a scream.

They tell me that our sector of the lines, from Nieuport, on the coast, to Ypres, is very quiet, as there is no possibility of a battle up here. All new squadrons are sent here for a month's final training before going south. Eighty-four has just left this airdrome and gone down to Amiens.

After paying all my bills, I had just sixpence left when I took off. Now, isn't that perfect? I could not have used any more and I couldn't have got along on less. That's figuring pretty close. Now I am beyond the reach of money. Eternity has no currency.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]



A Flood of New Light On This Age of Opportunity!

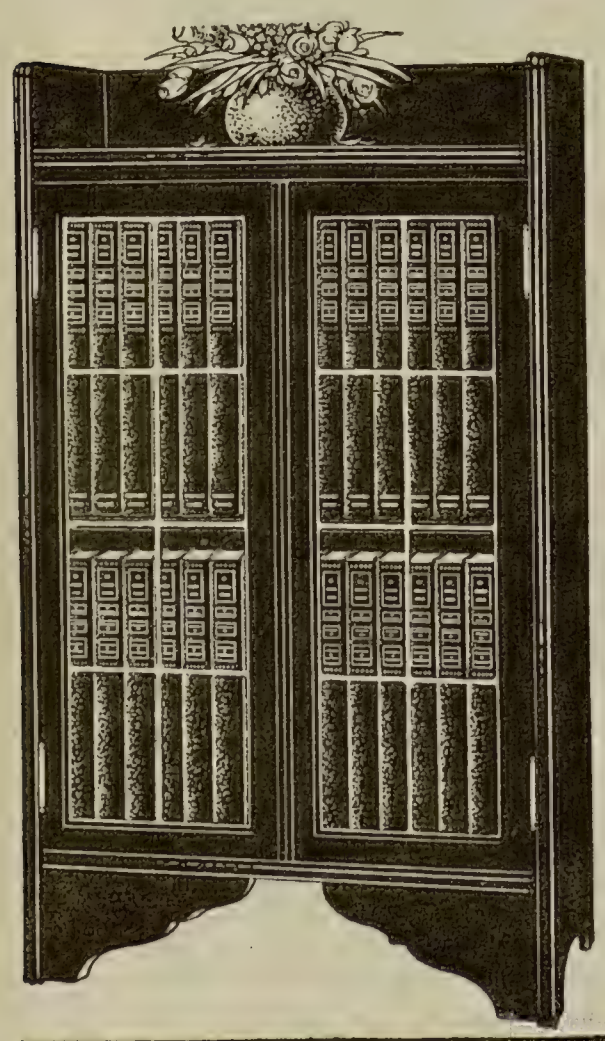
IN the NEW 13TH EDITION of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, just off the press, a flood of new light is thrown upon the tremendous developments of the last sixteen years—those transforming years which have brought about a complete and startling revolution in human life.

The New Tempo

Americans are entering upon the greatest era of opportunity the world has ever known. American life is achieving a new rhythm—a new acceleration. The clacking of horses' feet has been replaced by the purr of motors. Foundry fires burn day and night. Riveting machines chatter. Bricks are swung upward by machinery—twenty, thirty, fifty stories. Overhead, the air-mail hums by. Underground, thousands are rushed to their work.

A great man arrives, and within a week every patron of the movies throughout the country knows how he looks, how he smiles, how he walks. On the radio we hear his voice.

Over our breakfast fruit juice we read about men flying over the top of the world.



The Amazing Story of Human Progress

Today, new opportunities are presented almost hourly; new demands spring up overnight; new means are provided to supply them.

A new discovery is made—a new process perfected—and, in a twinkling, a new industry is created. Fortunes are lost and won; thousands are thrown out of work; other thousands are given new employment.

Scientists and Economists have made it possible for you to clothe yourself completely, from hat to shoes, with materials of almost any desired texture, without employing one single substance found in nature.

So great is the present day demand for perfumes, that all the flowers in the world could not supply it. But the Chemist can—and does—by the clever manipulation of Coal Tar, of which the supply is unlimited.

Science has produced Duralumin—a metal so light, and yet so strong, that a girder which will not bend under the weight of five men can be held up with two fingers of the hand.

The fascinating stories of these new developments are told in the new BRITANNICA.

Stride for stride with the progress of man's achievement, the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA has recorded and interpreted the knowledge of each age, always progressing, always in advance of its time. To the 28 volumes of the latest standard edition have been added three new volumes and a new, enlarged Index Volume. These 32 volumes comprise the 13TH EDITION, which carries you right up to the very threshold of tomorrow.

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The new BRITANNICA supplies the very facts you need. Only in these pages can you find the last authentic word on any subject of importance. No longer need you guess. Now you can KNOW.

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EVERY day we recommend different investments to different men . . . . . For each case presents a different set of conditions.

TO BE sound, any investment must meet certain standards. It must safeguard money. It must convert readily into cash. It must pay good interest.

BUT a sound investment may meet the needs of one individual and miss the needs of another.

IF YOU are active in business, you may wisely make an investment which the non-business man had best avoid. An investment well-adapted to the provisions of another's Will might hamper clean-cut execution of your Will. Your plans to stay at home or to travel may affect the investment you should make. Different incomes often point to quite different investments. An investment should also effect a good balance with investments already held.

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BEHIND the Company's counsel are included a background of one hundred and fourteen years of financial experience; world-wide foreign connections; eleven thousand miles of private wires to investment centers in America, and offices in over 50 leading American cities.

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BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

May 27.

I'm feeling exceptionally good tonight. I had a nice swim in the moat of Ft. Mardick, followed by a glass of eggnog made with real cream; and I can smell a good dinner cooking; and I just got some mail—none from home; just from England. I am at peace with the world. What a strange place to find peace! I can hear the roar of the guns and we may be bombed any minute. There was a letter from Dora to us all. She writes:

MY DEARS:

I hope you have all settled down comfortably to your new careers of sin and crime. It was really a wonderful sight to see you all go off and then turn and dive on us. If my eyes, ears, and nose hadn't been so full of dirt and castor oil, I should have cheered loudly, but I defy anyone to be festive under those circumstances.

Cal, my dear, I congratulate you most heartily on your somewhat short but extremely concise demonstration of how to crash in safety. You have filled a long needed want, and I think it most unselfish of you to take the trouble to come back and take me out to dinner when you had once started over. However, once a gentleman, always a gentleman!

You, you bum; I don't think that in the whole course of my somewhat varied career, I have ever seen such a peculiar figure as you made on Wednesday. In the old days, knights took their lady's glove into the heart of battle with them; but you, moving with the times, wear your young woman's stocking as a helmet. It would have been a touching tribute, methinks, if you had worn a pair of her knickers as cuffs.

I HOPE that you will live up to your reputation as a cave man and bite any prisoners you secure. I expect it will soon be quite a familiar sight to see you returning with the scalps of six luckless Germans who have annoyed you, hanging from your Sam Browne.

Springs, last but not least, my blue-eyed baby—you're a stout fellow. I shall never forget the expression of overwhelming sorrow in your velvety eyes as you kissed me good-by so tenderly under the eyes of the assembled multitude. Thank heaven, whatever happens, I have the thought of your great love to cheer my barren life.

Well, my pin-whiskered and illegitimate trio, all the love of my passionate southern nature. And take care that you all three sit down and write me an epistle at once or it will turn to bitter hatred. We women of Spain are terrible in our rage!

Thine,
DORA.

WE bought a piano today and have a phonograph, so the mess is very cheery and excellently equipped with furniture. We are allowed so much cash by the government for furnishing and then have a big private fund. We received several large donations that will come in well. Springs is vice-president of the mess and O. C. drinks. We took a truck and went into Dunkirk to stock up our cellar. We got some Scotch, Benedictine, cognac, champagne, port, white wine, red wine, and beer. Dunkirk is not in the "zone des armees," so is under civilian control, and we can get what we please. We decided that it was too much trouble to sign chits for drinks, so all drinks are to be free and each man will have to see that he gets his money's worth.

I am certainly glad to be out here at last. I am now going to earn my salt. And there are other reasons I like to be out here. Everybody is in such a good humor and we have a wonderful bunch of fellows. We're about the keenest bunch of fighters that have been got together in some time. We're all very congenial and that means a lot. There are three Americans, two New Zealanders, two Australians, one South African, six Canadians, two

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Take care that you all sit down and write me at once.

Picture by Clayton Knight

They've Found Now

that the *way* you remove cleansing cream

has an almost unbelievable influence on the color and firmness of your skin

Please accept 7-day supply to try

The new and totally different way experts urge

LARGELY on the advice of beauty and skin specialists, thousands of women have turned, with some remarkable effects on the skin, to a new way of removing cleansing cream.

With its use darkish skins seem shades lighter than before.

Oily skin and nose conditions are curbed amazingly.

Dry skins—skins that tend to "flake"—are largely overcome.

Scores of skin imperfections—many traced to improper ways of removing cleansing cream—are combated

* * *

Virtually every important beauty authority urges this method. Virtually every prominent motion picture and stage star before the public today employs it. It marks a new era in skin care.

7-day supply given

Just mail the coupon and a full 7-day supply will be sent you. It will prove, no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never yet removed it properly, have never removed its germ-laden matter *completely* from your skin.

What it is

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*. A new kind of material—different from any other you have ever seen—developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method ever known that removes *all* cleansing cream, *all* dirt and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary cloth towel

It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty.

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

It avoids the harshness of paper makeshift ways. It is made by one of the world's leading makers of absorbents.

No oily skins

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often indicates cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

A blemished skin usually indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.— won't do it. They remove but part of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in.

Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days this *new* method will prove itself.

Send the coupon

Just detach the coupon. Use it, by all means. You'll be delighted with what it brings.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent — come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches . . 65c

7-DAY SUPPLY—FREE

KLEENEX CO., LIB-10
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX 'KERCHIEFS—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

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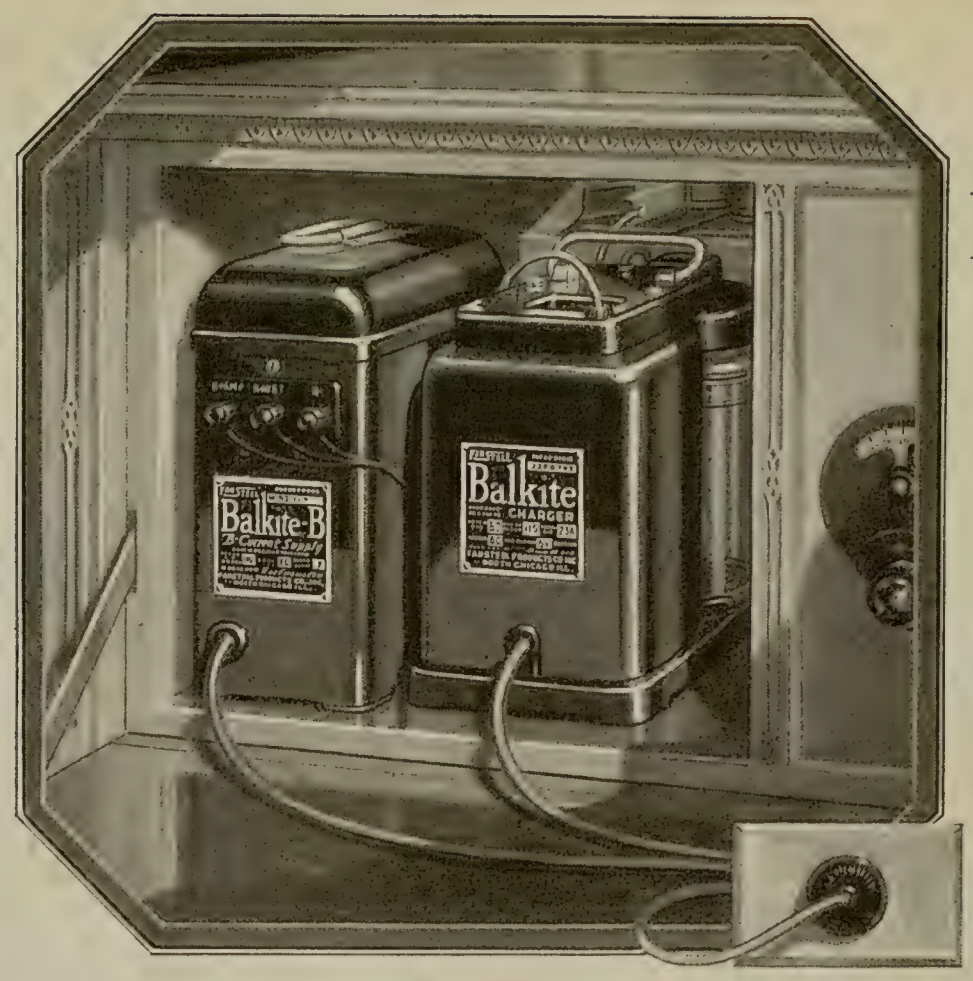
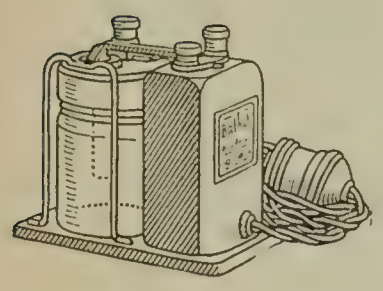
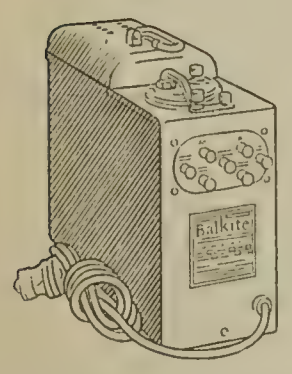


The new Balkite "B" *at* $27.50 *and the new* Balkite Charger *convert your radio set into a light socket receiver*



Balkite Trickle Charger

MODEL K. With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous or trickle charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added. Charging rate about .5 ampere. Over 200,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. In Canada $15.



Balkite Combination

When connected to your "A" battery supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch on your set. Entirely automatic in operation. Can be put either near the set or in a remote location. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. In Canada $83.

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volts AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. The new Balkite Charger is also made in a special model for 25-40 cycles.

To enjoy the convenience of a light socket set you need not discard your present receiver. Add the new Balkite "B" and the new Balkite Charger instead.

Balkite "B"—the unique "B" power supply—eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. The new Balkite "B"-W at $27.50* serves any set of 5 tubes or less where 67 to 90 volts are required. Balkite "B"-X at $42* serves sets of up to 135 volts and 8 tubes. Balkite "B"-Y at $69* serves any standard set.

The new Balkite Charger at $19.50,* with both high and low charging rates, is the most convenient of all methods of charging your "A" battery. At the low rate it can be left on continuous or trickle charge. Thus it automatically keeps your battery at full power. With heavy-duty sets, large sets, or sets in constant use where excessive "A" current is required, a few hours' operation at the high rate quickly brings the battery to full charge. This new charger gives you the advantages of both trickle and high-rate charging.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Charger are entirely noiseless in operation. Both are permanent pieces of equipment, with nothing to wear out or replace. Other than a slight consumption of household current, their first cost is the last. Both are built to conform with the standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Over 600,000 radio sets—one of every ten—are already Balkite equipped. Add these two Balkite Units to your receiver now. Then you too will know the convenience of Balkite Light Socket Operation. Then you too will know the convenience of owning a radio set always ready to operate at peak power. Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.*

*Balkite Charger $20 West of Rockies. In Canada: Charger $27.50; "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.

The Balkite
Radio Symphony Concerts
with WALTER DAMROSCH
and the New York Symphony

These concerts will be broadcast every other Saturday Evening, beginning with October 23d. On intervening Saturdays Mr. Damrosch will give a piano lecture recital on the concert to follow. At 9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over a group of 12 stations: WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF.

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

R.M.A.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Scots, one Irishman, and six Englishmen.

OVER in England you never could have a cheery mess, because everybody was chasing away every evening to see some skirt or other, and some of them had wives in the offing. Here there are no skirts on our clothesline, and there's small chance that we'll see anything eligible for at least three months. That sounds like I am a woman-hater, which I am not; but this is the first time in my life that I have ever been entirely removed from feminine influence, and, for the moment, I like it. I don't expect anybody else would understand this. Someone told me that we were fighting for the women and children. Just the same, I'm not fighting to see any of them in a hurry. I want to enjoy my independence a little. I suppose I'll feel differently about it before I get my first leave; but just at present I feel as if I had won the game by default and somebody had arranged a big party in my honor.

Picture by Clayton Knight

Bomb raid on the Handley-Page hangars at Petit Snythe.

Nobody at home seems to be interested in anything but promotions and church attendance.

Our mechanics and baggage have arrived and we are all ready to start work. We did a practice patrol today and had a look at the lines.

The Major got a Hun two-seater today the other side of Ypres. First blood!

May 29.

Nigger and Bish each got a Hun today. Brown and Capt. Baker each crashed an S. E. on the airdrome. That makes an even break for the day.

Springs and I went into Dunkirk today to get some things and I listened to him trying to parlez-vous. He's not so good, even if he is educated.

We went into one large store and strolled up to a very pretty little clerk with a big head of blonde hair and opened fire, endeavoring to purchase some tooth paste. She didn't follow him and couldn't interpret his gestures. She thought he was looking for a dentist. She was quite captivating and I commented on how nice she was. She looked as if she knew I was talking about her, so I kept on. I said to him, "She has a pretty face, all right, but fat ankles. Call for a new deal." She gave me a dirty look and Springs tried to brush his teeth with his finger again after his college French failed. I said, "She's sure got the come-hither look in her eyes, but her figure would go better if bustles were back in style. She'd be a knock-out then." She looked mad.

Finally Springs found some new French words that he'd overlooked and she led the way to a counter and he got his Pebeco and paid for it. Then, says she, in perfect English, with a glance in my direction: "Do you wish me to wrap it for you, or will you take it as it is?" We grabbed the tube and fled. She sure was keen. I'm going back to see her if I ever break my monastic vows. I overlooked the fact that the British have used Dunkirk as a port for nearly four years and wherever there's a Tommy, there is English spoken. It won't be long before all the Frenchwomen will be speaking "American."

THE squadron amusement is diavolo. Somebody found a couple of old sets in Calais and now everybody is concentrated on it. Cal is the champion. He also plays tennis over on 211's court.

The Major just blew in, raising hell because he picked up the wrong tube and used shaving cream for tooth paste.

June 2.

One of the supernumerary pilots is looking at the war in my machine, so for the present I am unoccupied and will write a little. I hate anybody else to fly my machine, and this is the first time

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$100 a Week

for YOUR services

I Furnish All Equipment—No Experience Necessary—No Capital Required—I Also Supply a Hudson Coach.

IF you are interested in making $75, $90, $100 and even more a week, I'll show you how to get it. I will give you the chance to make $5000 a year without working as hard or as long as you do now. You can start right out and make as much money as any of these: Christopher Vaughn made $125 in a week. Henry Albers made $100 a week. John Scotti, $97 in his second week. Ralph Mosher, $100 in two weeks while operating a sawmill eight hours a day. Frank Brown made $27 in a day. Henry Heintjes, $30 in one day. Albert Peters, $20 in 3 hours. And many, many others are doing as well or better.

Hundreds Make BIG MONEY with This Opportunity

My name is Albert Mills. I am President of the American Products Company. We are the largest company of our kind in the world. Our financial resources are more than one million dollars. We have been in business for 19 years. We are the originators and sole manufacturers of the famous ZANOL Household Products. You have seen these products advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and many other leading publications. Last year we spent more than three hundred thousand dollars in advertising, telling housekeepers about the wonderful high quality of ZANOL Products.

Here's All You Do to Make $100 Weekly

All you do is simply become the ZANOL Representative for your locality. Positively no other duties are required of you. You merely represent us to our many customers in your locality who, by dealing direct with us, are assured of fresh merchandise at fair prices for the highest quality. And, if you become our representative, you will be given a generous share of all the business that comes from your territory.

This is how Edgar Morris made $210 his first two weeks. Mrs. K. R. Roof, a married woman with children and household duties, made $50 her first week in spare time. R. T. Moorehead made $12 his first evening.

This Car FREE

This is a high-grade proposition. We help you make large profits and also offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without expense to you—given to you FREE. Mail coupon for details of this amazing FREE Auto Offer.

way. You will be amazed at the way the money will roll in, just as quickly as you become established as the ZANOL Representative in your locality. This year our representatives will divide two million dollars. You can get your share of this big money if you act at once.

You will have the same opportunity that enabled Mrs. G. H. Michelsen to clear $16 in one afternoon. Eugene Ducat made $45 his first two days. Thos. Chiasson cleared $33.20 in one day. Mrs. B. L. Hodges averages $18 to $20 a day. If these amounts are your idea of real money, don't sit down and wish you could do as well. Let me give you this opportunity to make real money in a big way.

No Money Required

Here's an opportunity that may mean thousands of dollars to you in cold cash. Do you want it? Remember, you don't need capital, experience, or special training. I'll tell you where to go—what to do—and what to say. And you not risk a single penny; you don't agree to pay anything or do anything.

You should do as well as R. Lile who made $26.73 in one day. B. A. Smith, who makes $3 to $5 an hour. Mabel Travis, who made $22.87 in one day. A. V. Harman, who made $26.13 in one day. Just mail the coupon and I'll send you, by return mail, facts that will amaze you. You will be startled to learn how simple my whole proposition is. You'll wonder why you didn't take it up sooner.

Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't let another crowd you out of this great money-making opportunity. Be the first from your locality to write. Do it now. Tomorrow may be too late.

$2,000,000 for Our Representatives

My offer to you is a simple, straightforward, honest, clean-cut business proposition. You need no experience. It is your big chance to make $100 a week in a fascinating and most pleasant

$27.35 in 10 Hours

"I think your proposition is the best I ever had. I earned $27.35 for ten hours' easy, pleasant work." — *Del Hebert, N. Y.*

$50.00 in 1 Week's Spare Hours

Mrs. K. R. Roof, South Carolina—"My first week I cleared over $50. This work is pleasant and profitable for spare time."

1000 Customers

Clarence Stites, Illinois, became the ZANOL Representative a year ago. Now he has 1000 regular customers; makes $27 in a day!

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
5606 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co., 5606 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

How can I make $100 a week as the ZANOL Representative in my locality? Send at once all facts about your money-making proposition without cost or obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

©A.P.Co. (Please Print or Write Plainly)

Napoleon Bonaparte, born 1769, died 1821. One of the world's greatest generals. Also one of the world's greatest Oyster Eaters.

Before each battle he ordered Oysters

IT'S PRETTY generally conceded that Napoleon was a great man. He had his faults and his fortes—as most of us are well aware—but here's one thing about him that has never been given the publicity it deserves. He was a *great* Oyster Eater. He ate oysters because he liked them, *naturally*. He found that they "hit the spot"—just as they "hit the spot" with everybody else who has a palate that likes to be pleased.

But Napoleon was just clever enough to realize, too, that this pure and wholesome sea-food which we call the oyster—always left him feeling fit the next day. He discovered early in the game that oysters were both good to eat and *to have eaten*. They were the happy combination of a favorite food for the palate and a favorite food for thought. That is why he became one of the world's greatest oyster eaters.

Of course there were many important facts about the oyster that Napoleon *didn't* realize—as for instance that next to baked apple it is the most digestible food there is, and that it contains 200 times as much iodine, a most important essential to human vitality, as milk, meat or eggs—but just the same he reached the right conclusion. *He ordered oysters often.*

Now—Oysters Come to You Certified

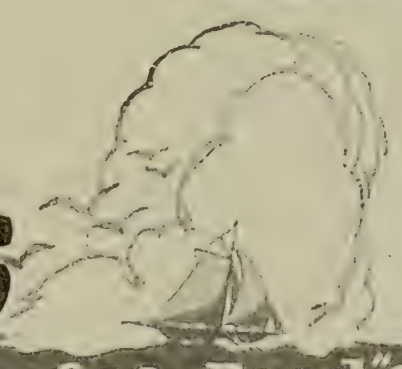
Today, thanks to the vigilance of the oyster producers themselves, and to rigidly enforced Federal and State regulations governing production, packing and shipping, you can enjoy Oysters with the same assurances of safety that permit you to enjoy your meat, vegetables and milk.

and Fresh

Another thing, wherever you live, the oysters you buy are *fresh*—as fresh *to you* as to the men who take them from their briny beds. Were you to compare two of them, one still dripping from its salty bath, and one which had made a trip from coast to coast—you couldn't taste any difference. Both would be *as good as can be.*

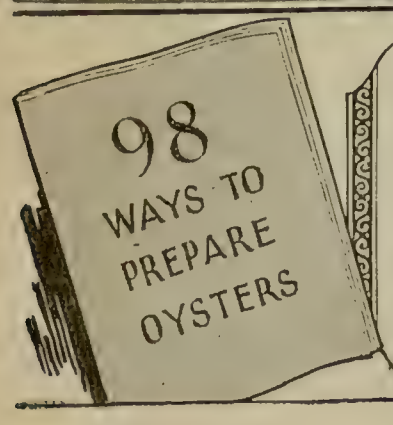
Send For Booklet

Government experts have found 98 ways to prepare this health-giving sea delicacy. They are given to you in recipe form in the booklet shown below. To most people, most of these dishes are new—fun to fix and a treat to eat.



Oysters

"The Last Word in Sea Food"



U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, 11-B
Washington, D. C.
or
Oysters Growers and Dealers Assn.,
1115 Conn. Ave. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Send me your free booklet called "98 Ways to Prepare Oysters" or "Oysters: An Important Health Food".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[WAR BIRDS
Continued from Page Forty-three]

anyone else has touched it. But Nigger wants Inglis to have a look at the lines and get his bearings so when one of us goes west, he will be ready to take his place. He's a nice fellow, a New Zealander, and got the D. C. M. at Gallipoli with the infantry.

THERE are six machines in a flight. Nigger leads and MacGregor and Cal are on his right, behind and a little above. Springs and I are on the left, and Thompson is in the center, in the space between Cal and me. We fly in the form of a triangle, with the back corners high. MacGregor is deputy flight commander and takes command in case anything happens to Nigger. We fly pretty close together and have a set of signals. If Nigger is going to turn sharp, he drops his wing on that side. If he is going to dive steep, he holds up his arm. If he wants us to come up close or wants to call our attention to something, he shakes both wings. If it's a Hun, he shakes his wings and points and fires his guns. If he means "yes," he bobs his nose up and down; and if he means "no," he shakes his wings. If we see a Hun and he doesn't, we fire our guns and fly up in front and point. We fly at three-quarters throttle so we can always pull up. If he has trouble and wants us to go on, he fires a red light from his Very pistol. If he wants us to follow him out of a fight, he fires a white light. If he wants to signal the other flights, he fires a green light.

MacGregor has been out before. He was out on Pups for six months when they were service machines. He came over with the Australian infantry. Thompson has been out before, too. He was out last fall on Camels, but crashed too many of them.

We've been doing rather well. We have a score board in the mess and there's a big red 6 staring me in the face now. We don't count any unless they go down in flames or break up in the air, or someone sees them crash. The wing commander, Col. Cunningham, is over here all the time and is tickled to death because all this is voluntary, for we aren't supposed to get into action the first two weeks. I'm going to get a Hun this week if I pull a wing off in the attempt.

Bishop writing his report just after shooting down five German planes.

July 3.

I was censoring some of the men's mail today and I ran across this:

> DEAR BILL: You remember the big dog back at Hounslow? Well, he ain't got no master no more.

That was Capt. Benbow's dog and we all miss his master. He was buried where he fell, "So what the hell, boys! What the hell!" He died with his boots on, and his grave is marked with a cross made from a propeller.

He went out the other day alone and managed to get up in the sun, above a flight of Hun scouts. He got on the tail of the rear one and would have got him, but both guns jammed. Then the others turned back on him and chased him home. He was as mad as a hornet and spent the next day oiling and adjusting his guns. He went back to the same place at the same time and found the same Huns again.

No one knows exactly what happened, but Archie called up and said they saw him coming out of Hunland with five Huns on his tail. Just as he got to the lines, two of them fired a burst and his plane dived into the ground on our side of the lines and he was killed. He was certainly a fine fellow.

The English have the reputation of being a phlegmatic, unemotional race, and they certainly try to live up to the part, though I believe they are very sentimental underneath.

It is simply considered bad taste to show it. We all felt pretty bad about Benbow, but no emotion was exhibited.

I have heard that the London *Times* printed the story of the battle of Waterloo on the inside sheet at the bottom of the page. That's typical. Unless the people at home get an emotional bath every morning, they don't think the war is being conducted properly.

It seems funny for me to be censoring these Tommies' mail. The Officer of the Day always has to censor the men's mail.

Here I am, Officer of the Day and in one of His Majesty's squadrons, and this time last year I hadn't even seen a real live Englishman.

I'M still doing things to my machine. I've taken off the streamlining behind my head so I can see backwards better. I've taken off the windshield streamlining so I don't have to use goggles, because the streamline sets up ripples in the air which hurts your eyes; and I've put heavier wire on my stabilizer and fin.

I've got a new way to fire my guns now, that I like much better. I've got a Camel joystick and the triggers are fixed so I can fire both guns with one thumb if I want to. I got tired of my drab-looking cockpit, all full of uninteresting labels and gadgets.

June, 1918. A month that saw some of the fiercest fighting in the world's history. The author was in the thick of it, on the French front. Every day was one of merciless, nerve-wracking battle in the clouds. Don't miss next week's thrilling installment.

The Saga of EDERLE

The Greatest Swimming Feat on Record—and Its Heroine

PART I

PREPARATION

An Article by

Julia Harpman

P. & A. photos

EDITOR'S NOTE: Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel on August 6, the first time a woman succeeded in this terrific test of endurance. Julia Harpman, the author of this story, was with Miss Ederle in her training period, watched every moment of the Channel swim, and accompanied Trudy until the party arrived in America weeks later. In this article Miss Harpman tells how preliminary difficulties were overcome and pens a vivid close-up of the pluckiest girl in the world.

This is Mom Ederle's favorite portrait of her Trudy.

AT Highlands, New Jersey, there is a row of unpretentious bungalows that have been inhabited for the last ten or twelve summers by the same families. This group of people, most of whom are of German descent, has returned there, summer after summer, with the regularity of birds. They have shared their joys and sorrows, their children have played and fought together, and it was these youngsters who impudently named this row of small houses "The Alley."

The Ederles spent their summers in the house at the end of The Alley. In the winter they lived on Amsterdam Avenue, New York City. Pop Ederle, whose more formal name is Henry, with no capital except his big hands and the help of his wife, who worked in the butcher shop with him, had grabbed financial success from his adopted country. He owns the shop where he started work in America, a pork store, the apartment building wherein five of his six children were born, and a row of buildings besides.

"At the Highlands you could just tumble out of bed and into the water," said Pop recently, making a lame excuse for not swimming in the English Channel. "Here, at Cape Gris Nez, we have to walk so far from the hotel to the water."

When Gertrude Ederle was nine years old, she tumbled into the water at Highlands and found that by moving her arms and legs she could keep her head above water. She liked the feel of it and she kept on swimming.

Map of route traveled by Gertrude Ederle in her swim across the Channel.

Nobody dreamed then, unless it was old Father Neptune himself, that on August 6, 1926, Trudy Ederle's name was to be on millions of tongues throughout the world; that she was to be acclaimed "the pluckiest girl in the world." For, on that day, under the most appalling circumstances, with a wild southwest wind whipping her beautiful brown body and curdling the water into an ugly, foaming mess; with rain pouring, tides ripping against her, and cross currents fighting her and each other, Trudy Ederle, a sweet girl of nineteen, swam across the English Channel from Cape Gris Nez, France, to Kingsdown, England, accomplishing the most miraculous feat of endurance and science ever known in the world of sports.

Out of hundreds who had tried the swim, only five men had succeeded, and no woman, before Gertrude Ederle, had accomplished it.

Trudy was the third girl born to Pop and Mom Ederle. She has two younger brothers and one younger sister.

"The first person who ever thought I could swim was Dick Guthiel," Trudy told me. "I really owe all my success to him. For if he had not taken so much interest in me when I was a kid, I might never have swam the Channel. Mr. Guthiel used to come to Highlands every summer. When I was about ten years old, he said, 'Some day, Trudy, you're going to be the greatest swimmer in America.' 'Well,' I said, 'I guess I can never be the greatest swimmer in the world, and that's what I'd like to be.'"

On every Labor Day, competitive swims

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Mary Pickford

AFTER ALL—there is but one Mary Pickford—the brightest name in Motion Picture History.

Now—as though to add emphasis to her leadership, Miss Pickford has produced "Sparrows." The same lovable Mary with her wistful smile, her gay, hoydenish, laughable pranks—but striking a deeper note. This time you see her in a story of tremendous dramatic strength that thrills and stirs with terrific suspense and power.

The Mary Pickford you have always loved is here—but in this picture she is a glowing dramatic figure you have never met. See her as Molly in

"SPARROWS"

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

SOON AT YOUR THEATRE

WATCH FOR IT!

Douglas Fairbanks

Pirates! Buried Treasure! Pieces of eight! Fairbanks! The salt tang of the Rovers' sea! The rollicking zest of Doug himself! ✕ ✕

Here is a film that will fill your lungs with the adventurous air of Pirate Days. The story of a bold buccaneer's love for a beautiful lady, told against a background of the sweeping sea, armed galleons and the black flag of piracy.

Only Douglas Fairbanks could make such a picture ✕ ✕ ✕

In glorious natural colors
[Technicolor Photography]

"THE BLACK PIRATE"

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

SOON AT YOUR THEATRE

WATCH FOR IT!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

were held at Locust Point, which is near Highlands, and so great was Mr. Guthiel's interest in the young swimmer that he persuaded Trudy to enter those events for three years in succession.

Trudy won her first medal in the 100-yard swim at People's Palace, Jersey City, when she was thirteen years old.

Through Mr. Guthiel's father-in-law, who was an official of the Women's Swimming Association of New York, Trudy became a member of that organization of amateur swimmers. Trudy smashed more records than any other swimmer and became the world's champion woman swimmer.

Trudy had no idea of trying to swim the English Channel until Helen Wainwright, another member of her club, said she was going to attempt the Channel.

"I thought if Helen could swim the Channel, I ought to be able to do it," said Trudy, "so I asked the club if they would send me. They held a meeting and decided that I could make an attempt too. Then Helen changed her mind, but I thought I'd better go try it as long as I had said I wanted to."

SO, in the latter part of June, 1925, Gertrude Ederle, with Miss Elsie Veits, a chaperon from the Women's Swimming Association, went to Brighton, England, to begin her training for the great test of courage and endurance of will and nerve and physical power to which she was about to submit herself.

At Brighton lived Jabez Wolffe, the rotund trainer who had been selected to instruct Trudy in the ways of the Channel and to prepare her for her attempt at crossing. Wolffe had tried to swim the Channel nineteen times and had failed every time.

After a month at Brighton, training quarters were shifted to Cap Gris Nez, France, which is a little huddle of whitewashed stone houses, topped with red-tiled roofs—a primitive village set down in a waste of sand dunes and wheat fields at the lonely, northernmost part of France.

I am confident that had Gertrude Ederle received the same encouragement last year that she did this, she would have swam the Channel on her first attempt.

In spite of combating a bad storm for three hours, Trudy made a remarkable swim last year. She had gone farther on the cross-Channel course in the eight hours and forty-six minutes that she remained in the water than any other swimmer who ever submitted to the Channel test in the same time.

The tug that accompanied her on that swim was very ill-fitted for the job. Every swimmer who ever tried the Channel has been accompanied by a boat. This is absolutely necessary. The boat follows the course, set by the pilot, and the swimmer is instructed to swim near the boat. Naturally, the tug must go slowly and, for proper accompaniment, a tug should be able to be governed, even when its engines are stopped. However, such was not the case with the La Morinie, the tug that accompanied Gertrude on her 1925 swim. The engines would be started and the tug would shoot ahead, leaving Trudy far behind. Then the engines would be stopped and it would drift, while Trudy swam up to it and past it. This procedure was more annoying than protective or helpful. During the entire swim, Wolffe and Ishak Helmy, Egyptian swimmer, were in a rowboat near the swimmer.

Trudy Ederle is not accustomed to intoxicants or narcotics. Before her swim last year, she had never tasted a stimulant.

Perhaps Jabez Wolffe's only sin was that of misjudgment. We will call it that. But he himself admitted this year that, in the beef tea he fed Trudy during her first Channel attempt, he had put some foreign mixture, part of which was cocaine. He thought it would stimulate her, he said. Instead, it made her head heavy.

"I felt like a band was being pressed against my head," she told me. "Just at the worst time, I swallowed a mouthful of salt water and coughed and tried to get rid of it but couldn't. Then I began to cry and Wolffe yelled to Helmy, 'Grab her, Helmy!' Helmy grabbed me and, of course, by his touching me, I was disqualified.

"I was never cold during my swim last year and my muscles were not tired, so I thought I ought to try the Channel again. My main trouble last year was the absence of encouragement and that queer feeling in my head. After I got on the tug, after I had given up, I ate a ham sandwich, then went to sleep and slept all the way back to Boulogne."

Bill Burgess, the gray-haired, grizzled, and rheumatic mariner who coached Trudy this year, does not mince words in expressing his thought on the manner in which Trudy was fed during last year's swim. "Gertie was doped," he told me.

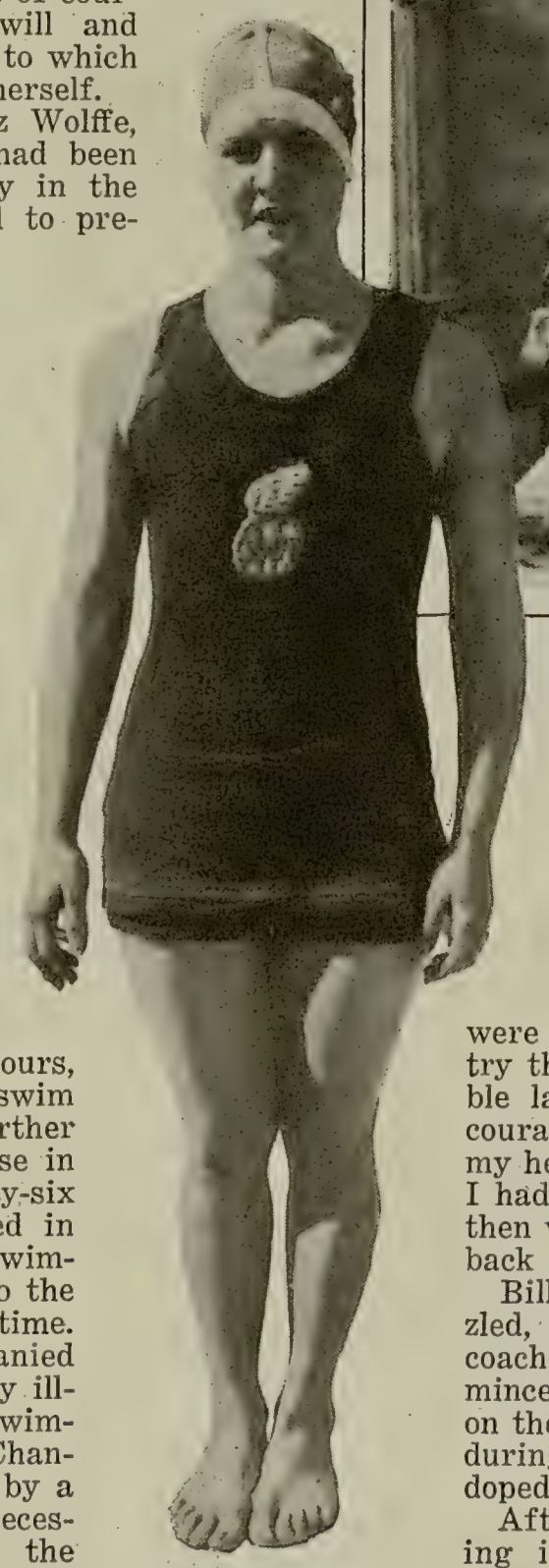
After waiting several weeks, thinking if a good day should come she would make a second attempt, Trudy despaired and came back home in September, 1925.

The Women's Swimming Association offered to finance a second attempt if Trudy desired to make it.

"But I thought I had reached an age when I should be self-supporting," Trudy said to me, "so I became a professional in January of this year."

This picture was taken in honor of Trudy's confirmation.

Gertrude Ederle at the age of one.



The Channel conqueror as she is today.

She went to Florida for the winter. While there, she met Dudley Field Malone. Mr. Malone offered to put up $2,500 toward paying her expenses if she wanted to try the crossing again. Pop Ederle furnished another $2,500.

This business of swimming the Channel is not a five-and-ten-cent affair. Especially for an American. There are tugs to be hired, at a cost of 300 francs an hour, besides cost of food for the crew and tips all around. The trainer receives a gentleman's wage, also his board during the entire period of training. The swimmer must buy grease and rubdown stuff, rope and tackle, and whatever else comes into the mind of the trainer. A small boat must be purchased, presumably to accompany the swimmer on training swims of one to three hours, although the trainers I saw at Gris Nez usually stood on the beach while their charges swam out a mile or so from shore alone or accompanied only by another swimmer.

After passage to and from France has been paid and all expenses of an attempt at the Channel have been covered, there will be very little left of $5,000.

Having gained some valuable knowledge through her first attempt, Trudy Ederle decided that, should she try the Channel a second time, she wanted to be accompanied on her swim by the tug Alsace and to be trained by Thomas William Burgess. The captain of the Alsace, Louis Courthes, had accompanied thirty-three Channel aspirants. One of these, Charles Toth, was piloted by him to victory. Burgess, after thirty-two trials, was the second man to succeed in swimming across the meanest stretch of water in the world. He swam from England to France in 1911.

BEFORE ever she left France in 1925, Trudy told Burgess that she wanted him to train her, should she return this year. After she had made up her mind to a second trial, she wrote to Burgess, telling him of her decision. He answered, agreeing to train Trudy and no other woman if he were paid 10,000 francs for the entire season. The only provision he made was that he also be allowed to train Ishak Helmy, the giant Egyptian, who also was to make another attempt to swim the Channel.

Burgess was paid the 10,000 francs early in April.

Shortly before Trudy sailed for France, on June 2, last, she signed a contract with the New York *Daily News*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and its associated newspapers to furnish them a series of exclusive articles and pictures, for which she was to be paid $5,000 in the event that she did not make a successful swim and $7,500 if she succeeded.

I was assigned to accompany her as her official chaperon and to chronicle the news events that occurred during her training period and her swim.

Knowing Trudy Ederle, as one learns to know another only through close contact beneath the same roof, has been a beautiful experience.

For three months we lived together. We spent almost every waking moment together.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHO ELSE Wants $90 A WEEK

MEN, just a short time ago the three fellows above—Gill, DePries and Viles—were looking at earning figures just as you are right now. Today they've got those earnings in their pockets—simply because they followed the money-making plan which I now offer to send to you—FREE OF CHARGE!

When I say you can average $90 a week on this job, I am deliberately conservative. You can see for yourself that with earnings as high as the above, it's easy for a man to average $90 a week and more. And why are the big daily earnings possible! Because as a Fyr-Fyter representative you often make 10, 50 or 100 sales to one customer!

NO COMPETITION

Here's the story in a nutshell. As a Fyr-Fyter fire prevention expert, you represent the most widely advertised efficient and complete line of fire-fighting equipment in the world. You perform a vitally needed service to every property owner in America—a service instantly recognized and appreciated. You avoid the competition that ordinary salesmen meet. And you operate in a market that has barely been tapped—even though hundreds of Fyr-Fyter men have rung up millions of dollars in sales. It's a dignified profession with a handsome salary and a wonderful future. Does your present job offer you that combination?

MAIL THIS COUPON

It will bring you a free book entitled "Building A Permanent Income As A Fyr-Fyter Representative." It tells you exactly why and how you can make $90 a week. You need no experience—we train you at home free of cost. Get the full details before you decide. Simply mail this coupon.

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Yes, send me your free book without obligating me.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

[THE SAGA OF EDERLE
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

We ate together and walked together over the hills of Gris Nez, and only when she was sleeping or swimming was I not with her. Always with Trudy was Margaret, her devoted sister, who looks like a baby, but is now Mrs. Charles Deuschle, twenty-one and married nearly two years.

The friendship of these two sisters is an unusual and lovely thing. No matter how tired Margaret may have been, or ill, her first thought always was of Trudy.

It is Trudy's nature to be happy. She has a booming laugh that bursts upon the air with all the force of her tremendous energy. She has a way of throwing back her bobbed brown head, parting her soft, unpainted lips over her firm, healthy teeth, and shouting with laughter, until all others in the vicinity, although they may be ignorant of the cause of her mirth, catch the contagion and laugh with her.

SHE never smokes or drinks. She never uses rouge or lipstick or skin lotions or creams. She dusts her nose lightly with powder once or twice a day and that is the end of her primping. Her skin has been burned brown by the sun and it has a ruddy glow.

"I wish I had pretty white arms," said Trudy, looking wistfully at a thin little thing in an evening dress on the Berengaria, when we were coming home.

Trudy's powerful shoulders have been likened to Dempsey's. Certainly they are as interesting as any pair of shoulders in existence. Wherever Trudy goes, they attract attention. She is built like a boy, with a flat, little bosom, slim waist, and straight hips. Her long, tapering brown legs are solid and there is not a surplus ounce on her. Trudy is five feet, five and one-half inches tall. When we left America, she weighed 149 pounds, and on the day of her successful swim her weight was 156. She lost four pounds during her swim.

"I don't like myself a bit," Trudy complained. "I don't want to look like a boy. I want to be feminine and look feminine. That's why I've kept my hair as long as I could."

Perhaps Trudy's frankness is her most masculine trait. She is the soul of honor and she cannot tolerate a hypocrite, a liar, or a cheat. She has brown eyes that are so dark they seem black at times. She looks you straight in the eye and tells you exactly what she thinks. She never dissembles. She is wholesome and unsophisticated.

She is courageous and loyal to her friends. She is considerate and modest, generous and affectionate.

Sometimes she is moody. I have seen her sit for hours without saying a word. She seems to withdraw herself from the world and drift away into some personal sphere. I think probably that is because of her deafness. During her many years of swimming, the beat of the water has punctured the drums of her ears and has deafened her almost entirely in her right ear.

She has magnificent self-reliance and she can do well many things besides swimming. She is an excellent housekeeper.

"I'm not such a good cook," she told me, "but I'm a wizard with the scrubbing brush."

All sports appeal to her, but she likes ice skating best of all, even more than she likes swimming.

"I really never was crazy about swimming," Trudy insisted. "I swam mostly because Margaret urged me to do it. Many times entry blanks for competitive swims arrived at home for me and I tore them up. Then Margaret would enter my name without telling me and when the event came off I would have to swim. She was always much more ambitious for me than I was for myself."

The morning after the great triumph. Gertrude, Pop Ederle, and Sister Margaret in a hotel at Dover reading a sheaf of messages congratulating Trudy on her victory.

Trudy likes football and baseball and prize fighting. She plays a ukelele fairly well and she has a lovely contralto voice.

Besides Trudy and Margaret and me when we sailed for France, there were in our party, Pop Ederle, Trudy's jolly, corpulent father, and Arthur Sorenson, photographer.

During the voyage, Trudy slept much and ate magnificently. When we returned home triumphantly on the Berengaria, the same ship that had taken us to France, Jack Chorley, our lavish table steward, claimed some credit for Trudy's success.

"I told my wife that it was the beefsteaks and ice cream that I'd served you on the way over that really put you across the Channel," Jack said to Trudy. "I told her that I'd never seen anybody that could eat the amount of ice cream that Miss Ederle could stow away."

Trudy has no set rules of diet and Burgess insisted upon none. His only admonition was, "You must gain, Gertie; ten pounds, if possible." Burgess didn't approve of mustard pickles and catsup which we all used liberally at our two big meals each day. Still, he didn't object particularly to Trudy's use of condiments so long as she ate plenty of meat and potatoes.

We discovered that the legend about the wonders of French cooking didn't apply in Cap Griz Nez. We knew from week to week exactly what we should have at each meal, because Monday's menu was always the same and Tuesday's, and on through the week. We supplemented the hotel fare with fruit, cakes, chocolate, prunes, cornflakes, honey, and preserves. We thought when we arrived in France that we could live reasonably, but soon discovered that we were spending as much as if we had been living at a good American hotel. France has two sets of prices, one for French people and another—much higher—for Americans.

WHEN we arrived at Boulogne, we found that the option on all the tugs that were suitable to convoy Channel swimmers was held by Joe Costa, who owns a shoe store in Boulogne.

Costa is the wildest Channel fan extant. Through him, we hired the Alsace, the best tug in Boulogne and the one Trudy desired to accompany her on her swim.

Three weeks before we sailed for France, Miss Lillian Cannon, a pretty blonde from Baltimore, whose married name is Mrs. Edward Day, had left New York for Cap Gris Nez for the purpose of attempting the Channel.

Trudy had never met Miss Cannon, but she thought it would be a sporting gesture to go down to the dock and wish her good luck and take her a little remembrance.

Miss Cannon told Trudy then that she had hoped to have Burgess train her also.

Everything considered, the swimmer himself is as good a trainer as needed, until the day of the attempt. Then the swimmer wants someone who knows the habits and pranks of the tides and currents, the ways of the wind, and the meanings of cloud formations, to set the course and admonish the pace. Old Bill Burgess knew his stuff.

"No human being can live through such a sea," the experts agreed on the day of Trudy Ederle's magnificent feat. But the plucky American girl swam on and on. Read the details of her tremendous struggle in next week's LIBERTY.

Those Endearing MALE Charms

Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

Fortunately, each woman has a different Beau Ideal.

Something More Mysterious than Brains or Beauty Captures the Girls

An Article by

Thyra Samter Winslow

ARE there styles in men, as in hats and shoes? I wonder. Short skirts may become fashionable—but surely short men, never!

Still, I know three short men who make up in charm and personality all that they lack in height, so perhaps short men can be in style, too.

What do women like in men—really like, that is? There are a dozen traits that seem, on the surface, to be the ones that women like, and yet when you come down to it, they aren't actually the traits that women like at all.

I have canvassed my women acquaintances and asked them about their likes in men. I haven't asked them casually; I've waited until after we'd exchanged the "I'll tell you this, if you'll absolutely promise never to breathe it to a soul" sort of thing.

You'd be surprised at the results—or maybe you won't be surprised, according to your knowledge of women and of psychology in general.

Not a woman especially liked handsome men. I don't mean that if a woman fell in love with a handsome man, she'd insist that he have a couple of features taken off his face because he was too beautiful. Not at all.

Most of the women expressed admiration for John Barrymore's profile and for Douglas Fairbanks' physique, but none would pick out Barrymore or Fairbanks just for his looks. My friends who know these heroes personally like them for other things besides their good looks.

A handsome face, then, is not what women care about. Neither do women care for ugly men.

The strong, rugged type, with rough-hewn features is even less appreciated than the handsome man. Women don't grow enthusiastic over the iron-visaged chap who is supposed to be wonderfully good.

On the whole, I found that women like tall men better than short men, but none would admit that she would turn down a man because he wasn't tall. Of course, the tall, athletic girls did hope that the men they finally fell for would be at least as tall as they.

All women admit that it is a bit annoying to be with a man just your height or a trifle shorter. Outside of that, height entered into the discussion very little indeed.

Alas, however, one old superstition is true—nobody loves a fat man! I couldn't find a girl who would admit—well, that she liked a man who was even a bit overweight. As nearly as I can tell, double chins ruin more romances than do curtailed incomes; and girth control is more important than coronets.

When I asked one girl about fat, she burst into tears and told me the sad story of her life.

Ruby fell in love with a man, and he, in his simple, masculine way, seemed to reciprocate Ruby's girlish affections. The man was a civil engineer and his business took him West. For five years Ruby was true to him—in her fashion. She wrote to him constantly, repeated at frequent intervals that she loved him, and planned to marry him as soon as he could afford matrimony.

Of course Ruby, being pretty, couldn't spend those five years in a sort of premature widowhood, so she trailed around a bit with a slender young clerk named Freddie. She felt that she liked Freddie only as a friend and loved Henry, the engineer, with a much deeper affection.

Five years—and our hero came home from the West. One look at him and Ruby nearly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

What a relief to be absolutely *sure*

NEVER again that humiliating embarrassment. A healthful glow of perspiration no longer destroys her charm with a hint of unpleasant odor. For women have found a way to prevent it. Lifebuoy removes the cause of body odor.

That cause is a constant accumulation of fatty waste and the acids of perspiration in *all* the pores of the body—not merely under the arms. Local applications relieve only *part* of this condition. Baths help, but their effect is soon gone unless Lifebuoy is used.

Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather penetrates each pore and removes every trace of odor-causing waste. So thorough is this cleansing that your body stays sweet, fresh, immaculate all day. Not a substitute for cleanness, but cleanness itself. Health is guarded. Skin is kept in the pink of condition—beautifully soft and smooth.

The clean, antiseptic smell of Lifebuoy rinses away completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange red, the color of its pure palm fruit oil.
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor

[THOSE ENDEARING MALE CHARMS
Continued from Page Forty-nine

fainted. For Henry had grown a paunch and a double chin. He was rich and successful. Freddie was poor—but Freddie was slender, and Ruby is about to commit matrimony with Freddie.

Therefore, my first advice to a conquering male would be to get —or to stay—thin.

Personally, I am not prejudiced against fat. In fact, I prefer, just a bit, a well filled-out figure, and one of my favorite male characters in the flesh might almost be called fat. But fat and romance do not go together.

Other physical attributes evoke less radical approval or disapproval. Blondes and brunettes, blue eyes and brown, each got their quota of praise. And so we reach more important considerations.

Generosity—that seems the big thing.

Not a woman failed to mention it, and in almost the same way: "A man doesn't have to spend a lot of money on a woman, but he's got to spend it as if he really enjoyed doing so."

A MAN, it seems, must spend his money with a flurry of trumpets, with a gesture of open-handedness. There's nothing a girl hates worse than to be in a crowd and have her man, even if he is hers most temporarily, fail to pay his share. If a crowd is above his head financially, he shouldn't be in it, but once in it, he's got to splurge just a bit. At least, that's what women told me.

Contrarily, the women with whom I discussed this odd subject of men, admit that the man who is an easy mark is just as distasteful to them as the man who will not spend.

As nearly as I can tell, a woman likes a man to be generous, but she wants to be the actual, personal cause of his generosity.

Women will accept gifts from an admirer and laugh at how simple was his capture, but if he is not generous wisely, they will like his gifts and not him.

The man who is *close* may succeed in getting his "gal"—funny what odd people marry—but perhaps he could have aimed higher if his purse strings had been a little looser.

Bravery is a masculine trait that men lay great stress on, but which seems to leave the women I know distinctly cold.

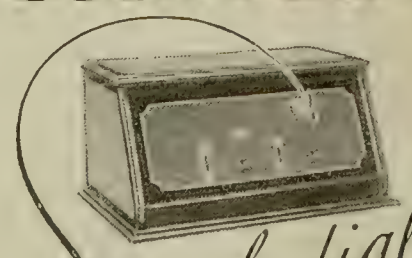
These women are proud of their men friends who did nobly during the war, but they are bored by listening to their achievements. Fighting is a man's occupation, but the reciting of it leaves the female of today more than slightly indifferent.

After all, rescuing a child from drowning, seizing the bridle of a runaway horse, rushing into a burning building to save an old lady—excellent, on the screen. Many a film heroine has succumbed to the hero of such deeds; but when translated into life, they are not always so splendid.

Brave heroes are all right in their places—but their places are

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CROSLEY



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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

the scenes of action. Too often good heroes are poor story-tellers, and more girls are alienated from marriage than are lured into it by tales of heroic achievement.

Of course, the silent hero is another thing, but even he must be liked in spite of his heroism and not because of it. So say the women of my acquaintance. And these acquaintances comprise city and small-town women—and two farm women for good measure—and vary in social status from my favorite millionaire's wife to the wife of the man who cleans our car.

Of course, women do not like cowards. But real bravery is seldom called for. Every woman likes to feel that her man is a Real Man, but being a real man does not, in these effete days, consist so much in physical supremacy as in keenness of wit and mental swiftness.

Today's Real Man, I fear, is to the average woman one who can take a few drinks of what passes for pre-war stuff without getting maudlin, can play a fairly decent game of tennis or golf, has a physique that looks as well in athletic clothes as in a dinner coat, and can swim.

SWIMMING. That seems to me the one essential of physical prowess that the modern girl insists upon. Whether a girl can swim or not, she wants the man of her choice to be at home in the water.

The kind of man that girls like need not be especially skillful in games of chance, either, and he should not be too good a loser. A good loser takes defeat far too easily to suit the modern girl. But if he plays bridge, he *must* be a good player.

I know of more than one budding romance that never blossomed because the man didn't play as good a game as was required.

Dancing has become more important with the passing years. There have been many happy marriages with a non-dancing man as a participant, but the man who does not dance has far less chance of feminine favor than the one who does.

Now comes the surprise. In spite of all this talk about brainy men, the women I know best—and most of them are engaged in the so-called intellectual professions—do not insist that a man have brains. He must have a certain surface cleverness, to be sure, and women like to feel that the men they care for have all sorts of "unplumbed depths."

But a man need not keep up with the newest books and plays, although in some cases this is desirable. He need not even be well read. In some localities it is still considered a bit effeminate for a man to read.

Luckily, this barbarism is passing entirely in the East, and while literary taste is not a necessary attribute to popularity, often it is a contributory cause.

Every woman likes to feel helpless—that she is being looked out for and taken care of. The man who has the power to make her feel this, wins immediate response. He takes possession. He knows just how to adjust a pillow, when to open a window. He is most solicitous about her health and feelings.

There is still another phase about men that I learned. The average woman likes a man a bit indifferent. That is, she likes to find him indifferent and then, by her charms, to woo him to attentiveness.

Stability should be a virtue in the male, but a man piques a woman's interest more if she never knows what he'll do next. A man may be indifferent almost to the point of cruelty, and the average woman will like him better for his treatment of her. Some women indeed are happiest when a man is making them suffer.

It is a bit annoying to be with a man a trifle shorter.

One trait that pleases nearly every woman is that a man be markedly devoted to her in public. Nothing hurts the pride of a woman so much as to go to some social event with a chap and find him attentive to another woman before the evening is over.

Nearly all women seem to like being the confidantes of men. In public an escort should lean toward a girl and speak in a low voice intended for no one else. That is flattering. It makes her feel important.

HE need not say important things. He need not be even very protective when he pretends protection, but these attentions will take him far.

There are certain sophisticated things that the modern man should know. He must know how to treat waiters so as to get the best attention from them. I know at least one courtship that never ripened into love for this reason. Horace was a kindly fellow and I think Mabel would have married him if he had known how to order a dinner. But he didn't!

Mabel, who is rich and pretty, married Eustace. Eustace was not Horace's equal as a money-maker, but waiters adored him. They hung over his chair and did everything but stir his coffee. There may have been flaws in Eustace's technique with a carte du jour, but Mabel never found it out before the knot was tied.

Oh, the sterling qualities are not being neglected! Just the other day Miriam said to me over the telephone:

"I wish I'd known as much about men six years ago, when I married, as I do now. I wouldn't have turned down Phil Brenner because he seemed so dull. Now he owns three factories and my Bill was fired again last week. I chose Bill because he was a good mixer, a clever boy—always got a laugh, always said the right thing, had a wonderful line, and was handsome, too. These things never seem to get him anywhere. If I had my life to live over again——"

THAT'S usually the way. The popular girl appreciates sterling worth usually when it is too late. That is why we often see a homely woman married to the bank president or the owner of the local canning factory.

In his youth, the important business man may have looked like pretty poor pickings. He was neglected by the girls who had a swarm of men around them, and was chosen finally by the unpopular girl who couldn't get one of the more attractive boys.

After the usual lapse of years, the unattractive girl is the one who is envied for liking the right man, while the girl who had everything in her youth is tied up to some poor creature who isn't quite sure where next month's rent is coming from.

Luckily, all women do not like the same sort of men. What a horrible place the world would be if only certain types were desirable!

Because women that I know have agreed on certain points as desirable in the male, it does not follow that they can like a man only because he has these virtues. Corinne made this plain to me.

"What do I like in a man?" she said. "Why, courtesy and good manners, the ability to make money, good looks, and a certain neatness in his personal attire. That is, I really think I like those things—in the abstract. But, as you know, I'm so wild about George that I can't think of anyone else.

"George has the worst manners I ever saw; you certainly couldn't call him handsome; his clothes are always sort of sloppy, and I bet his hair needs combing this very minute. He'll never get a position

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A shave will *feel* as smooth as it *looks* if you quickly heal the tiny

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No matter how sharp the razor or how smooth your skin, a shave leaves countless invisible nicks that smart, unless healed at once.

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Moreover, used daily it toughens the skin without in the least coarsening it. And you'll like the clean, fresh lilac odor.

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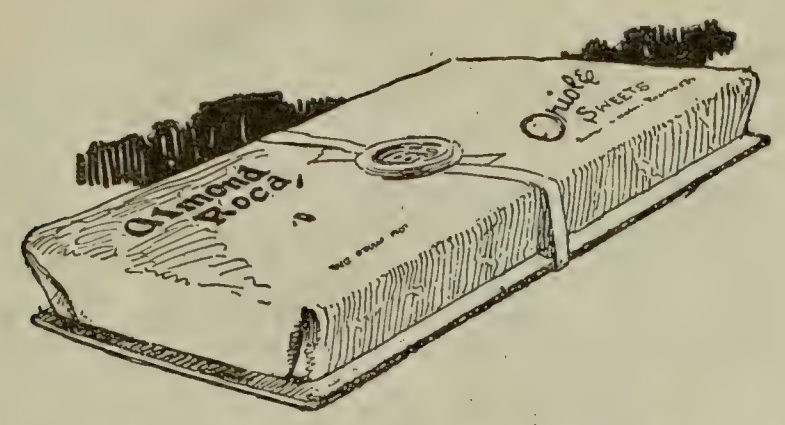

Here, there—everywhere!—*a Favorite!*

"It's my favorite candy!" These are the words of nearly everyone who ever tastes Almond Roca. It is so distinctive—so delicious! It is neither hard candy, cream candy nor chocolate. It is just different. If we could describe it we would. But knowing how good it is we are willing to put the burden of proof on the product—thus: If you know another confection its equal we will gladly give you your money back. The package price is a dollar and a half.

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All druggists sell Pazo Ointment in tubes with pile pipe attachment, 75c, or in tin boxes, 60c. The circular enclosed with each tube and box contains facts about piles which you ought to know.

Get it from your druggist or if you prefer send stamps or money order to

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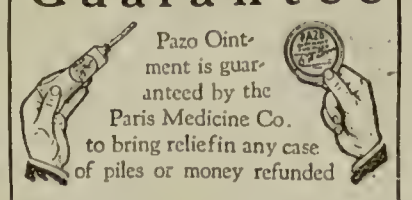

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed by the Paris Medicine Co. to bring relief in any case of piles or money refunded

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[THOSE ENDEARING MALE CHARMS Continued from Page Fifty-one]

that amounts to anything, I know, and yet he is the dearest old blessed——"

So there you are! So far I've neglected the subject of personality, or charm, or sex attraction—call it what you will. And, after all, biology is most important. The same traits may prove desirable in one man and tiresome in another. The man whom you would rate 100 per cent in abstract virtues, would be quite different from the one whose hand you long to touch whenever he is near.

So—you have me there!

Generosity, gentleness, protectiveness—all are good, all desirable. That is, when the owner of them has that other intangible thing—the personal attractiveness that would make him desirable whether or not he had these other supposed prized qualities.

Personally, I like men handsome, well groomed, well read, considerate, generous, thoughtful. And yet, when I think of the men I know and like best, these abstract virtues fade away and there is left with me only the knowledge that is with every woman when she likes a man.

It's easy enough to define and describe the sort of man women like—but sometimes it's hard to square your conclusions with the facts when there's one particular man for whom you care, no matter how far he may fall short of your specifications.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Deaf to Grandma

Among our family connections is numbered a very self-possessed young lady of four years of age. Her grandmother finds frequent cause for admonishing her. On one unlucky day the mother of the child was confronted with the following problem: Grandmother, indoors, was insistently calling to Kathleen, absorbed in her play in the garden. Her mother finally intervened with:

"Kathleen, don't you hear grandmother calling you?"

"Oh, yeth," cheerfully lisped Kathleen; "but I don't want to lithen."—I. M. Beckius, 273 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Jimmy's Supply Depot

Jimmy, aged five, was fond of drawing. One evening after supper he sat at a table, engaged with pen and ink and plenty of paper. Presently his father asked him what he was drawing. "Oh, just a dog," replied the youngster; and, jumping off the chair, rushed over to show the work of art. "That's very good, Jimmy," said the father; "but where's its tail?" "Oh, that's still in the ink-bottle," responded Jimmy. —H. G. B., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Millions know how to

Keep Slender

In every crowd now note how slenderness prevails. Fat has become the exception. It is a blight to beauty, health and fitness, and people have learned to combat it. Go ask your friends how they lost their fat and follow their example.

The leading way for 19 years has been Marmola Prescription Tablets. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. People simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal.

Those delighted users have told others until the use of Marmola has spread the world over. Your friends will tell you if you ask them. People who know are using over a million boxes yearly.

Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Watch the weight come down, the vitality go up. Note the change that appears in a month. You'll be glad you learned about it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

In Liberty Next Week

Read

Thirty Days After Marriage

By
ROYAL BROWN

You'll like this romantic short story of a bridegroom who proves that even the mildest of husbands has a little caveman stuff to show when the occasion demands it.

Plenty of humor here—but also the tensely dramatic clash of two men battling for a woman's love.

In Next Week's Liberty

Twenty Puzzlers

HOW MUCH

Do You Know?

EVERY week, LIBERTY will ask twenty questions. The answers to these questions will be printed the following week.

We want our readers to submit the questions. They must not be tricky, and they must not be puzzles. But puzzlers—yes.

Be sure to include the answer with the question you send in.

For every question and answer published, LIBERTY will pay $1. Here is the first list of questions:

What motion picture director invented the close-up ?

How far did Gertrude Ederle swim in crossing the English Channel ?

How many cylinders has a Rolls-Royce ?

At what place can a ship sail eastward from the Atlantic into the Pacific ?

When and where did George Washington do his famous "cussing" ?

What is the lowest dry land region on the earth's surface ?

What men besides George Washington were known as "The father of their country" ?

What book is really Charles Dickens' autobiography ?

What major league baseball pitcher holds the record for games won in one season ?

What is considered a good drive for a woman golfer ?

Can you name the four kinds of venomous snakes found in the United States ?

How many of a horse's feet are on the ground at once when it is trotting ?

What Presidents were bachelors ?

What is the world's record for a mile by an automobile ? A speed boat ? An airplane ? A runner ? A swimmer ? A horse ?

Give the name of the present Pope and that of his predecessor. Also their names before election.

Where, when, and why was Nathan Hale executed ? What were his last words ?

How many names are signed to the Declaration of Independence ? Who was the oldest signer ? The youngest ?

Do wives or husbands get divorces most frequently in the United States ? What is the commonest cause of divorce ? In what year after marriage are divorces most numerous ?

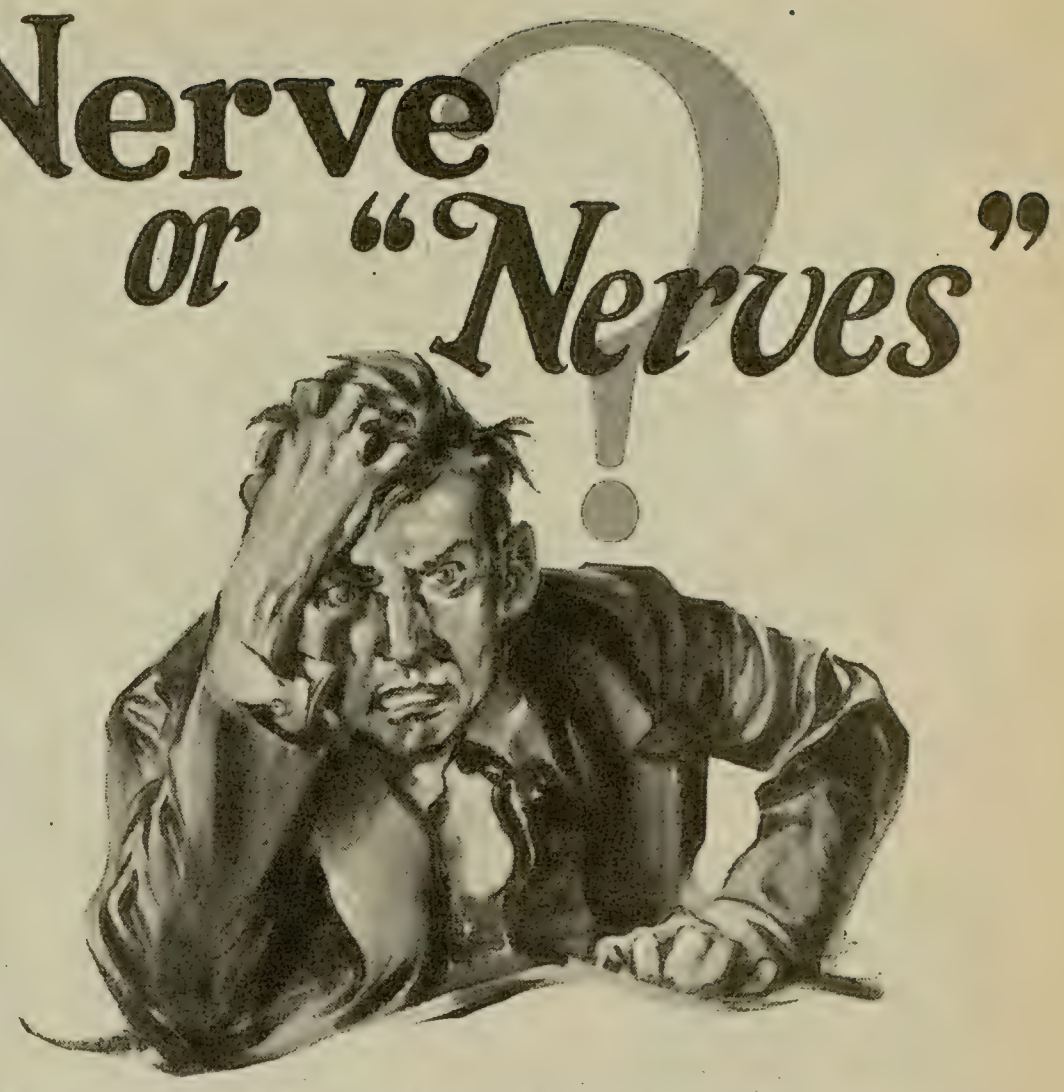
What three countries have the largest military man power in the world ?

When was the typewriter invented ?

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Send us any question of general or specific interest; scientific, technical, political, geographical, historical—anything. But don't forget to include the answer with the question. We don't know everything, and maybe we'd have a difficult time answering your queries. Next week, LIBERTY will publish another list of questions.

Nerve or "Nerves"?



New Food Drink Will Help You to Replace "Nerves" with Poise and Power

ARE you depressed, irritable, sensitive, morbid—unable to concentrate? Do you lack confidence in your ability to do—possess undefinable fears? If so you are one of the millions of people who are unknowingly suffering from nerves. You are paying with health, happiness and success.

"75% of the people who apply to physicians for help are nervous patients"—"and are as a rule among the highly organized conscientious folks who have most to contribute to society," according to Josephine A. Jackson, co-author of "Outwitting Our Nerves."

Their digestion is usually impaired, bodily vigor low, sleep poor.

By building strong, healthy bodies, improving digestion and inducing sound, refreshing sleep, TODDY, the new food drink, is helping those who are suffering from nerves to "find their way out of the woods."

TODDY is highly digestible and supplies elements necessary for the repair and refunctioning of the nerve tissue. It is rich in the mineral salts and vitamines so valuable in the restoration of depleted nerves.

Builds Strong, Healthy Bodies

According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, "Milk is Nature's Nerve Quieter"—due largely to the food elements it contains in almost *instantly digested* form. TODDY mixed with milk *makes milk easier to digest* by softening the milk curd and *provides practically twice as much nourishment* for building strong, healthy bodies.

TODDY added to milk more than triples the carbohydrates (needed for energy), increases the proteins (tissue builder) 60%, adds 70% more calories, provides 60% more mineral matter required for nerve, bone and blood, and increases the vitamines.

Aids Digestion

Not only does TODDY provide nourishment in a form readily dealt with by the impaired digestion of nervous people but it assists in supplying needed nourishment from other foods they eat by changing starchy foods so that they are easily absorbed. Probably two-thirds of your food is starchy. TODDY quickly converts itself and this starchy food into instantly absorbed nourishment.

Induces Refreshing Sleep

A cup of hot TODDY before retiring quickly nourishes tired nerves, brings restful sleep. While you sleep TODDY builds you up. Because TODDY does not contain an alkaloid that affects the nerves like tea, coffee or cocoa, it is widely prescribed by physicians for nervous people to drink at meals. Doctors recognize Barley Malt Extract, the base of TODDY, as one of the best body-building foods. TODDY brings it to you in a delicious drink equally good, hot or cold.

Try TODDY Today

Mail the coupon for generous sample, free—or special offer 1-lb. can of TODDY and seamless aluminum shaker for 79c.

Special Offer!

The easiest and quickest way to make cold TODDY is in our seamless aluminum TODDY shaker. If your grocer does not sell TODDY, send us his name and we will send you:

1-lb. can of TODDY (retail price, 55c)
Seamless aluminum TODDY shaker (retail price, 75c)
Total value, $1.30

only 79c

89c West of Mississippi

TODDY
"A Meal in a Glass"

Grocers and Druggists Sell TODDY

SEND NO MONEY

Maltop, Inc., 1207 Broadway, Buffalo, N.Y.
Check if you desire free sample or special offer:
☐ Please send me free sample of TODDY.
☐ Please send me your special offer of 1-lb. can of TODDY and TODDY shaker. I will pay the postman 79c plus small postal charge on delivery. (89c West of Mississippi)

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....State.....
My grocer does not sell TODDY. His name and address is:
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Double Durability!

Double Pleasability!

DOUBLE the speed—because the Gem Double Life Blade is double-keen and saves the second time over!

Double the shaves—because the steel is double-thick, double-heavy, double-durable and double-reinforced!

Double the satisfaction—because the Gem Double Life Blade gives the smoothest, cleanest, pleasantest shaves a man ever bragged about!

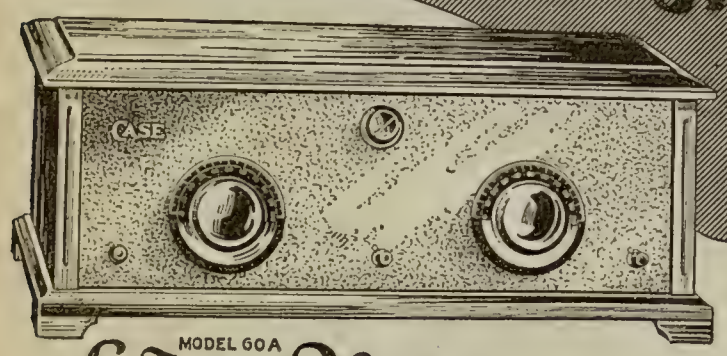
Your face will know the difference every morning. Dealers everywhere can supply you.

P.S.—Your money does double duty when it buys the Gem de Luxe Razor. If you already own a Gem and it isn't giving you 100% satisfaction, our service department wants to repair it or replace it! Send it to the

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEM Double Life BLADES

Where Can You Equal This?



$75.00 LESS ACCESSORIES

MODEL 60A
6 Tubes, 2 Controls
¾-in. Solid Mahogany Cabinet

No. 60C, $125

No. 60B, $100

No. 60D, $170

Look at the attractive sets shown here—note their low prices—then consider the superlative value you get in all CASE Receivers: Six tubes with power to bring in distant stations; tuned radio frequency that means clear tones without disturbing noises; two-dial control, best for two-handed people, of course; beautiful cabinets, sloping panels, perfectly logged, easy to tune!

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"Satisfaction In Every CASE"

Insist on CASE Radio Receivers at your local dealer's—or write direct for interesting, 5-color lithographed booklet which describes and illustrates the complete CASE line of 10 numbers.

Indiana Mfg. & Electric Co.
MARION, INDIANA

Mail this **NOW!**

Indiana Mfg. & Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana
Please send complete information on CASE Radio Receivers.
Name_____
Address_____

For the Love o' Lil

NOW you can enjoy the cover pictures and the story of Lil and Sandy without having to rack your brain thinking up titles for the illustrations.

The story will go on each week, and we can promise you that Lil and Sandy have many adventures in store for them. They have made many thousands of friends in all parts of the country since they were first introduced to LIBERTY readers. You'll instinctively recognize your own young friends in Lil and Sandy.

For the Love o' Lil

By LESLIE THRASHER

CHAPTER XVI *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

SANDY JENKINS sat through an entire dinner watching Babe Dolan, the athletic lifeguard, doing his best to vamp Lil Morse. That was certainly no treat to Sandy. But when they'd finished, with nothing left but coffee and cigarettes, and the waiter hovered around with the check in his hand, Sandy tried everything he could think of to let Babe know that the time had come to loosen up.

Not a chance. Babe was busy listening to his own voice, and Lil sat spellbound.

"I could train you so's you could swim the Channel faster'n Gertrude Ederle and this Miss Gade both put together," Babe was telling Lil.

Sandy could only scowl in scorn. But there was the waiter, gently insistent. Sandy peeked at the check. Holy smokes, $11.40! He had just $13.25 with him and wouldn't get his allowance for nearly a week. In lofty disgust he handed the waiter a ten-dollar bill and three ones, saying as loud as possible:

"Keep the change."

"I could make you the champeen swimmer of the world," Babe Dolan was telling Lil.

"And she listens to that big cheese!" was Sandy's thought.

(To be continued next week)

These Won $1,000

First Prize, $500

The "bitter" half keeps house

The Winner

Mrs. Thelma Spinnenweber, 2221 Spring Street, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Second Prize, $250

A perfect example of "nobody home"

The winner: H. Stanley, 627½ N. High St., Columbus, Ohio.

Third Prize, $100

Orphans of a domestic storm

The winner: H. P. Ferguson, 223 Kiefaber St., Dayton, Ohio.

Fourth Prize, $50

Getting late news in a wet state

The winner: W. W. Mears, 1705 Bowers St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fifth Prize, $25

A woman at home is worth two in the country

The winner: A. M. Koenig, 170 Broadway, New York City.

Sixth Prize, $25

Half awake—half a cake

The winner: E. R. Hutchinson, 924 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Prize Awards No. 11

Prize Cover No. 11

Seventh Prize, $25

A summer grass widower just out of the hay

The winner: Philip T. Gabel, Oakland, N. J.

Eighth Prize, $25

Pop "steps out" in evening clothes

The winner: Katherine E. Leahy, 28 Chestnut St., Quincy, Mass.

Why Am I Such a DUMB-BELL?

The Confessions of One Who Has Studied Everything and Knows Nothing

(For Obvious Reasons Anonymous)

THIS article will have no by-line or signature. For good reason. It is too true. I am willing to confess it. I must be eager to do so because there isn't any compulsion. The editor hasn't me in the thumb press, but it's to be naming no names.

I am supposed to be educated. I have the A. B. of two colleges. One is from a large Midwest school. The other is from the oldest university in the United States. They shall be nameless. I also have a Master's degree and a Doctor's (honorary) degree. Neither represents anything.

Frequently I find myself calling, or about to call them, decrees; but I recall that decrees have something to do with divorce. I'll not hold that against myself. There is too much else. I think the thing that makes me maddest is that I can't spell well.

I studied very little of modern languages—a year of French under a young corn-fed Midwesterner, who didn't know any himself. It was a great help. When I went to America's oldest university, it counted as a year's credit, and I didn't have to do the chore of a year's elementary French as a condition to the A. B. I've always been glad I had that French. I have forgotten most of it, but it has left me with these few words: *Je suis* and *enceinte.* Needless to add, the spelling in both cases is my own and may be right.

The year of German was under a Prussian drill master, who might have strangled me if he had not found out that, unbelievable as it would appear, I already had spent three years in an American academy and was in my fifth year in American colleges. He marked me "C," which would pass, washed his hands of it, and left me with one invaluable German word: *prosit.* I have described the full content of my present knowledge of what we called modern languages.

I spent seven years studying Latin and Greek. I'll put down all I know of Greek in just the way it comes to me:

Entulthen exelaunai—parasangs.

I'd say there was something wrong with that, but possibly not. There is one other thing, a curious fugitive in my mind. It is the "apo koinou construction," in which a word serves in two phrases. That's my Greek. I don't even know the alphabet.

My Latin interested me even more than my Greek, which interested me much. Of it I recall: *Te puer in rosa.* No, that's not it. It's *Quis gracilis, te puer in rosa.* Maybe that's not it. I think it is the Fifth Ode of Horace. Maybe it isn't, but I know it's Horace.

I know a modern translation would be, "What shiek (or is it sheik?) are you petting now among the roses, Pyrrha?" That's my Latin. Seven years of it—and I once got a gold prize for it and Greek.

To Greek and Latin, you might say, "What of it?" I'd like to be able, at least, to read with ease where I had studied so long, but, dismissing that, I'll go on.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For Eyes Reddened by Weeping—*Murine*

Perhaps it's only a touching movie . . . or an affecting magazine tale. Whatever the cause, ***Murine*** quickly relieves the red, puffy, unsightly condition that invariably follows a good cry.

Just another reason for keeping ***Murine*** always handy. It's invaluable for refreshing eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust . . . and for relieving the eye strain caused by protracted reading or sewing. Used regularly each night and morning, this harmless, long-trusted lotion keeps eyes *always* bright and clear.

Our valuable illustrated book on Eye Beauty is FREE on request

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Veil Your Eyes with Loveliness!

Maybelline

Apply a brush stroke of solid Maybelline or the new waterproof Liquid Maybelline to your lashes.

Instantly your eyes peer out from 'neath dark, naturally-long-appearing veils of loveliness. The affect is amazing; so much more enchantment does this magic beauty aid lend to the already pretty face. Both forms of Maybelline are perfectly harmless. Used regularly for the past ten years by millions of lovely women.

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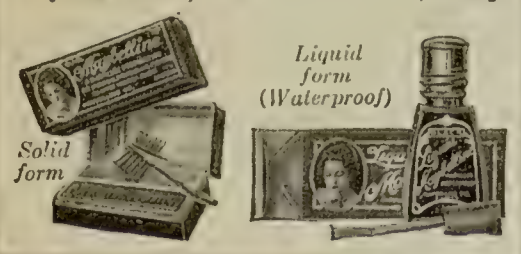
Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



[WHY AM I SUCH A DUMB-BELL?]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

Of chemistry I know, or I think I know, that H_2O means water. It probably doesn't. If it doesn't, I'm sunk. Possibly it has something to do with hydrogen and oxygen and their relations to each other.

Of physics and mechanics, I know nothing. I do not know how steam is compressed and expanded, if it is. I do not know anything of electricity, except that if I press a button I get a light. I do not know anything of radio, telegraph, telephone.

I know nothing of mathematics. A little girl of my acquaintance was puzzling over a problem in geometry and brought it to me. It had to do with proving the congruence—if that was the word—of certain angles, or an angle or of something or other. If it was congruence, I didn't know what it meant. I know just as much of algebra as if I were four years old. Has pi—or is there such a thing as pi—anything to do with algebra? Sometimes I am driven to extraordinary stunts of computation to get the multiplication table straightened out.

MY knowledge of geology comprises (1) that there was once an ice age; (2) that there is glacial drift; (3) that there are several ages of—but that's biology; the Cro-Magnons, the Neanderthalers, and Homo sapiens. Score another for my Latin. On second thought, don't score it, because I also know *e pluribus unum, sic semper tyrannis,* or *gloria mundi* and *semper fidelis,* or fedeles, or fedelus.

Do trilobites belong in geology? I have a recollection of handling one in a classroom—a curious bit of rock. I know the Cro-Magnons drew reindeer figures in caves, were artists, and had a bigger brain cavity than that of the modern college professor. The ice age got them. That's probably the trouble with my education.

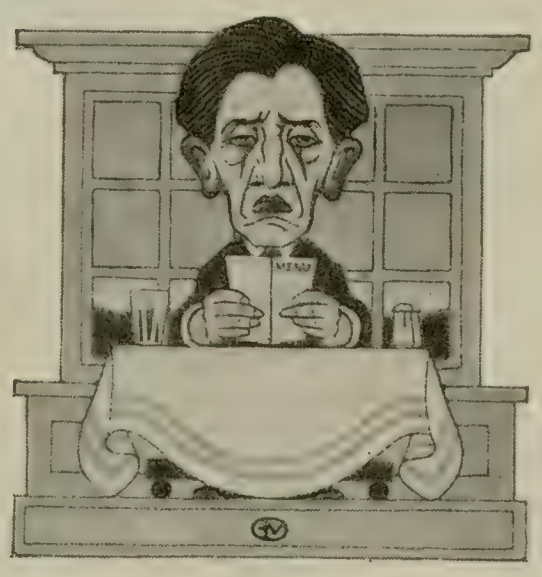
In biology or physiology I know the amœba or protoplasm, of one cell, like the opaline William Beebe writes about. I know that it recreated itself by growing into many cells, and then breaking down into so many individual cells, using the intestine of a tadpole for this process. I can see how nature finally evolved special reproductive organs in each individual unit; and that was the beginning of literature, drama, and art. Then the whole works would not have to be torn to pieces in reproduction. You were getting nowhere if family life consisted of infinite duplication of one-cell creatures, although it might have made a more orderly world. But I didn't learn that in being educated.

In being educated I learned nothing, that stuck, of the inorganic universe. I don't know anything about it now, except I think I can tell Jupiter from Antares, and why. I know that light travels 186,000 miles a second, and I can't be fooled on Sirius and Orion. College did not teach them to me, to know them, but a friend pointed them out.

I haven't the slightest acquaintance with the fine arts. I do not know whether the medulla oblongata is the movement of a symphony or a bone in the human body. I can sympathize entirely with the dumb sister who thought the Mann Act was a vaudeville sketch.

I could keep much of this from appearing in a letter or in talk. In talk I'd keep off the subject. For a letter I'd look it up, just as always I must go to the dictionary before I write "intolerable."

I began thinking After the Ball was a great song and Breaking Home Ties and Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair great pictures. That was kid stuff and not college. I still find myself thinking the



Humoresque good music. In some fashion I have come to like Brahms. That may be a credit.

But these are matters of taste. I might prefer Harold Bell Wright to Willa Cather or Willa Cather to Zola or Zola to Balzac or Balzac to de Maupassant or de Maupassant to Ecclesiastes and yet know something. I might prefer Burne-Jones to Michael Angelo, and Butterfly to Lohengrin and yet be dignified by knowing what the differential in an automobile was, how oil was used, and what caused the gasoline to drive the car. If I even knew how to lay brick, wipe a joint, or put on shingles, I'd have something which of its kind would represent competency.

UNTIL recently I thought the American republic was created by the Declaration of Independence and thereafter operated in its present form. I thought the Constitution was a rehash of the Declaration. I thought that the Revolution started in 1776, because, as a child, I had been impressed by the picture of the Spirit of '76. It has been a mature start to realize that Concord and Lexington were in '75.

I am conscious that I am not fully probing myself. There is so much I do not know which has not been revealed. What I do know is unsatisfactory. It is not authoritative. It is foggy.

I recall now that I have not mentioned philosophy. All I recall of Socrates is Xanthippe and the hemlock, and his soothing suggestion that death at the worst could be only an eternal night's sleep—and what better than a night's sleep? Aristotle, I know only for some fragments of his literary criticism and then follows a blank in which such names as Des Cartes and Hegel and Locke (or was he an economist?), Kant, and Marx float in a not luminous void.

I think of Portugal as something in the north of Spain, as Spain something north of France, beyond the Pyrenees. I refer to parallels of longitude and put Massachusetts north of the New York boundary. I restrain myself from repeating that witches were burned at Salem.

I am an ignorant educated man and have used that education for twenty years, earning twenty dollars for every dollar that an intelligent chauffeur could earn by an exact knowledge of the operation of an expensive car. Is that the answer?

I have talked to lawyers, physicians and surgeons, scientists, artists, etc. They may know, as it may be their province to know, whether the medulla oblongata is a symphony movement, a bone, or a glacial era; but they get wholly confused in any discussion which applies general principles of human nature to human possibilities. The men studying double stars are Episcopalians.

I CAN'T run the car, and I don't know how it runs; but the driver doesn't know anything else. His horizon is as far as he can see the road.

The astronomer can see into a far galaxy, but his comprehension of human conduct isn't as valid as that of Harold Bell Wright. Ford and Edison talk about things they can't understand.

Professors who really know what they failed to teach me are shorn lambs when the need is that they apply what they know. But this is an alibi for me, unconsciously drifted into.

I'll concede that I had a facile superficiality, but it ought not to have deceived a really perceptive instructor. I'll admit, further, that the Eastern university was not treating an upper classman as an artful dodging infant; but I had willingness. I was interested. I liked to study. My grades were fairly good, sometimes excellent. I had a year in the Western school, when no grade was under 95.

Two instructors saw me through and through. One was that Prussian drill master. The other man who had me classified was the Latin instructor. I sometimes can feel his fishy eye on me now. His glance was one of complete disapproval. Much of it ought to have been in disapproval of the system which was turning me out.

I do think more could have been done with me. Not much time was given to sports and none to parties. I played a little poor football, but not more than was consistent with exercise. There were no girl attractions. We did not have automobiles. Most of the time that I was not in the lecture room or my own rooms I was in the library.

Wherever the fault was, I am now a conscience-stricken, middle-aged illiterate, hoping that within the next possible ten years of permitted life I may be able to learn and know something. Then I can take that to the bank and see what I can get on it.

THE END

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Holds snapshots, post cards, etc., securely in albums or anywhere. Four pretty effects out of one. Made in black, white, gray, gold, sepia, red. CAN BE USED FOR KEEPING PRINT AND FILM TOGETHER IN ALBUM.

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RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S
Last Picture
The Son of the Sheik
Is Reviewed
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY *Question Box*

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City

Reducing in Spots

Can I reduce my hips and bust without reducing all over? The rest of me appears to be in good proportion, so that I do not want to go on a diet.

Mrs. B. C. H., New York.

It is difficult to reduce in spots, although carefully directed local massage and exercise will accomplish reduction where it is wanted. A diet would cause reduction where it is not wanted. You would find swimming a splendid way of getting rid of flesh on bust and hips and I doubt if the development it would cause elsewhere would be noticeable.

Daily Flushing Beneficial

In a LIBERTY article you gave a formula for flushing the alimentary system. Is this flushing good only when one is going to go through a fasting period, or is it good to do every once in a while for a cleansing out? C. V. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

The flushing referred to is advised as a means of promoting hygiene of the digestive tract for persons who have a tendency to constipation. It is a practice known and followed for years with benefit, and is not peculiar to fasting periods only. The solution of two teaspoonfuls of salt in a quart of water is known as the isotonic salt solution, and taken an hour before breakfast, or as much of it as can be taken with comfort, the large intestine is washed out thoroughly. It may be taken daily with gratifying results by a person who is healthy but who has sluggish intestines.

Good Manners Count Most

What can a young woman, who is not bad looking, who dresses fairly smart, and who is very particular about herself in matters of personal hygiene, do to make a good first impression on people?

ROSA V., Seattle, Wash.

With the self care which you plainly give yourself, good manners count most in making a good impression. The matter of handling oneself is important. A good carriage, a good walk, an assured way of entering a room, a low, soft voice—these mean refinement and discrimination, and constitute in a large measure that indefinable thing known as charm.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

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—the package with the word "Feen-a-mint" in red-orange on the white oval with the blue polka-dot border.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

is a chewing laxative you chew just like gum, but all chewing laxatives are not Feen-a-mint.

Because of its fine peppermint flavor and harmless and efficient way of overcoming constipation, Feen-a-mint in three years has become

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At all Druggists, 25¢ and $1.00

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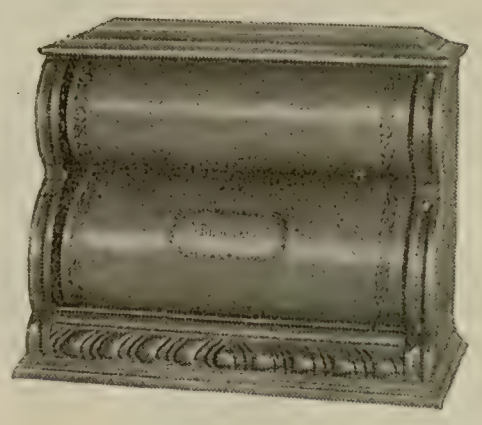
Found: Radio's Lost Chords

HERE, indeed, is a new speaker—new in principle, new in performance, new in artistic charm. It finds, and delivers, the lost chords of radio. Developed and perfected by Dictograph's sound-scientists, famous in the realm of acoustics.



The DE LUXE MODEL
$25

Other models: Standard $16.50; Tabouret, $40. Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada.

OF COURSE, *you may try it at your radio dealers.*

The New
DICTOGRAND
ROLL
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Made by the DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP., *New York City.*

The Furs of 1926-7 Show a Beautiful Suppleness

By Mary Brush Williams

BLACK furs are going to be smarter than they have been for a long time. Caracal and broadtail are especially important. The suppleness of broadtail is one of the features that makes it dear to ladies; the other is its expensiveness. It lends itself admirably to the more elaborate models, which this season are so freely draped and plaited. The first coat illustrated below has the bloused design, with deep armholes, and is trimmed with gray fox. Cuffs, elbow deep, as in the model, appear on every type of coat. In other words, this wrap is in the newest silhouette of the season for coats of either fur or cloth, and its outline is also popular for dresses. It is a marvelous comment on how well we have learned to "work" fur that we can make coats in the same models as are used for filmy chiffon dresses. The art of fur manipulation is one of the many we have learned from France.

5211
34
36
38
40

OF black broadtail, with a gray fox collar and straight cuffs, this coat has the new bloused back.

5212
16
18
20

A COAT of mink, with a waistcoat of embroidery appliqued on material that has the look of flannel.

THIS pony-skin coat, with collar and cuffs of beaver, is useful for general wear.

5213
34
36
38
40

5214
One
Size
Suitable
34
—
42

LINED with cloth of silver and brocaded chiffon, this ermine wrap is a regal garment.

Mink and Russian sable will still hold the most important position among the dressy coats. The model shown has an interesting embroidered waistcoat, which comes up almost to the throat and goes down to where the two sets of fur join at the low waistline. There is a suggestion of the circular effect, which is achieved by the manner of working the vertically arranged skins of the skirt.

Reboux's feather-trimmed felt hat is illustrated with this coat, for this winter an effort is being made to elaborate the hat worn for afternoon occasions. It is a part of the strategic move to down simplicity. Perhaps you have heard of the effort to develop "hat consciousness." I think we were more aware of our headdress when we recently pulled on those saucy little skullcaps for the first time than we were when we wore those earlier gardens of flowers and feathers.

The type of hat we are wearing now has influenced our whole being and behavior, and for the better—at least for the racier. We are more truly ourselves in the present simple models than we were in the elaborate creations that harked back to Queen Victoria's time.

Furs for evening will again be led by ermine. It, too, will be beautifully worked. Chinchilla also is appearing and with gorgeous linings. The dolman model leads all the rest in popularity of outline. When the cape is straight, the wearer usually holds it in place in dolman fashion. Ermine is sometimes trimmed with sable, but the all-white ensemble has more chic, don't you think? They are talking about using tails as trimming again, but they haven't begun doing so with any degree of assurance as yet. We have chosen a dolman model that depends entirely upon the way the skins are placed for its design. It is lined with cloth of silver and is clouded in another extra lining of an exquisite brocaded chiffon in a harmony of blues and greens.

The chief point about the new fur models is the wonderfully supple finish given to every variety of skin, thus bringing into practical use many of the heavier, stiffer ones, such as pony, which has been considered unbecoming. It will be one of the most important of the sports furs this season. The skin is dressed to be so supple that a trim, tailored effect is the one sought after and achieved. The coat illustrated is a simple model trimmed with cuffs and shawl collar of beaver. All sports models are excessively simple, depending upon perfection of cut and trimness for their chic. This means inevitably that the raccoon coat will be for use rather than for smart appearance this season. The jaquette, once so popular, is demodé nowadays, because skirts are too short for it to be a becoming garment.

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by May Manton

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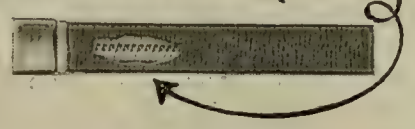

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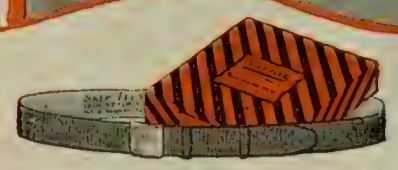

The belt shown in the illustration above is Self-Flex No. L10, 1-3/8" grey, boarded lined belt, $2.00. With box buckle, $2.50.

The belt illustrated above is Self-Flex No. BB6, 1-3/8" russet, boarded bridle, $1.50. With box buckle, $2.00.

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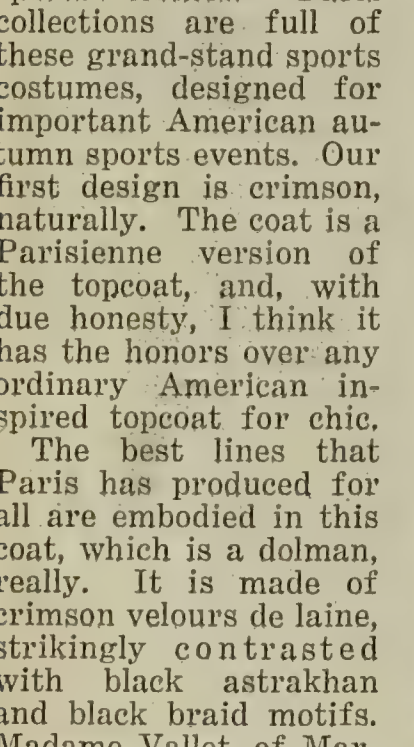
America Inspires Paris Sports Clothes

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

SPORTS clothes have an all-American family tree. There is one invention for which even the most patriotic Frenchman will give America full credit, and that is sports clothes. Of course only for the original idea. French pride flies its flag full mast when it comes to the perfection of sports clothes. Paris dressmakers have gone in, heart and soul, for outdoing the world in their making.

The Parisienne loves, above all, to wear sports clothes. It is the insidious American influence, which makes her feel like the American girl when she wears these frocks. Better, though, than the actual or field sports clothes, in which you can play golf, tennis, or take a real hike, the Parisienne likes to wear grand-stand sports clothes. Paris collections are full of these grand-stand sports costumes, designed for important American autumn sports events. Our first design is crimson, naturally. The coat is a Parisienne version of the topcoat, and, with due honesty, I think it has the honors over any ordinary American inspired topcoat for chic.

The best lines that Paris has produced for all are embodied in this coat, which is a dolman, really. It is made of crimson velours de laine, strikingly contrasted with black astrakhan and black braid motifs. Madame Vallet, of Martial et Armand, designed it. She knows Americans, and her handsome young son knows all about sports. It is a coat that could be worn to the greatest football game and afterward, too, very much afterward. The Parisienne wears this coat to the last races at Longchamps, to the Jockey Club later, and on the Avenue des Champs Elysees. She wears it over the gown shown on our third figure. It is really an ensemble, but you could wear it over a smart sweater and skirt on the football field, and over the pictured gown to dinner later.



GET into the game with this frock of yellow jersey and tweed.

The frock at the right of the center illustration is of black satin. It is called "Troubadour," because the French think that the troubadour was the first sportsman. He took a sporting chance. The waist is typical of one phase of the Paris autumn mode, with its cape sleeves that are set into the waist from the shoulders to the waistline. And it is embroidered in red-and-white braid around the neck and on the sleeves. The skirt is plaited, plaits stitched flat to knee-tops, and haremed at the bottom—both important Paris style items. Nobody but the American girl could have inspired this dress, because Madame Vallet has a lively sense of the eternal fitness of things, and no one but a willowy American girl could wear this kind of frock with supreme chic. Parisiennes will wear it; are wearing it. But you can take it to yourself, Miss America, and be sure that you are getting away with it better than they.

THE center model may envelop an American or a Parisienne in the grand stand with about equally smart results. Chantal made it. Chantal thinks yellow, golden yellow, and the greenish kind, are good colors for this fall. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" yellow—you know the kind. It is nice, and very autumny. This model is named "Aubergine"—a green yellow. It is made of a new soft mixed woolen, with bands of mole dyed in the same color.

Number Four is something the same color, only with less green in it. Chantal made it, too, and it is one of her Kno-ou-kout sports dresses that the Americans have gone crazy about. She calls it "Pompelmous," which is French for grapefruit. The blouse is jersey, with a round roll of yellow jersey at the waistline, and brown and green jersey bands above and below. The skirt is of green and yellow tweed, with plaits at one side only. The stance is the inspiration of the artist, Monsieur Mourgue, a Parisian, and I hereby repudiate all responsibility for its accuracy. It is the chic of the costume that concerns me, and it is chic, from its jersey bow at the neck to its uneven hem.

Last, but of great importance, is the latest Jane Regny model. This young and clever French woman is a creator of sports clothes and nothing else. She dresses the greatest women of the world, chic-istically speaking, and for their sports clothes. Jane Regny calls this model "Duc de Savoie." It is of Burgundy red jersey with incrustations of the same colored crepe de Chine. The skirt, with its shirred top, is particularly and specially smart.

This brings me to the question of fabrics. Jersey, which is supremely smart in France, is looked upon with suspicion in England and all but rejected in America. It is the material that the Princesse, the Comtesse, the Parisienne of the *haute monde* prefers of all others for sports. The Montmartre girls prefer satin, to lend luster to their mascara-laden eyes; but not the lady. Jersey is her material, and some of these days it will be recognized as the finest of all the sports fabrics. Regny, Chanel, and other great personages of the French couture use jersey for most of the sports costumes that are worn by their distinguished clients.

Jersey is the material for the sports of the field, and it is good for those, too, who are in the picture and out of the game.

THE ideal sports frock—of red Angora jersey, with shirred skirt.

MARTIAL ET ARMAND coat of crimson velours de laine, with astrakhan bands and black braid embroidery.

PERHAPS for the races and football games you would prefer a coat of green-yellow wool with mole bands in the same color.

A DRESS of black satin embroidered in red and white, with a cape waist and haremed skirt.

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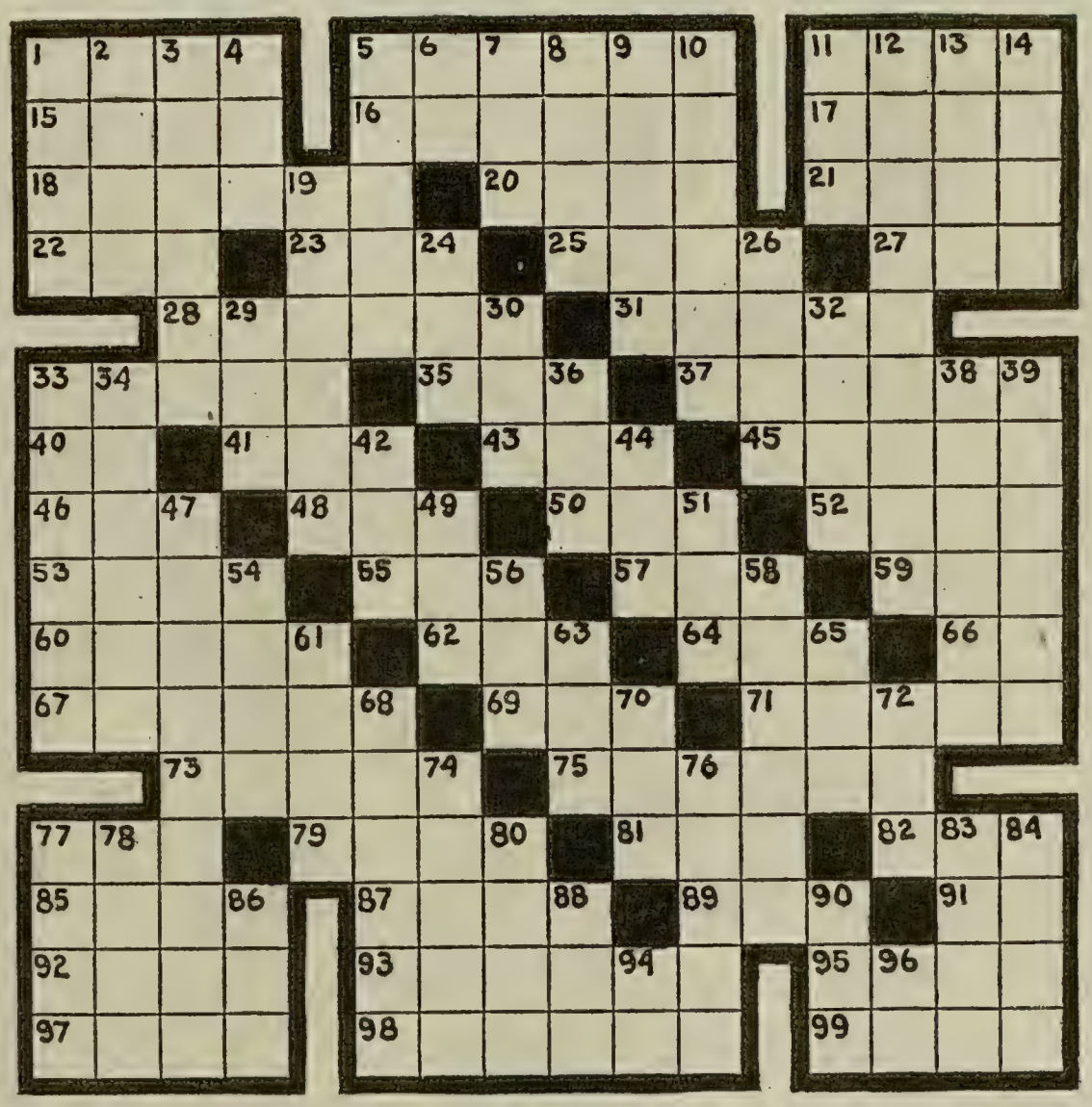


Number 4

BY ROBERT R. COUDERT

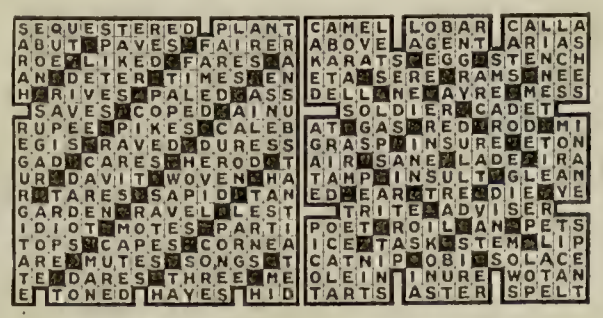
Port Washington, N. Y.

HORIZONTAL

1 A river in Russia
5 A tense of a Greek verb
11 To eject
15 Dark
16 To twist about
17 To cut or shave off
18 A timber tree of New Zealand
20 A bird of the gull family
21 Shrub from which a dye is obtained
22 An aromatic beverage
23 Rather than
25 A cat's cry
27 A lamprey
28 The American black snake (plural)
31 Violation of the legal rights of another
33 Water rat which yields the fur called nutria
35 Teamster's word of command
37 Killer
40 An area, each of whose sides measures ten meters
41 To render, as lard, etc.
43 To dress and prepare the skins of certain animals
45 Binding effect
46 Free from
48 A proverb
50 A fish
52 Storage receptacle for fodder
53 Minute opening in an animal's skin
55 Persons of the same family
57 A fuel
59 The blunt soft nose of a projectile
60 Superior social group
62 Small child
64 Prefix; wrong or wrongly
66 That is (abbrev.)
67 To deviate from
69 Line of tendency of action
71 Cut off or clipped, as with shears
73 Any of a number of varying aspects of a thing
75 A canopy, as over a pulpit or tomb
77 A capuchin monkey
79 Dry
81 Foul, misshapen hag in Spenser's Faerie Queene
82 An inlet of a sea
85 A predatory bird
87 Measurable aspect of duration
89 A jar
91 An exclamation
92 The capital of Latvia
93 Holy personages
95 In excess
97 A fiber used in rope manufacture
98 Ethereal salts
99 A hard wood

VERTICAL

1 One of a Russian people
2 A Central American tree whose seeds yield oil
3 Public officer who attests documents
4 An East Indian coin (var.)
5 Cognizant
6 Else
7 Musical abbreviation demanding the slowing of time
8 Separate particular in an enumeration
9 A termagant
10 A type of voice (plural)
11 Mineral spring
12 Encomium
13 A county in Ohio
14 Satisfactorily
19 Reappears or takes place again
24 A measure of work
26 A doglike animal
29 Appropriate
30 An evil divinity in Egyptian mythology
32 A fixed star of the first magnitude
33 Talked complainingly
34 A bird
36 Attention
38 Pastry containing flavored cream
39 To resume discussion or consideration of a subject
42 Wild animal of the ox kind
44 A wit
47 Liquid that falls in drops
49 Humor
51 An edible tuberous root
54 A settlement in Greenland
56 Presently
58 A niece of your uncle
61 Conspicuous periods
63 To make knotted lace
65 A pronoun
68 Poisonous African fly
70 Yes
72 Anglo-Saxon money of account
74 Silkworms
76 A gambling card game
77 Native of a former Balkan country
78 A song
80 To eject
83 The mother of Zeus
84 To note well
86 Consume
88 Chemical suffix forming the names of hydrocarbons
90 No
94 Initials of a former United States President
96 A brother of Odin



Answer to 3A

Answer to 3B

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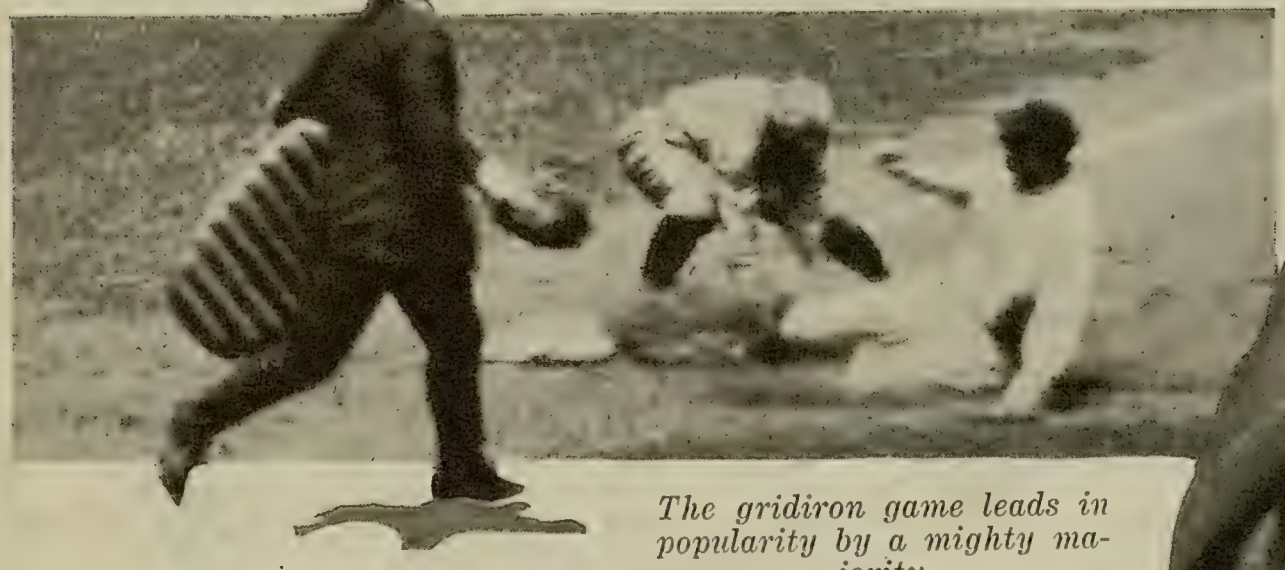


The gridiron game leads in popularity by a mighty majority.

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

Football Is Displacing Baseball as America's Favorite Sport

Says

HUGH FULLERTON

PROFESSIONAL baseball, counting two major and twenty-six minor leagues, draws about 12,000,000 paid attendance each season, with probably a slight decrease this year. College football, counting only the 210 leading teams, in a brief season of about seven games per team, draws approximately 20,000,000 spectators each fall.

About 1,220 major league baseball games are played each season. The tax reports indicate that, including the World's Series, the major leagues average slightly over 4,500 spectators a game.

The twenty-six minor leagues, playing about 8,000 games a season, average slightly more than 600 spectators a game. That includes the Class AA leagues in the larger cities of the Pacific Coast, the South, the International, and the American Association, in which the attendance averages about half that of the major league cities.

The World's Series, which is the blue ribbon event of baseball, draws between a quarter of a million and 300,000 spectators at greatly advanced prices.

The attendance at this event is limited by the capacity of the parks; but that is true of every big football game played during the entire season, no matter where, and no matter how large the stands.

At the height of the last football season, the attendance figures of the eighteen colleges with the largest stadiums showed that nearly 1,000,000 spectators paid the prevailing high prices to see those struggles. Considering that there are 470 college football teams of sufficient importance to be included in the records, and 210 of high ranking, with large stadiums, the attendance at football games each Saturday during the season runs about two and a half million at the games reported. Which means that at these games alone there are close to 20,000,000 paying spectators.

How large the football attendance would be if the stadiums were of sufficient size to accommodate all applicants, may be judged by the fact that Yale, with 80,000 seats in the Bowl, is forced to limit the number of tickets sold to alumni and the undergraduates, and to enforce rules compelling personal use of each ticket bought.

More than 280,000 applications were received for the Army-Navy game last fall, with the attendance limited to less than a third of that. Even at six dollars a seat, the demand was so large that not a quarter of those desiring to buy tickets could get in.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

It is impossible to obtain exact figures on all the college, prep school, and high school games played, or on the semi-pro, amateur, and college baseball games. But, even in comparing those unrecorded games as to attendance, football leads by a mighty majority.

There are recorded 7,529 organized school football teams, and as high as 3,400 games have been recorded by Spalding's experts on one Saturday, with several districts not reported. For the purposes of the comparative figures on attendance, I have confined the figures to the major and minor leagues and to the 210 high ranking universities and colleges, which keep a rather accurate account of attendance figures.

Government amusement-tax figures cannot be used in comparing baseball and football attendance, since the returns, when assembled, include too many forms of sport, and the sports are not distinguished clearly enough. These figures indicate, however, that in the 1925 season, with rain general throughout the East and Middle West on five of the eight Saturdays on the schedule, attendance at college football games increased by more than a million in the colleges reporting.

Weather caused a decline in attendance in the East and Middle West. The great gains were in the South and on the Pacific Coast, where attendance smashed all records.

Bad weather affected attendance at professional football games to a great extent during the early part of the season, but the losses were made up later when Red Grange was ballyhooed.

IN New York, the Wheaton ice man attracted the largest crowd ever assembled to witness professional football, nearly 50,000 paying to see him run.

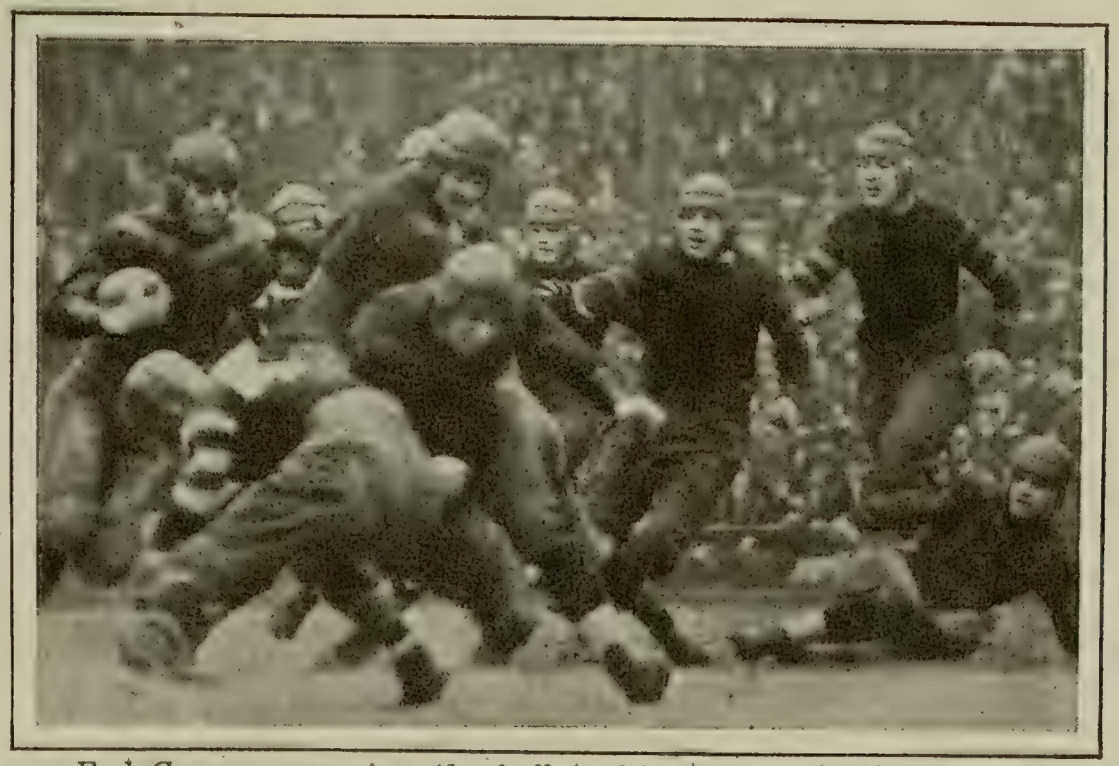
The dispute as to whether football will displace baseball as America's national sport must be decided in favor of football on a mere comparison of attendance figures. But the appeal is different. In football, the college and amateur spirit prevail and add to the appeal of the game. In baseball, the highest development of the sport is professional, and the amateur game has lagged for years both in and out of the colleges.

The sharp decrease in interest in amateur baseball in 1922, '23, and '24 aroused the National Amateur Athletic Federation, and Major John Griffith, commissioner of athletics for the Western Conference, headed a concerted drive to rearouse interest, especially in schools and colleges. The result has been a slight revival of interest in the amateur game.

Fifty-four per cent of the colleges and schools of the country reported an increase in baseball interest, while 46 per cent reported a decrease. Seven hundred and seventy-six schools reported a decline in baseball and an increase in football interest in the last five years.

It is peculiar that baseball ranks first in school sports in New England, second in the Middle Atlantic, Southeastern and Western States, third in the Middle West, and fourth in the Missouri Valley and the Southwest.

The appeal of the two sports is to different types. It is true that the World's Series, which adds to the game itself a brilliant crowd spectacle, draws many who otherwise would prefer football. It is certain that fully 50 per cent of those who attend college football games do so to witness the spectacle rather than the game itself, as well as to enjoy the social appeal.



Red Grange carrying the ball in his first professional game with the Chicago Bears.

A large percentage of spectators at any great football game go merely to say they saw the game, and do not understand the play. With the stricter enforcement of college ticket sales, by which the athletic directors strive to limit sales to students, alumni, and their immediate families, there is an improvement in knowledge of the sport.

As yet, few stadiums have been built large enough to give the public a chance to learn the finer points of the college game—which lives and thrives largely on sentiment. At Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Chicago, and a number of other universities with large alumni bodies, the result is practically an effort to make football a college monopoly, with outsiders barred.

The tremendous growth in the popularity of football since the war, and the public's greater knowledge of the sport has created a new army of patrons. Fewer than 4 per cent of the population of the United States are college bred. Probably not more than 12 per cent of the people have close enough college affiliations or sufficient "pull" to buy a ticket to the big college football games.

The idea that almost 90 per cent of the people can be barred from seeing a game as good as football is offensive to many, and perhaps spurs their determination to see one.

The result has been the development of professional football, which is growing in popularity and commencing to take on some of the "color" and enthusiasm of the college sport.

Attendance at professional football games, counting only games played in the organized leagues last year, ran well over 1,000,000. It was spurred on by the fact that Grange, Ernie Nevers, and other great college football stars joined the professionals and played in all sections of the country, giving the public its first chance to see them in action.

The protests and the arguments that followed Grange's decision to turn professional gave the pro sport its first big advertising, and the fact that professionals played with something of the spirit and slash they showed in college won the professional game much praise.

That professional football will develop and become a sort of post-graduate course for college players, seems certain. The quality of football played in the big professional games is far higher than that of the colleges. Virtually every player on every team in the National Football League was a college star and, naturally, he knew more about playing the game than sophomores or juniors in college do.

In time, if professional football is properly governed and supervised, if it avoids scandals and develops something of the college spirit and atmosphere, it will become the logical successor to professional baseball and will attract much the same following.

ALREADY the professional gridiron sport has developed in some sections of the country, especially in Pennsylvania, to the point where the non-collegiate public understands the game as well as college men and women do, and it rivals baseball in drawing power.

Football has encroached on the baseball season until the major leagues recognize the necessity for a dividing date between the seasons.

This fall, Commissioner Landis recognized this situation by moving forward the dates of the World's Series, so that the ring of second growth ash against horsehide may die down as the cheer leaders assemble to spur on the gridiron warriors.

The prospect for attendance at football this fall is for even greater crowds. The Army-Navy game, transferred to Chicago, even at exorbitant prices, will draw twice as great a crowd as ever saw their annual struggle before. Two months before the date of the game, the demand was greater than the supply of seats, and in late August requests for tickets for the Army-Notre Dame game in New York were for more than half the capacity of the Yankee stadium.

That 1926 will mark the greatest attendance ever recorded for football is certain, even before the first game is played.

THE END

In Next Week's LIBERTY

DON'T MISS

Thirty Days After Marriage

By ROYAL BROWN

A swiftly moving story of a girl who married to pay a bet and learned about MEN from her husband.

ALSO

Alimony

By FLORABEL MUIR

Does the woman always pay? Here is a new and surprising angle on "husbands in bondage."

In Next Week's LIBERTY

When it's hunters' day at the horse show—and the best jumpers in the land are soaring over the hedges
—have a Camel!

WHEN it's the most exciting day at the horse show. When the famous hunters take water jump, wall and rail in faultless performance. When in that tense moment the judges award the coveted silver trophy—*have a Camel!*

For, all the world over, no other cigarette cheers and satisfies like a Camel. The golden enjoyment of Camels makes every happy holiday happier, adds the sense of well-being to every friendly occasion. Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown—they never tire the taste. For the first time in the history of smoking, Camels did away with cigaretty after-taste. Millions who could well afford to pay more will smoke only Camels.

So as you join the gay throngs at the horse show. After each thrilling event—know then the enjoyment of the finest in cigarettes.

Have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1926

The Girls Discover BARRYMORE

At Forty-four a Great American Actor Wins a Place on the Screen

A Movie Review by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"I AM by nature and by grace of God a very indolent person," says John Barrymore in his newly published Confessions of an Actor; but his career belies his statement. At the age of forty-four, Barrymore has just reached a place among the elect of the screen.

Barrymore has lived to see the matinee girls who worshiped him in 1910 grow into society matrons. Now, sixteen years later, the flappers of inland America have discovered his sex appeal and he is an idol.

Moreover, in his new film effort, Don Juan, he makes the redoubtable Doug Fairbanks look to his athletic honors. We suspect that laziness is just a Barrymore pose.

Family eddies swept John Barrymore into acting. John started out by being a newspaper artist. He still says that his old penniless days in Park Row were his happiest.

At twenty-one Barrymore had turned to the stage for a living. He drifted along with no particular success, the fact that he was a Barrymore saving his histrionic hide a number of times. He danced in The Stubborn Cinderella and sang a ditty, If They Had Only Left Poor Adam's Rib Alone. He played light comedy and finally made a hit in The Fortune Hunter.

Then he tackled more ambitious things. He did Anatol in The Affairs of Anatol. To shake off the shackles of comedy he turned to melodrama, in The Yellow Ticket and Kick In. Between Galsworthy's Justice and Shakespeare's Hamlet were seven seasons of hard work. But Hamlet established him definitely.

Barrymore turned to pictures, first, because they meant an easy remuneration. Then they caught his interest. Barrymore always had hated long runs, with their endless repetitions of roles. He cut the run of Hamlet short because of this.

Barrymore actually tried the films several times. With Famous Players some years ago he made four comedies. The great movie public was cold. Wallie Reid was then the idol. At odd times in the last six years he made four more pictures—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Lotus Eater, Sherlock Holmes, and Beau Brummel. Rudolph Valentino, then the current idol, awarded a medal to Barrymore for his work in Beau Brummel, but the public continued undisturbed.

Then, last year, came Ahab in The Sea Beast, with its adulterated Hollywood sentimental hokum. The movie multitude sat up. This actor named Barrymore had sex appeal. Flappers began to write letters to the fan magazines asking if Barrymore was married and inquiring about the color of his eyes.

The Barrymore screen salary advanced. The star was able to buy a yacht and indulge in his favorite pastime, deep sea fishing. Barrymore is now in the $100,000-a-picture class, right along with Rudolph Valentino.

The spirit of Bacchus is the spirit of Don Juan, Barrymore's finest screen accomplishment.

Stories of Barrymore's idiosyncrasies have been told for years. We know that one time Richard Barthelmess was giving a little after-the-theater party in his New York apartment. It was during the run of Hamlet. Suddenly Barrymore arrived, carrying large bundles. The bundles contained beer and sausages, which the erstwhile melancholy Dane attacked with gusto.

Barrymore created a precedent when he first went into pictures by refusing to give interviews. With one exception, he "rode" his directors and his movie bosses. That exception was the director, John Robertson, for whom he had a genuine admiration.

He worked when the mood moved him. Now, however, he is as earnest as a Hollywood novice over his film activities.

He dislikes doubles. He personally participated in the under-water prison escape in Don Juan, refusing the usual double and astonishing the movie colony. He achieved a couple of broken ribs during the making of The Sea Beast. Barrymore has an odd penchant for demoniacal characters. He has expressed himself as disliking the "sweet-scented jackasses" he had played on stage and screen.

JOHN BARRYMORE, as Don Juan, has the sex appeal that charms the film fans.

This new film, Don Juan, lays the adventures of the famous lover in the intriguing fifteenth-century court of the Medicis, and the affair, for all its moral dalliances, is as full of daring stunts as a Western melodrama of the dance halls.

The immortal profligate reforms in the film Don Juan and saves the local madonna in much the same way that Bill Hart used to become regenerate and captivate the virgin of the district.

Still, Don Juan is a lovely screen effort, presenting much more attention to costume and atmospheric detail than is usual to Hollywood products. And Don Juan is as full of beautiful girls as a Ziegfeld revue.

Barrymore actually gives the best performance of his film career as the resourceful Don Juan. His work is graceful and vivid. For all its Haysian limitations, Don Juan is a gaudy and sensuous thing. The honors of the picture, next to the star, go to Estelle Taylor for her whole-heartedly rowdy performance of Lucrezia Borgia.

Do you know that—

Famous Players has bought Percival Wren's novel, Beau Sabreur, the sequel to Beau Geste? . . . Greta Garbo will appear as Jenny Lind in a picture based upon the life of the famous singer of the '50s? . . . The song hit, Valencia, is to be made into a movie drama, with Mae Murray starring? . . . Famous Players thinks so well of eighteen-year-old Fay Wray, Erich Von Stroheim's leading woman in The Wedding March, that she has been signed up for a number of films?

The Affair of The Three Lovers

"YOU'RE the only Frenchman whose wealth matches my taste—and my extravagance."

Pictures by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

The Story of a Pearl That Measured the Power of a Beautiful Woman

By
Achmed Abdullah

SHE was small and golden white and very exquisite. Her violet-blue eyes seemed amazingly innocent. They made you think of sunlit gardens and the pure, vaulted peace of cloisters.

But her eyes lied.

For Diane de Cluny was not innocent at all. She was as evil as she was lovely—evil in a spontaneous, almost unconscious way.

This was one of the two reasons why the young Duke de Languedoc loved her.

The other reason was that he could not help himself. It seemed so inevitable.

There were times when his slavish adoration amused her; times when it annoyed her.

Today was one of the latter.

She looked up at him from where she reclined on her Recamier couch, busy with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AFFAIR OF THE THREE LOVERS
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

rouge stick, powder puff, and a tiny tortoise-shell-backed mirror.

"Henri," she said, "you're beginning to bore me. Would you mind going away—immediately?"

"I—" he stammered. "I——"

"I know!" she cut in. "You love me! Weren't you about to say something of the sort?"

"Exactly!" He blushed with an overwhelming sense of footling, ridiculous helplessness; hated himself for blushing.

"Tremendously interesting, I'm sure. Only—it doesn't happen to thrill me."

He broke the short silence that followed:

"Diane! I would do——"

"You would do anything in the world for me?"

"Yes!"

"Many men would!"

"I mean it."

"They all do. Please go away!"

"Don't you care for me? Not the least little bit?"

"Even less!"

"Then"—he was growing angry—"why do you——"

"Why do I permit you to pay my bills?"

"Well—yes—if you want to put it that way."

"Because I'm a patriot."

"Pardon?"

"YOU'RE the only Frenchman whose wealth matches my taste—and my extravagance. If I were not a patriot—ah"—with a delicious curling of her lips—"I know several Brazilian multi-millionaires, not to mention a couple of East Indian rajahs, who——"

"Shut up, will you!" he exclaimed brutally; and she lay back on her couch and laughed.

"Henri!" she cried. "I almost like you when you talk to me like that!"

He read encouragement into her words. He dropped on his knees, took her slim, white hands, and covered them with kisses.

"Diane," he said, "I——"

"Please, please!" She drew her hands away. "Don't spoil it all! Don't tell me all over again that you adore me; that you'd do anything in the world for me!"

"Put me to the test!" he insisted stubbornly.

"Oh—very well." She yawned. "I may—one of these days."

She did, a week or two later. It came about in a casual way.

She was strolling down the Rue Royale when she saw the old Marquis Denis de Belfort. She hailed him familiarly; stopped; gossiped for several minutes; then, suddenly, she interrupted her flow of conversation:

"What a beautiful stickpin you're wearing!"

His fingers touched the jewel. It seemed incongruously out of place, this large, pear-shaped, rose-pink pearl, glowing in his shabby Ascot tie, framed by his shabby white waistcoat, his shabby black cutaway.

"I am glad you like it," he smiled.

"Genuine?"

"Oh, yes." He gave a little sigh. "It's the only genuine thing about me."

"Won't you give it to me?"

"No, my dear."

"Oh—but it's gorgeous. I'll buy it from you. How much?"

"I won't sell it!" he replied rather stiffly.

"Please! I want it!"

"I repeat—I won't sell it!"

"Don't be silly! Of course you'll sell it!"

"No!"

"I WON'T sell it!" he replied rather stiffly. "Please! I want it."

"Come on! I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but you know—I know—all Paris knows that——"

"That everything I own is for sale, eh?"

"Well—yes!"

Indeed the Marquis Denis de Belfort was for sale.

His name had a definite and stirring meaning in the annals of France. The story of his family was the story of France.

He was cousin-in-blood to the Bourbons of France, the Bourbons of Spain, the Bourbons of Sicily.

And he was for sale.

You could buy his indorsement, if you de-

sired, to obtain a guest's card for the exclusive gambling club, the Cosmopolite, to which he belonged because of his name. If you wished to float a new perfume, a new saddle, a new race track, a new liqueur, a new summer resort, or a gold mine in Greenland, you could put his aristocratic name on the board of directors for a pitifully small sum. You could buy his escutcheon, his honor.

But you could not buy his pearl.

"No, no!" he repeated, when Diane insisted. "I would not sell it—not for any amount. It is the one exception that proves the rule."

"Why won't you?"

"You would not understand. Au revoir, my adorable little Diane."

He bowed, and was on his way.

Somehow the Marquis' stubborn refusal to part with the jewel annoyed her. She was not used to having men refuse her anything.

"Henri," she said that evening at dinner to the Duke de Languedoc, "remember telling me you'd do anything in the world for me?"

"What is it?" he smiled. "Westminster Abbey as a kennel for your toy pekingese—or the Elysee as a garage for your Hispano-Suiza?"

"Neither! I want a pink pearl."

"That's easy. I'll get you a string of them tomorrow."

"I don't want a string."

"Eh?"

He looked frankly incredulous; and she corrected her statement quickly:

"Not just now, I mean. Just now I want one certain pearl."

She told him of her meeting with the Marquis de Belfort, and wound up rather petulantly:

"I want it, Henri! I want it!"

"Very well. I'll get it for you."

"When?"

"Tonight!"

He went to the Cosmopolite. He was sure that he would find the Marquis there.

The latter had belonged to the club for more than four decades. Once he had won or lost tens of thousands of francs there in an evening. Today he played for ten-franc pieces; played with nervous, meticulous care.

For year after year his indorsement was becoming less valuable in the floating of wildcat stock schemes. He had hardly any heirlooms left to sell—and it was being rumored—quite truthfully—that he lived by his meager card winnings.

Most of the members were rich men, who gambled for large stakes. They pitied the Marquis. And they avoided him. But every evening of his life, from 9 o'clock sharp until the great, bronze-tongued bell in the church of Saint Sulpice boomed out its muffled midnight sob, he played two-handed stud poker with Mr. Cornelius Van Brinck.

Once they had been friends.

They had become enemies on that day, nearly forty years earlier, when Van Brinck had heard from the lips of the girl he loved that she did not love him; that the man she loved was the Marquis Denis de Belfort.

She had died before the wedding.

The Marquis and Van Brinck had grown old and white-haired.

But their enmity had never ceased.

Cornelius Van Brinck was a multimillionaire and an American. Only three times, during the almost fifty years he had lived in Paris, had he visited his native New York.

But if you doubted his Americanism or called him an expatriate, he would deny it strenuously.

"YOU see," he would explain, "New York is filled to the brim with all sorts of melodramatic and malodorous foreigners. Paris, on the other hand, is crowded with Americans. That's why I live here."

He, too, had been a member of the Cosmopolite for more years than he cared to remember; and there every evening, from 9 until midnight, he played stud poker with the Marquis de Belfort—once his friend, now his enemy.

They never addressed each other except as the game demanded it:

"Your deal!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

Advertisers Can Get a Bonus of 250,000 Circulation by Buying Space in LIBERTY before Nov. 1st!

Those who buy space before November 1st, 1926, will receive a bonus of 250,000 circulation per issue absolutely free. LIBERTY'S advertising rates will be increased after November 1st, 1926, based on a 1,350,000 average circulation for the year 1927. Up to November 1st, however, advertisers can buy space through the rest of 1926 and the entire year of 1927 at the current rates based on 1,100,000.

Orders for 1927 Issues Accepted Up to November 1st at These PRESENT RATES

Line Rate	5.00
Eighth Page	375.00
Quarter Page	750.00
Half Page	1500.00
Full Page	3000.00
Two-Color Page	3750.00
Four-Color Page	5000.00
Back Cover	6500.00

Orders Placed After November 1st Subject to These NEW RATES

Line Rate	6.25
Eighth Page	468.75
Quarter Page	937.50
Half Page	1875.00
Full Page	3750.00
Two-Color Page	4500.00
Four-Color Page	5500.00
Back Cover	8000.00

This will be Your Saving on 13 Insertions of Following Units If Ordered Before November 1st.

Per Line	16.25
Eighth Page	1218.75
Quarter Page	2437.50
Half Page	4875.00
Full Page	9750.00
Two-Color Page	9750.00
Four-Color Page	6500.00
Back Cover	19500.00

Two Years Old and Already Second!

MORE advertising was printed by LIBERTY during the first six months of 1926 than by any other magazine of general character, with the exception of the Saturday Evening Post. Only the unprecedented endorsement of leading agencies and outstanding advertisers in all classifications of American industry has made this record possible.

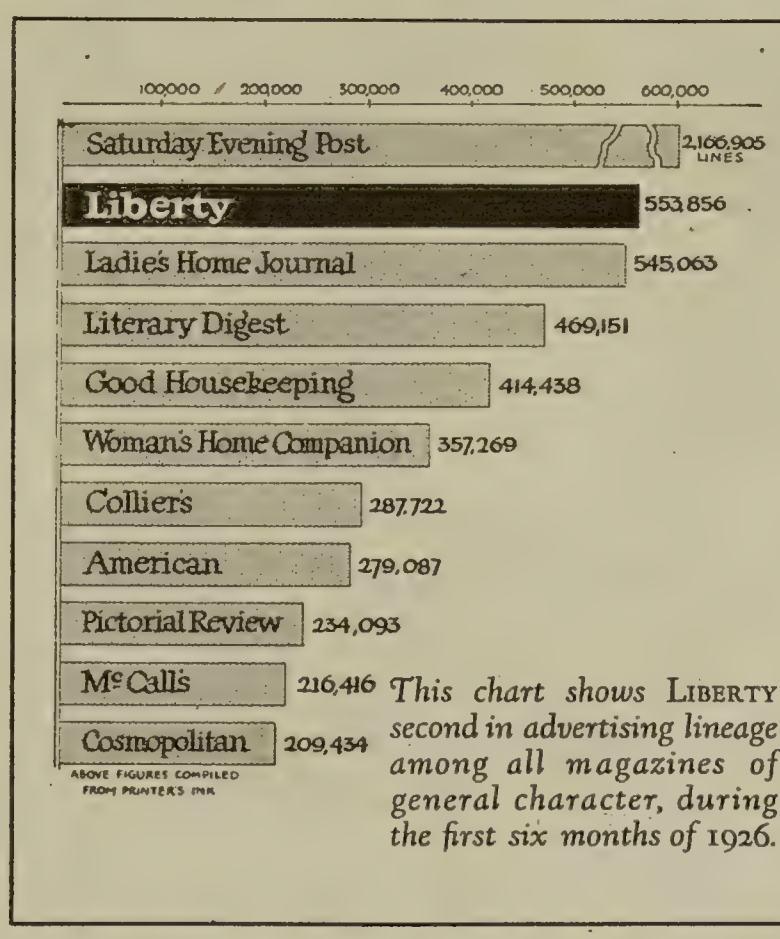
LIBERTY'S 99% newsdealer circulation insures that every issue every week will be used.

The unique make-up of each issue insures visibility to all advertisements. There are "No Buried Ads" in LIBERTY.

Besides, advertisements in LIBERTY will "Meet the Wife, Too!" The features and departments of men's, women's and general publications are included in each issue. This insures multiple reading by the whole family and makes advertising more effective.

The immediate recognition of these LIBERTY principles by the largest national advertisers is the reason why LIBERTY, although only two years old, is already second.

One of the reasons why LIBERTY is already second is that it has made a major contribution toward placing circulation parallel with greatest sales possibilities.



This chart shows LIBERTY *second in advertising lineage among all magazines of general character, during the first six months of* 1926.

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

ARE you paying for advertising waste? Many manufacturers have found that LIBERTY'S directed circulation has eliminated advertising waste. 78% of LIBERTY'S circulation is concentrated in the 225 counties of the United States in which all cities of 25,000 population and over are located.

In addition to being the most accessible, these 225 counties contain the following factors necessary for large retail sales at lower cost to you.

50.1% of all the families
74.1% of all income tax returns
53.1% of all retail outlets
47.6% of all passenger cars
56.9% of all passenger cars other than Fords
72.8% of residence building construction

Check your sales in this rich territory. Are you getting your proportionate share of business from these counties?

If you are interested in curbing waste, and want to compare your sales in these 225 counties with the remaining territory, LIBERTY will gladly furnish a list of these counties and more complete information regarding them.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

"Cut!"

"Raise!"

"See you!"

Otherwise they exchanged no word until, at midnight, both would rise, settle the score, bow to each other with stilted courtesy redolent of frilled shirt fronts and high satin stocks, and say curtly:

"It has been an honor, Monsieur le Marquis!"

"The honor was mine, Mr. Van Brinck!"

A strange scene, night after night, which, for all its drab monotonousness, held somehow a spice of the tragic; a riddle to some of the younger members; yet a riddle the solution of which was as unromantic as a problem in abstract dynamics.

AS to the Marquis, it was quite true that he needed his winnings to live; and there was nobody to sit across from him with cards and chips except Van Brinck.

The latter's motives were quite as simple. He hated this man who, years earlier, had won the heart of the sloe-eyed, russet-haired girl who had been dearer to him than the dwelling of kings. He had never forgotten either the love or the hate. Realizing that the loss of a single ten-franc piece meant more to the Marquis than a hundred thousand to himself, he felt a slow flame of satisfaction, as of a deed well done, creep over his chilly old heart when, at the end of a card session, luck was with him and the other had to pay.

Such was Cornelius Van Brinck, imbued with a belief in the right of revenge that was almost of the Old Testament in its ruthless, four-square simplicity; causing one to wonder which of the two was the more stiff—the carriage of his carnal self, or the conduct of his immortal soul.

The Marquis understood. Nor did he blame the American, nor pity himself.

He shrugged his shoulders with French logic, slightly sardonic French resignation; and every evening, a few minutes before 9 o'clock, found him at the same small table, waiting for Van Brinck.

So tonight, as the Duke de Languedoc strolled into the Cosmopolite.

The usual sounds drifted into the lobby from the gambling room. The voice of the Gascon croupier who presided over the roulette table—crisp, pitiless: "Seventeen, gentlemen! Seventeen wins!" And a sibilant sucking-in of breath, flavored with the tang of gold and greed. Came other voices, confused mumbling; some with the ring of elation, some with the loser's raucous, protesting bark:

"Ah—seventeen is my unlucky number!"

"Try the double zero next time!"

"Across the board!"

"The column!"

"Ready, gentlemen?" This from the croupier.

Then an angry "Sh-sh-sh!" enjoining silence, followed by a dry, dramatic click as the little roulette ball resumed its erratic journey around the rapidly rotating wheel.

The Duke de Languedoc exchanged greetings with some of the players, crossed the room, and walked straight up to the Marquis de Belfort.

He belonged to that younger generation of Frenchmen who ape the Anglo-Saxons in everything, from clean-shaven face to tweeds, even to the brusk manners which, for a hidden psychological reason, are well-bred in the latter and extremely ill-bred when copied by a Latin.

He spoke unceremoniously:

"I'd like a few words with you."

He drew the other into the lobby, where he broached the subject without more ado, adding:

"Diane has set her heart on owning that pearl of yours. I would like to buy it."

"I told her it isn't for sale."

"So she said."

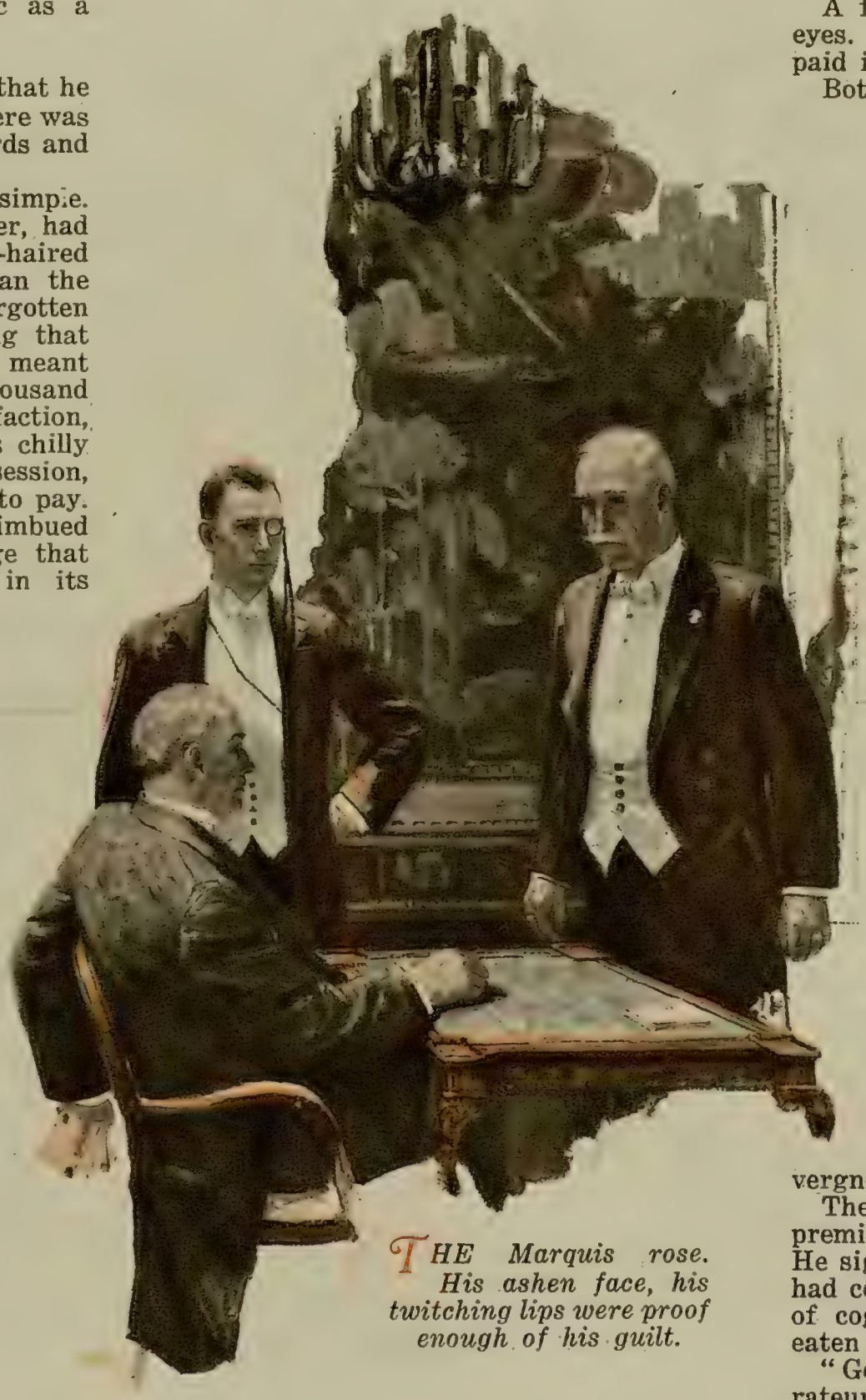
"Well—I am telling you the same thing!" The Marquis turned to go.

"Wait a moment! I promised her——"

"Buy her another pink pearl!"

"Eh?" The younger man laughed rather bitterly. "You don't know Diane. When she has made up her mind——"

"I, also, have quite made up my mind!"



THE Marquis rose. His ashen face, his twitching lips were proof enough of his guilt.

"I'll give you ten thousand francs for the pearl."

"No!"

"Fifteen thousand!"

"I'm sorry; but I can't——"

"Look here!" The Duke de Languedoc was becoming offensively insistent. "You need the money! You know you do!"

"Quite right! But I will not sell my pearl!"

A moment earlier the outer door had opened and admitted Cornelius Van Brinck in time to overhear the last words.

"Henri," he said to the Duke, "don't waste your breath. The Marquis will not sell his pearl—not for all your wealth added to Mr. Rockefeller's."

"What do you know about it?" came Languedoc's rude rejoinder.

"A great deal. You see—it was given to him years ago by a woman. She was very beautiful. She was also—though I doubt that a man of your generation would understand—a woman of quality. She was, furthermore, a fool. Thus she chose the Marquis."

"She may have been a fool," rejoined the latter ironically, "but a fool with exquisite taste. For—pardon—she *did* choose me! Are you ready for our little card game, Mr. Van Brinck?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

So they went to their table and played, leaving the Duke de Languedoc baffled and furious. At the stroke of midnight they counted their chips.

"You owe me thirty-seven francs and sixty centimes, Monsieur le Marquis," said Van Brinck.

A faint look of fear came into the other's eyes. Then he drew out a slim wallet and paid in full.

Both men rose.

"It has been an honor, Monsieur le Marquis!"

"The honor was mine, Mr. Van Brinck!"

That night the Marquis de Belfort walked home. For the ten-centime pieces counted.

He turned south from the boulevards toward his small flat in the Cour de Rouen—the tortuous alley that branches off from the Passage du Commerce and that, generations ago, had been the Paris home of the archbishops of Rouen. Today it is a packed, crowded, greasy, noisy place, where mansions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lean against each other for mutual support; where the windows are spotted with bird cages and potted flowers and rags hung out to dry and the frowzy heads of housewives greeting each other in the raucous slang of the neighborhood; where there is no verdure except an occasional sickly fig-tree struggling along a rusty, bent water-pipe, and here and there a dusty, optimistic bit of clematis or convolvulus stretching up.

DECIDEDLY a democratic quarter for an aristocrat of France, cousin-in-blood to the Bourbons!

Leaning wearily on his ivory-knobbed cane, he reached his house. On the ground floor was a small restaurant, whose proprietor, a fat, red-faced gentleman from the Auvergne, specialized in tripe and mulled wine.

The aroma of these viands flavored the premises. It assailed the Marquis' nostrils. He sighed, for he was hungry. His breakfast had consisted of a cup of black coffee, a drop of cognac, and two dry rolls. Nor had he eaten since.

"Good evening!" he said to the restaurateur, who was standing on the threshold of his shop.

"Good evening!" The other touched his peaked cap politely. Then an idea struck him. "Monsieur le Marquis," he added, "if you would give me the pleasure of partaking of a dish of tripe—very excellent—and a glass of mulled wine—also very excellent——"

"Thank you so much, my friend!" came the Marquis' gracious lie. "But I dined extremely well tonight."

For he might do many things that were not exactly honest. But charity? And charity from an inferior? No! He was a man of principles—even if the principles were slightly twisted.

Slowly he mounted the stairs; entered his flat; counted his money.

"Two hundred and seven francs! Ah," he sighed—"tomorrow I must win! I must!"

At just about the same time the Duke de Languedoc was expostulating with Diane de Cluny.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AFFAIR OF THE THREE LOVERS
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

"But what can I do?" he demanded.

"You promised it to me!"

"I cannot force him to sell it, can I? Nor can I steal it."

"I want it."

"Please—be reasonable, Diane!"

"I want it."

"Yes, yes. Of course you want it. And I tried to buy it from him. He simply will not sell. What *can* I do?"

"I don't care. If you don't get it for me——"

"Well?"

"I met Lord Abercombs the other day."

"Abercombs?" The Duke laughed relievedly. "You can't make me jealous—not of him! After all, you're a woman of taste—and he looks like a boiled fish."

"And his Adam's apple is larger than the British Empire, and he has two left feet and no forehead to speak of! I know. That's just why I shall choose him as your successor. Nothing would annoy you more, my poor little Henri! And consider how Paris will laugh—at your expense!"

He bit his lip.

Yes. Paris would laugh. Paris was a cruel town. Paris would make a song of it. He could imagine the words:

Ah—rataplan—rataplan!
C'est Milord qu'a fait cocu le Duc—

He turned to her pleadingly.

"I swear I'll get you the pearl! Give me a little more time!"

"Very well. Three weeks!"

But, try as he might, he was unable to persuade the Marquis to change his mind, though he increased his bids by thousands, then by tens of thousands; though every day he became more insistent, more outspoken in his stinging insults:

"Why won't you sell it? You need the money, you beggar! You're always cadging for cigars and drinks—you——"

The Marquis de Belfort hardly resented the brutal invective. He knew what people thought of him. Decades of indolent poverty and genteel degradation had scabbed his soul.

But he remained stubbornly resolved in his refusal to part with the pearl.

The Duke de Languedoc, too, became more stubbornly resolved. Nor was it only because of his mazed passion for Diane, his fear of losing her.

It was also—and, after a while, it was chiefly—that the acquisition of the jewel grew to be an obsession with him, almost a pathological abnormality; and, in the throes of it, he watched the older man at the club, night after night, to find the weak spot in his armor.

Shortly afterward he discovered it.

He made quite sure the following evening that he had not been mistaken, and doubly sure the third and the fourth.

Then he telephoned to Diane:

"You'll have the pearl tomorrow."

"So you promised before, Henri."

"This time I mean it."

He went to the Cosmopolite.

CORNELIUS VAN BRINCK was sitting at the small table, playing solitaire while he waited for the Marquis, who was a little later than usual.

The Duke remained in the lobby, nervous, rather ill at ease. He refused several invitations to make a fourth at contract bridge and to join the gamblers about the roulette wheel.

His brain was in a turmoil.

He felt dully ashamed of the thing he was about to do. He almost changed his mind.

Then he thought of Diane—her soft, white hands—her slow, white smile flashing through the purple of the night—the flowery scent of her golden hair. He thought of Lord Abercombs; thought of Brazilian multimillionaires and East Indian rajahs; thought of all those who had come before him—all those who would come after him.

He steeled his will, watched the outer door.

The Marquis de Belfort was late because he was walking from his home.

Not that, this time, he could not have afforded car fare. He might even have ridden in a taxicab.

For these last few weeks he had won steadily in his nightly stud-poker sessions with the American; had, in fact, won enough to pay for his modest wants during the rest of the year.

He was walking because he was happy in the knowledge that, at least for a while, his financial worries were over; because he enjoyed this Paris which he loved as Balzac had loved it.

Ah—dear, blessed Virgin Mary!—but it was good to be alive! Good to be a Frenchman! Good to live in Paris!

He tilted his hat a little to one side; swung his ivory-knobbed cane gallantly; bought himself a white rose for his buttonhole.

HE reached the Cosmopolite, and his happy mood disappeared when, on entering the lobby, he found there the Duke de Languedoc, evidently waiting for him.

He did not give him a chance to speak.

"I know what you want," he said, brushing past him. "Well—my pearl is not for sale."

"Oh, yes, it is!" The other took him by the lapel. "You'll sell it—tonight."

He took from his pocket a check made out for a very generous amount. The Marquis did not even look at it. "You're beginning to be a nuisance," he said coldly.

"Perhaps. But a nuisance with a purpose—and power to enforce this purpose. Listen!" The younger man lowered his voice and spoke for a few minutes in a sharp whisper.

The Marquis grew pale.

"You don't mean you would?" he asked.

"Yes." Again the Duke held out the check. "Is it a bargain?"

"No!"

"But——"

"No, no, no!" The Marquis turned toward the gambling room.

"I'll do it!" The Duke's voice rose a hectic octave. "I warn you—I'm not bluffing."

"Nor am I! The pearl is not for sale!"

"You're a fool—a damned old fool!"

"Possibly!" And, after a short pause, the Marquis continued: "Permit me to inform you that at the time of the Revolution—that so regrettable Revolution which was in such execrable taste—my direct ancestor, the Marquis Jean de Belfort, might have saved his life by wearing a silly red bonnet, by being a traitor to the King, by fouling his own nest, renouncing his own class, and joining the rabble of unwashed assassins. But he was also a gentleman of France. So he cried 'Long live the King!' and lost his handsome, powdered head under the guillotine. There lived at the same time a Duke de Languedoc, your grandfather's great-grandfather, who joined the revolutionaries, persecuted his own class, and called himself Citizen Languedoc. And now, if you will permit me to pass, Citizen Languedoc, I shall go to my own private guillotine!"

He said it grandiloquently, magnificently, with conscious dramatic effect. For he was a Latin, even in moments of great elation or great grief.

A few seconds later he faced the American. He sat down.

"Sorry I am late. Are you ready, Mr. Van Brinck?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

The latter dealt, while the Duke de Languedoc stared after him.

He knew that the pearl was lost to him, and with it, Diane de Cluny. As a rule, he was not unkind; was, on the contrary, the type of man who could not pass by beggar, by effusive, tail-wagging street cur, or by mewing, rubbing, dusty ashbin cat without giving what he thought was demanded of him—money or caress or gruff-gentle word.

And here he was about to do a very cruel thing; too, a useless thing, since it would not bring back the girl to him.

But he was in a cold rage. All sobering thoughts had receded from his brain, leaving it dry and crimson.

He crossed the inner threshold; walked up to the small table; spoke in a flat, low voice:

"Mr. Van Brinck, it is my disagreeable duty as a member of this club to inform you that the Marquis de Belfort cheats at cards. I have watched him for several nights. He deals—at times—from the bottom of the deck."

The Marquis rose. His ashen face, his twitching lips were proof enough of his guilt. He turned toward the lobby.

But the American reached out a hand; pulled him back into his chair; then addressed the Duke.

"Henri," he said, with a little smile, "you should consult a good oculist."

"Pardon?"

"You are short-sighted."

"I—short-sighted?"

"Yes. You see—it is quite true—the Marquis amuses himself once in a while by dealing from the bottom of the deck. Well"—he laughed—"so do I. It is the innocent pastime of two old fools. He knows that I cheat—and I know that he cheats. Nor is it your business. For, after all, we always play against each other—never with anybody else."

"But," stammered the younger man, "these last few days, since I watched, the Marquis has always won."

"A certain proof of one of two things," replied the American. "Proof either that the Marquis is more skilled at cheating than I, or proof of that Providence in which you men of the present generation do not believe. For I am a rich man. And the Marquis is—well—not so rich."

He picked up the deck.

"My deal, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Yes, Mr. Van Brinck."

And, with his trembling old hands, for the first time in his life, Cornelius Van Brinck tried to deal himself a card from the bottom of the deck, while the Duke de Languedoc walked away, debating with himself whether he should seek out a wise and kindly priest and confess his sins and ask for a balm for his tortured young heart.

AT the stroke of midnight the men rose.

"It has been an honor, Mr. Van Brinck!"

"The honor was mine, Monsieur le Marquis!" And, after a short silence: "I shall see you tomorrow evening?"

"No. Never again," came the dull answer.

"Ah—but you must! Why—this nightly game of ours—it is so pleasant! It has become such a habit with me! I would be lost without it! Please, Monsieur le Mar——"

He cut off the last word; called the other by his Christian name, which he had not used in many, many years:

"Please, Denis!"

"Very well, Cornelius! Tomorrow evening at nine!"

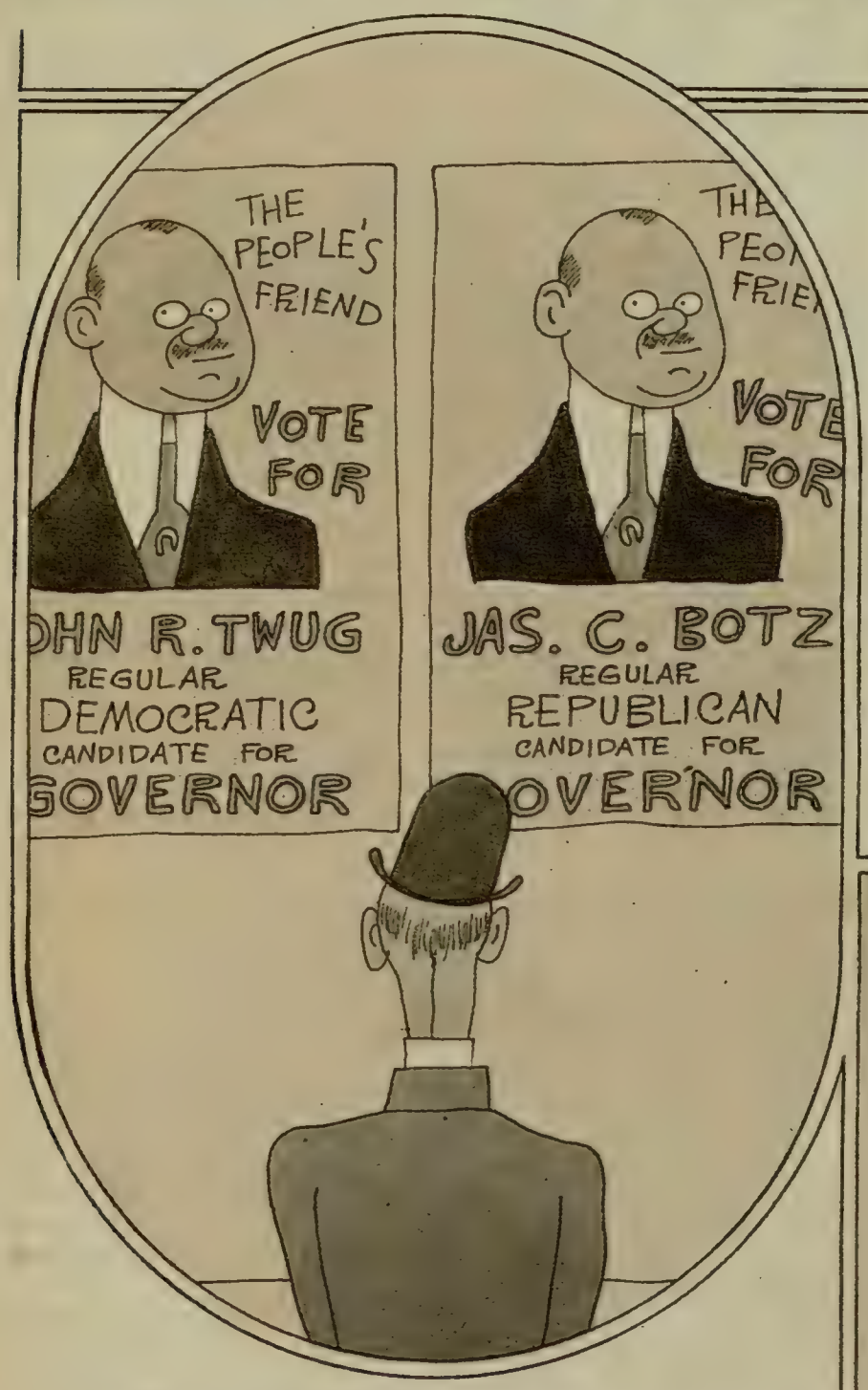
And the Marquis de Belfort bowed with old-fashioned courtesy and left the Club Cosmopolite.

THE END

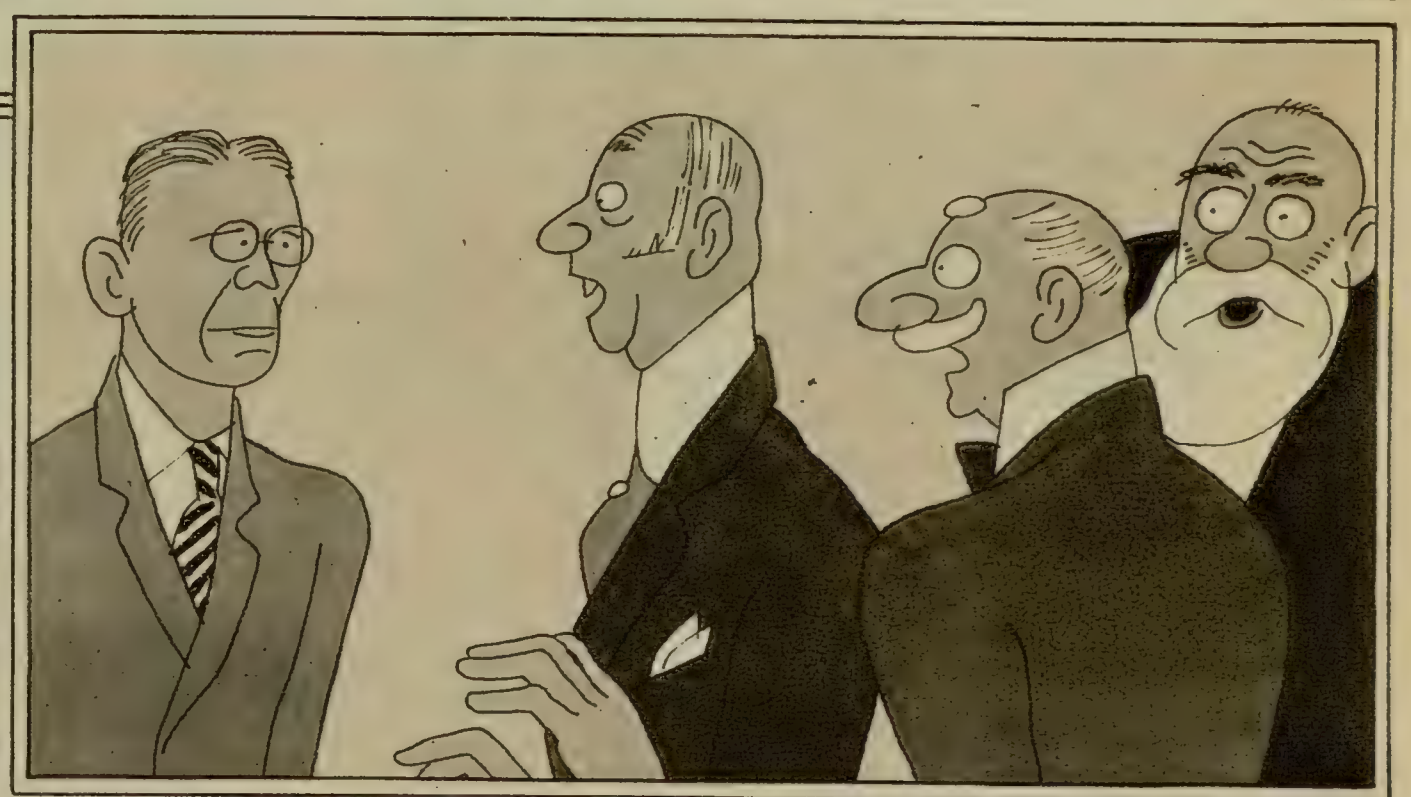
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



CONSCIENTIOUS VOTER, about to exercise his franchise, trying to discover the difference between the candidates at his disposal.



SNAPSHOT, JUST RECEIVED FROM SCOTLAND, showing the surprise and consternation on the faces of Scotch whisky manufacturers as they learn from General Andrews that there is a law in the United States prohibiting alcoholic beverages.

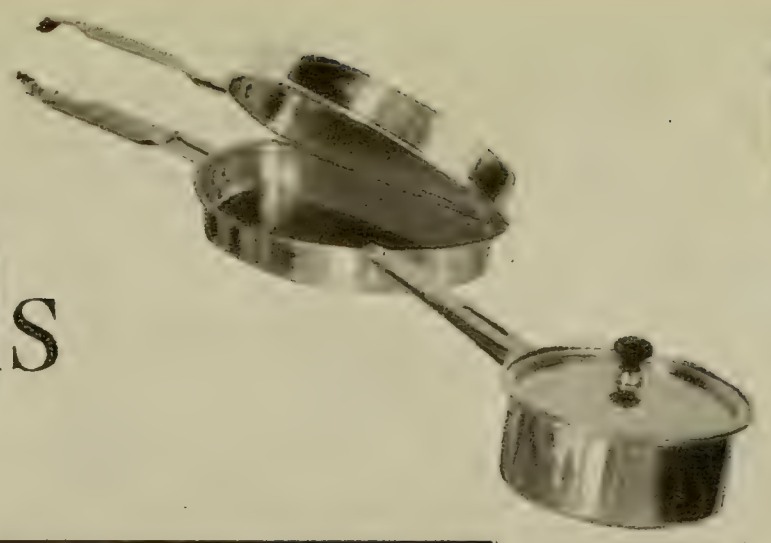
THE SOCIAL SCALE IN RESTAURANTS DE LUXE, as shown by the costume. Left to right: A common waiter; a captain; the maitre d'hotel; a client.

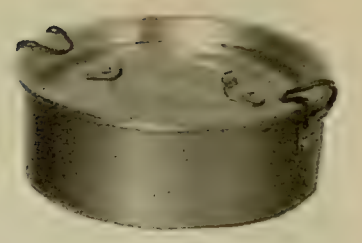
NEWLY OPENED GIFT SHOP for penitentiary visitors at Joliet, Illinois, where candy, flowers, perfumes, magazines, and useful hardware can be purchased for the suffering inmates.

AMERICAN TOURIST AT A PARIS CAFE doing all he can for French-American relations by laughing his head off at the worthlessness of the franc.

TWO-*in*-ONE Kitchen Tools Save Work *and* Make Space

By ETHEL SOMERS





DOUBLE-duty utensils, though more expensive, are an excellent investment for a kitchenette, for they are great space and labor savers.

THE woman in business, higher rents, housing limitations, and a growing enthusiasm for leisure, all lead to the tiny apartment kitchen. If your home hours are precious, comb the market for kitchenette cooking items before making your selection. Buy utensils that do good work expeditiously and require the least care. Each utensil must have an efficient daily or weekly purpose to warrant storage space. Double-duty utensils, though the initial expenditure be greater, are an excellent investment, for they are great space savers.

Experience in kitchenette cookery has taught us the great value of standard accurate measuring utensils. With a set of standard measuring spoons and the accompanying table, any recipe may be prepared exactly to a service for one or two or more, as desired.

Round-bottomed or convex saucepans which serve for mixing bowls as well are important items on the kitchenette pot shelf. A small double boiler may be used for a cereal cooker, a small and large saucepan, a teakettle, a boiler, a small steamer, a soup kettle, or a waterless cooker for stewing—a treasure indeed! A convex steamer may be used as a large kettle steamer, a round roaster, a colander, or a vegetable cooker. The omelet pan and shallow partitioned casserole pictured, not only have numerous uses, but may serve a double duty at once.

Once equipped, the kitchenette presents a second problem—that of arrangement. Being tiny, the kitchenette demands a planned reach. Each pan, knife, spoon, and what not must have its own convenient hook or parking space planned to be in reach of where it is to be used. Simplified kitchens repay any time spent in their planning. Is your kitchenette planned to entail a minimum of kitchen-spent time and attention? A few minutes' thought today may mean literally hours of leisure tomorrow. At least your tools and their locations are vastly worth considering.

A PARTITIONED casserole permits the baking of meat and dessert in the one dish. For other suggestions see table herewith.

HEATPROOF glassware saves dishes, as the containers may be transferred from oven to table.

MANY double-duty combinations may be made in the two sides of an omelet pan. See table herewith for suggestions.

Double-Duty Combinations for the Kitchenette Menu

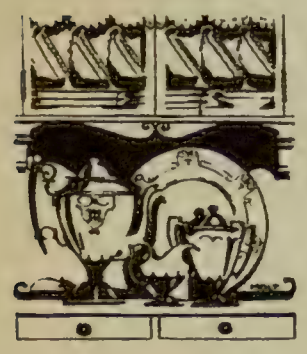
Omelet Pan

Omelet—Corn Bread
Swiss Steak—Glazed Carrots
Chicken a la King—Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Bacon—Eggs
Chops—Fried Eggplant
Boiled Meat—Fried Tomatoes

Partitioned Casserole

Scalloped Meat—Scalloped Vegetables
Baked Fish in Tomato Sauce—Baked Apple
Scalloped Vegetables—Brown Betty Pudding
Boiled Fish—Scalloped Potatoes, precooked
Savory Shrimp — Baked Tomatoes, Stuffed or otherwise

Table of Equivalents



To be used in reducing recipes to service for two.

4 saltspoons equal 1 teaspoon
3 teaspoons equal 1 tablespoon
16 tablespoons equal 1 cup
2 cups equal 1 pint
2 pints equal 1 quart
1 average sized egg equals ¼ cup
60 drops equal 1 teaspoon
1 tablespoon averages 1 ounce dry
Or 2 ounces fluid

Cream of Peanut Butter Soup for Two

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons peanut butter
2 tablespoons milk

MELT the butter. Remove from the fire. Add flour and salt. Mix smooth and slowly stir in one-half the milk. Return to the fire and boil and stir for two minutes. Add the remaining milk and cook over water from ten to fifteen minutes to remove any raw starch flavor. Mix the peanut butter and the two tablespoons of cold milk until smooth and well blended.

Just before serving, stir this mixture into the hot soup. Beat frothy with an egg beater and serve hot.

Basic Creamed Dishes for Two

PREPARE one-half the Cream Soup recipe, doubling quantity of flour. Add twice as much left-over meat, diced vegetables, purposely cooked or left over, to the cream sauce.

Add any additional seasoning desired and serve on toast.

Chicken a la King for Two

1 cup of mushrooms, if desired, or double the quantity of chicken called for in the recipe
½ green pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup chicken stock
½ cup thin cream or rich milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup of cubed chicken
1 egg yolk

SKIN the mushroom caps and shred the green pepper. Cook together in the butter until savory and slightly brown. Stir in the flour, salt, and paprika. Mix until well blended, then add the chicken stock and cream, stirring constantly. Cook over water ten to fifteen minutes. Add the lemon juice and cubed chicken, and when the whole again becomes hot, stir in the well beaten egg yolk until evenly blended. Serve.

Omelet for Two

2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

MELT the butter. Remove from the fire and add the flour, gradually stirring in the milk. Return to the fire and cook and stir until thickened. Cook over water five to ten minutes to remove any raw starch flavor. *Cool.* Fold in the beaten egg yolks and seasonings. Lastly, carefully fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into one side of the omelet pan, which has been heated to smoking temperature and greased with one tablespoon of fat. Cover. Reduce the flame to one-eighth-inch and cook until the omelet is well puffed and firmly set in the middle.

Savory Shrimp

1 onion sliced
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup cream
1 cup cooked peas, fresh or canned
½ cup cooked rice
1 cup shrimp, fresh cooked or canned
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

COOK the onion savory in the butter. Add the cream, rice, and peas. Boil for one or two minutes. Add the shrimp, salt, and paprika and bake in a slow oven (275° F.), fifteen to twenty-five minutes.

Shrimp Salad

½ cup shrimp
1 grapefruit
1 green pepper, shredded
French dressing
Lettuce

IF the shrimp is canned, air and chill it for several hours. Cut the grapefruit in sections. Skin and chill. Add shredded pepper. Serve on lettuce. French dressing is added just before serving.

Basic Cream Soup for Two

½ tablespoon butter
½ tablespoon flour
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ to ½ cup of vegetable pulp, any variety desired.

MELT the butter. Remove from the fire. Add the flour and salt. Gradually stir in the milk. Boil and stir for three minutes. Add the sieved, cooked vegetable pulp or same quantity of vegetables finely chopped and cooked. Cook over water for ten minutes. Beat frothy with an egg beater and serve hot.

Green-Haired Gran

More Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg

By

ALINE KILMER

Picture by ROBERT A. GRAEF.

THE STORY SO FAR

NICKY, Gregory, and Ben are three little boys who have been spending the summer at Buttonwood. Nicky and Greg are brothers. Ben is their cousin. They have just started going to the village school with Emmy, their sister, and Domar, their police dog. Gran, Uncle Bunkle, Tony, and mother are glad of it.

CHAPTER XXIII

BUT almost as soon as they had started to school a terrible thing happened. It was a thing they had dreaded all summer. Ben's mother came for him. At the end of the week she left and took Ben with her. Emmy, Nicky, and Greg were in despair. But Ben was very happy.

Now Gran, as I have told you, had lovely white hair. It fell, when she let it down, thick and silvery, almost to her knees. And—I'll tell you a secret—she kept it so silver-white by putting a very little bluing in the water she used for washing it.

The morning after Ben left, Gran decided, was a beautiful hair-washing day. She didn't feel sure about the bluing we had, but she used it. And what do you suppose? It turned her lovely silver hair bright green!

She washed it over and over, just as Bluebeard's wife washed the key to get the blood off. But a light and pretty silver-green her hair stayed. I knew it was rude, but I could not help laughing. And Gran laughed with me. What *would* the children say when they came home and found a green-haired Gran?

They didn't come home at noon, because they had arranged to have a picnic by the Fashion Brook. Then after school they didn't come home. It must have been half-past six before they got back. We scolded them like anything because they had still to go for the milk. They took it like ducks in a shower. Just settled down to have their supper and began telling us, in the most friendly way, what they had been doing.

"We've been down to the farm."

"OH, we've had such a awful time!" exclaimed Greg. "The hind wheels came off the wagon."

"An' the Buttonwood lady let us pick over some shells!"

"An' we didn't know how late it is, an' aren't these beau-tiful shells? This one is for you."

Then Emmy jumped in her chair as if she had been shot, and her blue eyes opened very wide, and her eyebrows went up to the top of her forehead with surprise. She cried:

"*Look* at Gran's *hair!* It's green!"

"Oh, oh, Gran's hair has turned to moss!" cried Nicky and Greg, hopping from their chairs and dancing around her in excitement.

"Don't you *like* it?" Gran asked. Greg threw his arms around her.

"It's just *lovely!*" he cried stoutly.

"Yes. It's pretty," said Emmy doubtfully. "But don't you think it looks a little strange?"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE three of them went up the Little Red Hill to get milk from the Chicken Catchers and vegetables from the Boy and Girl Stand. They were dragging the wagon.

At 8 o'clock they were not home. At 9 o'clock I began to worry. At a quarter past nine Uncle Bunkle and I started out to look for them. As soon as we left the house we heard their voices in the distance.

Soon we could see their little dark figures against the sky at the top of the hill. Then they saw us. Greg ran down to meet us, carrying a pail of milk.

"Oh, we've had such a awful time! The hind wheels came off the wagon," he explained excitedly, "an' we almost didn't get home at all."

The wagon was upside down, and poor Nicky was pulling it by the chain.

Emmy was trundling the hind wheels and carrying another milk pail. On top of the wagon, beside a heap of vegetables, was a white bundle. I picked it up, wondering.

"It's the chickens Gran ordered for tomorrow," Nicky explained. "The Chicken Catchers said they might as well send 'em tonight."

Uncle Bunkle took the chicken bundle from me and we all went down the hill.

While Tony and I were trying to get them to bed, Gran was unwrapping the chicken.

"Now, this is two chickens," she was saying. "Here are two backs, two necks, four legs, two livers, *two* halves of breast, *two* wings, and *one* gizzard. Almost *all* of one chicken gone! I'm going right out and look for those pieces! There won't be enough to go round."

"Oh, *please*, Gran," I begged, "let the chicken go to blazes! It's ten o'clock and you'll never find it, anyhow."

"Find it? Of course I'll find it!" And she set out.

"She'll *never* find it, of course," I said.

Tony was having a bad time upstairs. Emmy and Nicky and Greg were hanging out of the windows watching for Gran.

"Here she comes back! Here she is now! She has it! Hurray, she has it!" they shrieked.

And she did have it. She had it, every bit.

"I walked way along the upper road and back again. Then I found it all almost by the house door. *So*, you see!"

Next week an old friend is coming back. Everybody will be delighted. Read about it in next week's issue.

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Vox Pop

A Flyer on War Birds

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have just finished reading this week's installment of War Birds. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings. Instead of living in 1926, I am back once more on the "drome"; I can smell the castor oil and hear the motors humming. In fact, from beginning to end I was transported back to the happiest days of my life, as I spent four years and four months in the R. A. F., training in Toronto in '15, and from there, England, France, and the Eastern Mediterranean.

Since the Armistice I have been a vagabond pilot, barnstorming from town to town, sometimes having enough money to stage a party at the best hotel and at other times pork and beans by the ship, hoping that a passenger will turn up before it is too dark to fly. Is it any wonder I prefer the days of the Savoy Grill, Murray's Club, or even good old Simpson's on the Strand?

Now perhaps you will understand how much I appreciate reading War Birds. Here's hoping you continue the installments forever!—*L. M. Johnson, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

A Question of Decency

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your short stories have been very poor. These may be days of liberalism and licentiousness, but should we hasten the day when we shall meet the same fate as Rome did?

Do you mean to tell me that the public demands that one or more concubines, a Mexican manager of "liberty girls," or flaming youth scattered along the highways and byways of life, embraced in the arms of John Barleycorn, must find a place in every one of your stories? Is it impossible to buy a good, clean, decent story?—*F. J. Edwards, Lafayette, Ind.*

An Objector Speaks

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I object to your editorial, Abraham Lincoln and the Draft.

Comparing our civil conflict of 1865 with that of 1917, against a common enemy, is like comparing an earthquake with a mine disaster.

The emptying of our colleges before the draft does not mean that the students literally flew into the armed forces of our country, it being likely that most of that batch fell over themselves trying to find a nice berth in some shipyard or local training center for the duration of the war. With them, of course, went every scion of our best families. Such, as a matter of record, was the usual procedure with every illustrious individual, whether he was a cinema star or a champion in the realms of scrambled ears and busted beezers, not to mention our myriads of baseball heroes.

All in all, there is no more improvement in our patriotism now than heretofore.—*Murrey Rosenberg, New York, N. Y.*

And an Applauder

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Thousands of ex-soldiers, reading your splendid editorial, Abraham Lincoln and the Draft, will thank you for the fine compliment you pay their patriotic spirit and willingness to serve our country. My compliments to your good, clean, readable paper.—*Capt. H. E. Cantner, Infantry Reserves, U. S. Army, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Some Choice Suggestions

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Here are a few suggestions:

Continue the cross-word puzzles, but have a difficult one occasionally.

Give us more really good serials.

Continue the "beauty chats" and other articles of interest to women.

The women always have been and always will be the greatest magazine readers, as they have more time.—*Myrtle Reed, Mobile, Ala.*

The Negro as Actor

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I especially enjoyed the article by Mr. Belasco entitled, Tomorrow's Stage and the Negro.

I had longed for the day to come when I could read something in a first class magazine or paper concerning my race that was not done in caricature.

Being a Negro myself, as you perceive, I understand many of our dormant possibilities. I am glad to know that a man like Mr. Belasco has taken the time and pains to find some of them out.—*Ada L. Willis, Yazoo City, Miss.*

He Hates Serials

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I think it is an asinine policy to carry "continued stories." Do you think it puts one in an agreeable frame of mind to have a book twitched out from under one's nose, at the most interesting part? Think this over. The world is moving entirely too fast for that fireside companion stuff, "continued in our next"!—*Howard Reynolds, New Orleans, La.*

Likes Our Cover Contest

EDITOR, LIBERTY: LIBERTY deserves congratulations for the unique idea that is making the covers so much more interesting. It's like taking a vacation, after being fed up on girl's-head covers.—*Ethan Phillips, Livingston, Tenn.*

But Listen to This!

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I think your covers are rotten. No amount in cash prizes would induce me to suggest titles for them, as both the characters and the situations are hopeless, viewed from any standpoint other than that of a moron.—*Dr. J. Phil. Edmundson, Kansas City, Mo.*

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The GIRL Men Don't Forget

Fate Turns on the Memory of a Kiss

A Serial by

ELMER DAVIS

"No, no—please. I—I don't want you to risk it."

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

TO Doris Kaye's amazement, she found herself being hustled to a Boston police station. After buying a railway ticket for New York, she had managed to pick up the wrong suitcase—one that proved to contain thousands of dollars' worth of heroin, some clothing, and, to her dismay, a youthful photograph of herself!

Blalock, Chief of Inspectors, asked her if she knew Harry Hart, a taxi driver. She didn't, but confessed that she once had kissed a taxi driver who got her out of a kid scrape.

Her defense looked weak, when in sauntered Steve Lamar, displaying a Department of Justice shield. Doris knew Steve merely by sight, but he pretended they were old friends. Blalock let him bear her off to the railway station, but, still suspicious, had them shadowed. When they were on the New York train together, Steve, who had fallen for Doris, got a shock. She told him she was to be married, the next morning, to Arthur Fox.

Steve knew her history—knew that for years she had been in love with Keith Lancefield, a married man, more than twenty years older than herself. He knew, too, that Arthur Fox was a bore. "Throw him over," he begged, "and take me."

As it turned out, she didn't take Arthur. He showed her a newspaper account of Keith Lancefield's divorce and accused her of being willing to marry him only because Keith, who was now writing articles against the dope trade, was dead broke. Doris slapped his face and rushed to her hotel bedroom.

Then things happened thick and fast. Her suitcase was mysteriously returned! Steve Lamar called up and made a dinner date. The hotel people, suspicious, asked her to leave. Her busy phone buzzed again. It was Harry Hart, the dope-dealing taxi driver—the one she had kissed! He promised information if she'd meet him outside. She started to do this when she ran into Keith Lancefield. He put her in a taxi and proposed on the way to a beach.

Alone, after a swim, who should accost Doris but the ubiquitous Harry Hart!

PART SIX

"YOU seem to have forgotten," said Harry, "that you had a date with me."

"I did," said Doris coldly, "and I broke it. Hasn't that percolated yet?"

She knew he must have followed her— Of course, when they drove past the corner where he was waiting. He was a persistent person, but she wasn't afraid of him. She could handle him, and, even if she couldn't, Keith would be with her in a moment.

Harry Hart was seated—paying little attention to her—on one of the wire-backed chairs, on the other side of the iron table. He didn't look like an ex-taxi driver, Doris admitted. In his well-cut olive jacket and knickers, his pale brown camel's-hair cap, he looked dapper; just the least bit too dapper.

"Waiting for a train?" she asked sharply. "I advise you to run along."

He smiled at her. "I said I wanted to talk to you."

"I happen to prefer to talk to somebody else."

"Yes, so I gathered, when you drove past me. Well, I'd like to talk to him, too. I begin to see a lot of things I didn't see last night—why you picked up that suitcase, for instance."

"Why I— What are you talking about?"

"Oh, don't high-hat me. You! You! Oh, you little fool——"

"What!"

She jumped up, rigid and flaming, her wrath mounting higher as she saw that his eyes held only admiration for the picture she made. She looked over his head—and sat down, relieved. Keith was coming up from the bathhouse, in all the splendor of stick and monocle and gay-ribboned hat, smoking a cigar—Keith the paladin.

"Talk to my fiance," said Doris triumphantly.

Smiling faintly, Hart looked up as Lancefield joined them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

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[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

"Well, chief; just in time. I need you; need you bad."

Lancefield turned white. He made a helpless, automatic gesture. The ash from his cigar fell on Doris' bare thigh, but she hardly felt it. Chief!

"I—I don't know you," said Lancefield hoarsely. "Some mistake——"

"Say, we haven't got time to stall. I'm in a jam. So long as she's in it, too——"

"In what?" said Doris sharply.

"Doris, this man is a—a detective, who's been giving me information for my magazine articles ——"

But his eyes wouldn't meet hers. She turned cold—cold to the bone.

"I know this man," she said, softly. "I know what he is and who he is. If he's a detective, the police don't know it. What's he got to do with you? Quick! Tell me! Keith— Oh-h——"

He was trying to say something, but she didn't hear it. Not that it mattered. He couldn't fool her—not after ten years.

She stood up.

"So that's where you were going to get your big money," she said, softly. "That's what you'll be through with in a week."

"Doris—" He held out a shaking hand, but she knocked it away.

"You! You! Of all the men in the world! Don't touch me!"

She got out from behind the table—curious how the furniture kept getting in the way!—pulled her motor nerves together by a supreme effort, and strode off, erect and graceful as a caryatid, toward the bathhouse. Lancefield turned on Hart with a snarl.

"You fool! You crazy, blundering fool——"

HE drew back his hand; but Hart, with no appearance of effort, shot an arm across the table and caught his wrist. For a moment they strained, then Lancefield gave in and the other let him go.

"Easy," he advised, coldly. "We're in a jam—all of us. No use cutting each other's throats."

"You— She didn't know anything about it. I'm going to marry her."

"In a week," said Hart softly. "After you get out, eh?" He whistled through his teeth. "You know more about this game than anybody else in the country, don't you? More than anybody in the government service. They think you've been playing with them, when you're playing with us. But now you're getting out."

"In a week. Yes—in a week I'm through."

"Made enough, eh? There's more where that came from. Every false lead you print in your magazine is worth money. Every false lead you give those boobs in Washington, that believe you know it all, is worth more money. It's a lot to give up."

"I know it." Lancefield had recovered something of his old manner by now. "But I'm through, I tell you. I—I went into this to get what I wanted; and when I've got that, I get out and stay out."

"Oh, you do? Maybe you get out and square yourself by spilling the stuff you know. Better not. If you do, I'll get you."

"You aren't man enough." The blue eyes that looked at Harry Hart were the eyes that had faced men down in five continents. The man who leaned across the table was the man who had helped to overthrow Diaz and establish Enver Pasha. But slowly the blue eyes shifted. Hart's steady cold gaze had struck through, down to the soft spot buried inside.

"And," said Lancefield, clearing his throat, "and if you tell her any more——"

"Tell her any more?" Hart's flat hand struck the table with a smack. "Huh! Who are you to tell me not to tell her? You got her into it, damn you. You—you got Doris Kaye—Doris Kaye—into this."

"She isn't in it, I tell you."

"Oh, yes, she is," said Hart. "She is now. You may not like it any more than I do, but she's in it, now. We're all in it, up to our necks."

II

DORIS dressed with shaking hands, too sick to wonder even what she was going to do. Keith in the dope business—*Keith!* The thing she had always loathed above all.

She walked wearily up the steps, across the lawn toward the house—where an orchestra was playing a tricky jazz tune—toward the taxis parked under the trees. She wouldn't look aside at the table where they sat; but her downcast eyes saw a pair of golf stockings in front of her, and well cut olive knickers. Harry Hart was standing in her way.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I got you out of one jam and maybe you'll trust me in another."

"I—I've trusted too many men who got me out of jams. Let me go."

Again he was in front of her as she stepped to one side. She looked up angrily.

"Try it," he said. "Hit me, if you want to. If there's a fight, somebody calls a cop. Then you and I and Lancefield all have to tell it to the judge, and we'd have to tell more than we liked before they got through with us. You know I'll get you out if I can, but you've got to come clean before I can do it. And you know you can trust me."

He was quietly, supremely confident. She looked at him doubtfully. She knew why he was confident. Because he was a Yes Man, and he knew it. There was something in each of them that called to the other—not very loudly, perhaps, but unmistakably. Why did blind, unreasoning chem-

"You! You! Of all the men in the world! Don't touch me!"

istry always have to get in the way of your planned and settled decisions?

But, after all, she had no plans now, and much as she hated it, she did know she could trust Harry Hart.

"Come over here, where we can talk," he suggested. "Let's leave Lancefield out for a while."

She followed him to the edge of the lawn, above the low sea wall; and here they sat down under the trees, looking out, both of them, toward the wooded slopes of Great Neck, across the water.

"How did you happen to pick up that suitcase?" he asked.

She told him.

"I wondered. This business isn't a trust, you know—there's more than one organization in it, even around Boston and New York. I thought, when I first heard about it, you'd just made a mistake; but when I saw you with Lancefield, I began to wonder if——"

"You're working under him?" she interrupted.

"Well, nobody's the chief, exactly. He handles the Washington end for us—steers them wrong. But who's Lamar?"

"Lamar? What do you know about Lamar?"

"I know he got you off last night. I know he's in the Federal service—or says he is—and I know he told Blalock he'd been on Cape

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

Ann—Cape Ann! Nothing doing there—that's one of Lancefield's false leads. He makes a play in Washington about knowing inside stuff; they'll get more, he tells them, if they lay off and let him dig in a little deeper. So, for all I know, he may be getting ready to turn us all up."

"Oh, he wouldn't!" But she said it shakily. She couldn't be sure there was anything Lancefield wouldn't do, now.

"Maybe. Well, anyway—who's Lamar? You know him."

"I can't remember that I ever saw him till yesterday. He knew about me years ago, but that tells nothing."

"Yes, even I knew about you." Hart grinned. "But why did he butt in to get you out?"

"Oh, he knew I—I'd just been arrested by mistake." She was afraid that didn't sound very plausible.

"Trying to get to know you, eh? What does he do in the Federal service?"

"I—I don't know." She had a vague feeling that a good citizen wouldn't betray governmental secrets to a criminal; but, above and beyond that, she didn't know. "I—I know what he seems to be," she added wearily; "but nobody is—what he seems."

"Lancefield, eh?" he said, softly. "The dirty crook! He had no right to let you touch this game."

"HE didn't. He—he never supposed I'd know."

"He had no right to come near you while he was in it! Not you!"

She stared in dull wonder; he was obviously furious.

"Why not me?" she asked. "I'm no better than anybody else."

"You are! You—I— Why do you suppose I've been keeping your picture?"

"I wondered about that," Doris admitted. "But there seems to be so—so much to wonder at."

"It goes a long way back," he told her, looking out across the water. "I ran off from a foundling asylum when I was a kid; sold newspapers; slept where I could. I was pretty tough, I guess. When I got up as far as driving a taxi, it meant as much to me as—as being elected President would to Lancefield. And I ran with a pretty tough lot. I never spoke to a girl like you in my life, except to ask her where she wanted to go or tell her, 'Here's your change'—till that night down on the south shore.

"Then you came running out—Oh, I knew something about that mob inside. They were a mean lot. Running out—a thin little kid, scared to death. I remember how you looked that night—in a white dress, with a white scarf over your shoulders, and some trick scent I'd never heard of, your black hair waving and your eyes all scared and trustful—and you came up to me—*me*—as if I was somebody you could depend on. And I said to myself, 'Well, I am.'"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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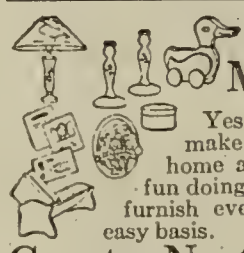

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

"It was just chance I came to you," said Doris honestly. "You happened to be nearest."

"I know it. But, just the same, I'd hated your kind of people, because you had money and had your noses up in the air—you know how Boston is. But here was a girl that looked like—like he best of everything, running to me for help. Why, I'd have fought my way out of anywhere with you that night. And then you kissed me—not that you meant it, of course."

"I'M not sorry," she put in. "I knew afterward it had been a crazy, foolish thing to do—but I never was sorry. You played straight. I wanted to kiss you."

"Sure, I knew that; but I knew if you ever saw me again, I was only a taxi driver. What happened that night ended that night. And I—it made me kind of tired of being a taxi driver. I kept out of your part of town. Once I saw you on the curb on Boylston Street. You looked as if you wanted a taxi, but I turned my flag down and went on. Then, one day, I was over in Cambridge and those stews picked me up—on their way to buy your pictures. They were lit, and kept telling me about it. So, finally, I went in and bought one, took it home, and framed it, and carried it wherever I went. But afterward I thought any of those birds was somebody you might know, even if you didn't—somebody you might kiss and mean it next morning."

Doris felt it was time to change the subject. "How long have you been in this business?" she demanded.

"Three or four years. I was a bootlegger for a while, after prohibition, but there wasn't enough of a kick in that. Everybody's a bootlegger. I'd seen a lot of action in the army and I got to liking it—and, besides, there was more money in this."

"Do you use it? Dope?"

He stared at her.

"Do you think I'm crazy? I know how it works."

"If you know how it works, how do you dare to sell it?" she cried, flaming. "It's the rottenest business on earth!"

He shrugged.

"That's not my lookout. They're grown up, the people that want it. If they want it, I'll sell it—and they'll pay for it. I need money and I need action. This is how I get it."

"And Keith? How long has he been in it?"

"Last spring. When this series of magazine pieces was announced our mob worried a little—we thought he'd find things out. But somebody down in Washington got him and made him see where it would pay him to throw in with us. He was sore at first, but then all at once he came over. Said he needed a lot of money—I guess he'd lost on the stock market or something."

"Or something," Doris repeated wearily. This was his way of making the money she had cost him. She was being bought—with dope. "Well, he's getting out. He told me that, even before he saw you. I didn't know what he meant then, but I do now. He's out of it from this moment. I won't let him stay in it. I'm going to marry him."

He looked at her thoughtfully.

"All right, if you want to," he observed. "But you're too good for him. He hasn't got the heart."

"He's a—a better man than you'll ever be, and—he needs me."

"You need somebody better than that bird. I know him. But you're old enough to go jump in the river if you want to. Only you can't get him out; not now. Not before next week, anyway."

"Why not?"

"We're getting a big shipment landed next week. His cut in it is worth fifty grand."

"Do you think I'd let him stay for that?"

"No, I don't. But the rest of us need him. He's the boy that keeps the Coast Guard and the Narcotic Squad following a wrong lead; keeps them out of the way while we land our shipment. He can't get out till that job's done. We can't afford to let him."

She looked him straight in the eye.

"If I ask you to let him go?"

"I might," he conceded. "But I'm not the only one in this. Some others won't let him go."

"Ask him to come over here, please," Doris demanded.

STARING at her slender ankles and trim little pumps, her fingers playing with a twig on the grass, she waited till Lancefield's shadow fell on her. Harry had walked away.

"Sit down, Keith." He dropped on the grass beside her. "Poor boy! You look tired."

"Doris, I thought you'd never know. That's my only alibi."

"Oh, what difference did that make? How could you?"

"Well—Corinne had driven me into debt. It was the only way I could come to you."

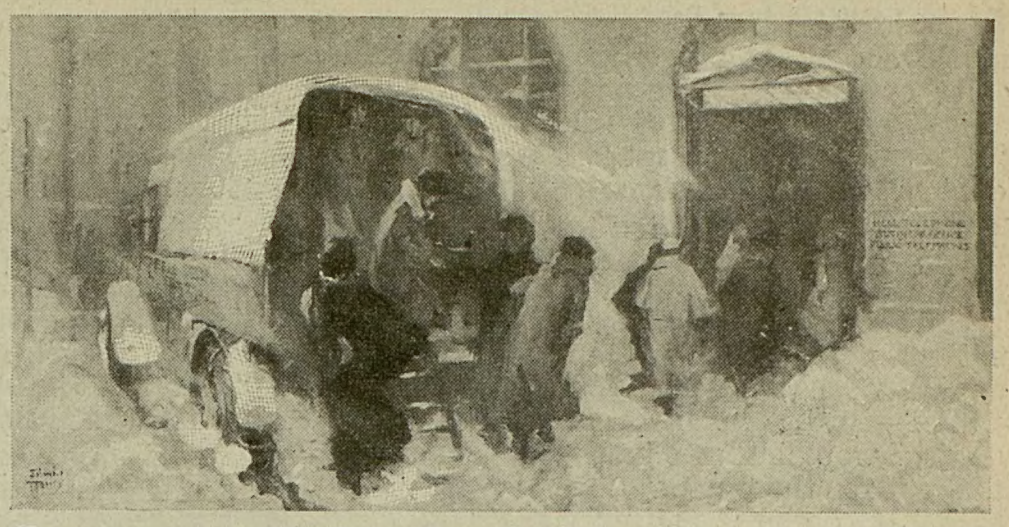
Once more throwing the burden on her!

"But, Keith, this rotten business—the rottenest in the world! You've crusaded on the wrong side sometimes, because you—you just made a mistake. But this! Everybody knows which is right and which is wrong."

"It isn't as simple as you think. Drug addiction is a disease, and our laws aren't so lenient as they might be. You can't stamp a thing out just by saying it shouldn't be. Half the people in the country see that about whisky; nine-tenths of them would see, if they tried to prohibit tobacco or coffee. The drug habit's bad, yes; but it has to be outgrown. Meanwhile, the victims are bound to get it—from somebody."

She was looking out across the water; the tears were running

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

down her cheeks. Only once had Lancefield seen her crying—ten years ago. And since that night she hadn't cried till now.

"'It must needs be that offenses come,'" she quoted softly; "'but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. Better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'" She turned to him, raging. "Oh! You haven't the nerve to be an honest crook, like Harry Hart. At least he's not—slippery. Alibi, alibi—three alibis in three minutes. Oh!"

"Doris, I wouldn't have had you find out for the world."

"Me? It doesn't matter about me. I could stick to an honest crook. Never mind me. It's the boys I'm thinking about, Keith—the boys who've been reading about you for thirty years. Keith Lancefield, the paladin. Always fighting for the right side, no matter how much it costs you. Your reputation has worked itself into the ideals of a whole generation of boys, Keith—like Daniel Boone or King Arthur. And if you've sold them out— Well, I hate dope—and I can't stand an alibi artist. I'm through."

"But, Doris—" He held out his hands, but not very confidently.

"No, no, no!" She turned her back on him and walked toward the taxis.

Halfway across the lawn, Harry Hart cut across her path.

"Well?" he asked.

"Let me alone."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to the Kenroy—by myself."

"And then? Back to Boston?"

Back to Boston, to Magnolia, to Sam and Mary?

Anything but that.

"Certainly not," she said with recovered poise.

"Where, then?"

"Does it interest you? To dinner and the theater, if you want to know."

His eyes studied her keenly.

"You'd better take some veronal and go to bed," he told her.

"Oh, I couldn't do that. I happen to have an engagement for dinner, and I've broken enough engagements today."

III

BLALOCK, descending from a train at the Grand Central at 5 o'clock, was met by the crestfallen Kilpatrick.

"He got away from me, chief."

"Lamar? How did that happen?"

"He went to a ball game. I went, too; but there was an awful jam at the gate, and when I got through, he was out of sight. I looked as well as I could, but it's hard to pick out one man among fifty thousand."

"Well, well," said Blalock softly. "And I hardly suppose he stayed in the Polo Grounds after he lost you. Is he still registered at the Biltmore? Good. Then watch the hotel and you may pick him up again. I'm going down to talk things over with Barry."

And they did pick him up again. Kilpatrick was trailing him cautiously, when he came cheerfully into the Kenroy at 7 o'clock, a flower in the buttonhole of his dinner coat and his light stick twirling gaily, and sent up his name.

He waited in the lounge, and presently Doris came out of the elevator.

Steve Lamar's eyes shone with contented approval.

She was exactly what you might expect of the dashing Miss Kaye after ten years had given her poise and maturity. No more of the nervous jauntiness of last night. She was quite the *grande dame* in her glistening gold dinner gown, with a film of golden gauze wrapped about her shoulders; in her sheer black stockings clocked with lace and her black satin pumps with flashing rhinestone buckles. Her short black hair fluffed in waves, her gray eyes glowed, her cheeks flamed with color; and Steve was too much of a pragmatist to care where the color came from.

"Are you a good dancer?" she asked as she gave him a cool, steady hand.

"Unless the ladies have lied to me."

"Just what I need. I've had a hard day and I insist on a glittering evening. I want a quart of champagne and a perfect dancing partner—and unless the show is good, I'll walk out on it and take you with me."

"Whatever you like. You're a glittering evening all by yourself, Doris. If you knew how beautiful——"

"No sentiment," she warned him. "I don't feel like it. Men delight me not. This morning I was all ready to marry one man, and we quarreled. This afternoon I was all ready to marry another, and we quarreled. And now I don't suppose I'll ever see either of them again."

"You *have* had a hard day." He didn't show his terrific surprise at this entrance of another man into the story.

"That isn't half of it. Blalock's detectives are watching me here, and the hotel manager is going to put me out because I'm a suspicious character, and I guess that's all, except that I spent about all my money on a taxi coming home from City Island, so I'd be delighted if you happened to be able to cash a twenty-dollar check."

"I'll do that," he told her. "And more. This hotel manager——"

HE had swung about in the doorway and was starting back toward the office. She caught his arm.

"No, no, Steve. Please let him alone. I'm all packed. I can go."

"You certainly won't go. If my shield won't throw a scare into him——"

"No, no—please. I—I don't want you to risk it. Too much has happened. I'm all tangled up in all kinds of intrigues that I can't understand. I don't know who's straight and who's crooked. Let's not get in any deeper. You'll get—tangled up in your own ropes——"

"Not me. You stay here. I'll straighten this out."

She waited in apprehension, till presently he came back with a grin.

"You'll stay," he told her, "and the manager's writing a letter of apology."

"Good heavens, how did you manage it?"

"Told him who I was; explained that you were one of my operatives, not on the regular staff, that I'd planted in this hotel to watch certain persons. And then I began to get vague and statesmanlike, indicating that he was nobody I cared to trust with secrets of state. But you needn't worry any more—he's quite abject."

Doris shivered.

"I'm afraid, Steve. You're so irresponsible; you take such dreadful chances—oh, well! Let's pack up our troubles."

She might not have been so sure their troubles could be packed up if she had heard the conversation, a little later, between the hotel manager and Blalock.

"So that's his story now!" said Blalock. "Mr. Caswell, this man is only a useless ornament in the Federal service. The others like him were lopped off last year. I don't know how he managed to retain his shield, but he's had it long enough. Suppose we make him give it up when he comes back. I've telephoned to the chief in Washington and he says Lamar has no right to keep it. And then we might ask him what he was doing on Cape Ann."

"And Miss Kaye?" said the manager. "I can ask her to give up her room?"

"No, no. Let her stay. While she's here we know where she is—and where her friends are, very often. Yes. What is known as a fatal woman——"

IV

AT three in the morning the fatal woman's eyes were smiling into Steve Lamar's across a table in the most resplendent night club that had stayed open through the summer. For eight hours they had played, danced, laughed—and kept off delicate subjects.

"It seems wicked of me to be having such a good time," said Doris. "I must be dreadfully volatile. From one man's arms to another's, and out again. I wonder what's the matter with me!"

"Nothing. Most ladies are polyandrous. Some cover it up and some take it out in wishing. You admit it, that's all."

"Yes—but I'd decided to settle down. And one ought to want to settle down with somebody special. Not just anybody. Yet I was ready to marry two different men within six hours—and I'd probably have let an ex-taxi driver make love to me this afternoon, if I hadn't had other things on my mind. I must be terrible."

"Nothing. You're lucky. Not many ladies have so much choice."

"Ah, but I haven't now. I've quarreled with them both."

"With Lancefield?" he demanded, abrupt and intense.

"How did you know?" she gasped.

"I read about his divorce—and I saw him on the pier this morning. Evidently he'd come down to head you off, or something——"

"Or something," said Doris. "But you—you knew about us? But I suppose everybody's heard that story."

"Oh, I remember hearing that you and he were—were engaged——"

"*I* was engaged," said Doris. "Not Keith. He'd only taken an option on me—a ten-year option."

"Good Lord, did he throw you over too?"

"No," she sighed. "He was ready to—to sign the deed for the property. But in ten years— Oh, I could kill that woman! Ten years ago he was bright and clean and glorious! Now he's gone to pieces."

"Doris! What has he done to you?" He was hard, vindictive, insistent.

"Nothing—directly. It's what he's done to himself. I could stand anything he might do if he were still the Keith I used to know. But he's another Keith. . . . Perhaps I could forgive him anything if—if I cared the way I did ten years ago. But I've changed and so has he. I've hardened. I've had to. About all I had left was my self-respect, and he's done something I simply can't stand. Absolutely unforgivable. And then he tries to—to alibi himself. Ugh!"

Something absolutely unforgivable. Steve was sure she was pretty tolerant. If Lancefield had done something so bad that she couldn't forgive him, Steve was sickened. For he, too, was one of the boys whose ideals had been colored by the Lancefield legend, as by Daniel Boone and King Arthur.

What could Lancefield have done? Incredible but insistent, there flashed into his once-admirer's mind, the memory of Lancefield's uneasiness that morning when Steve, as a man from the Department of Justice, had asked him about the dope smugglers.

Does Doris, in spite of all her protests, still love Keith enough to forgive him, marry him, and try to keep him straight? You'll learn in next week's installment. It's full of thrills.

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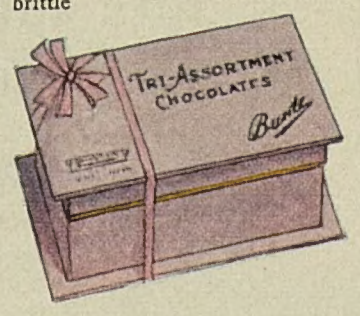

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